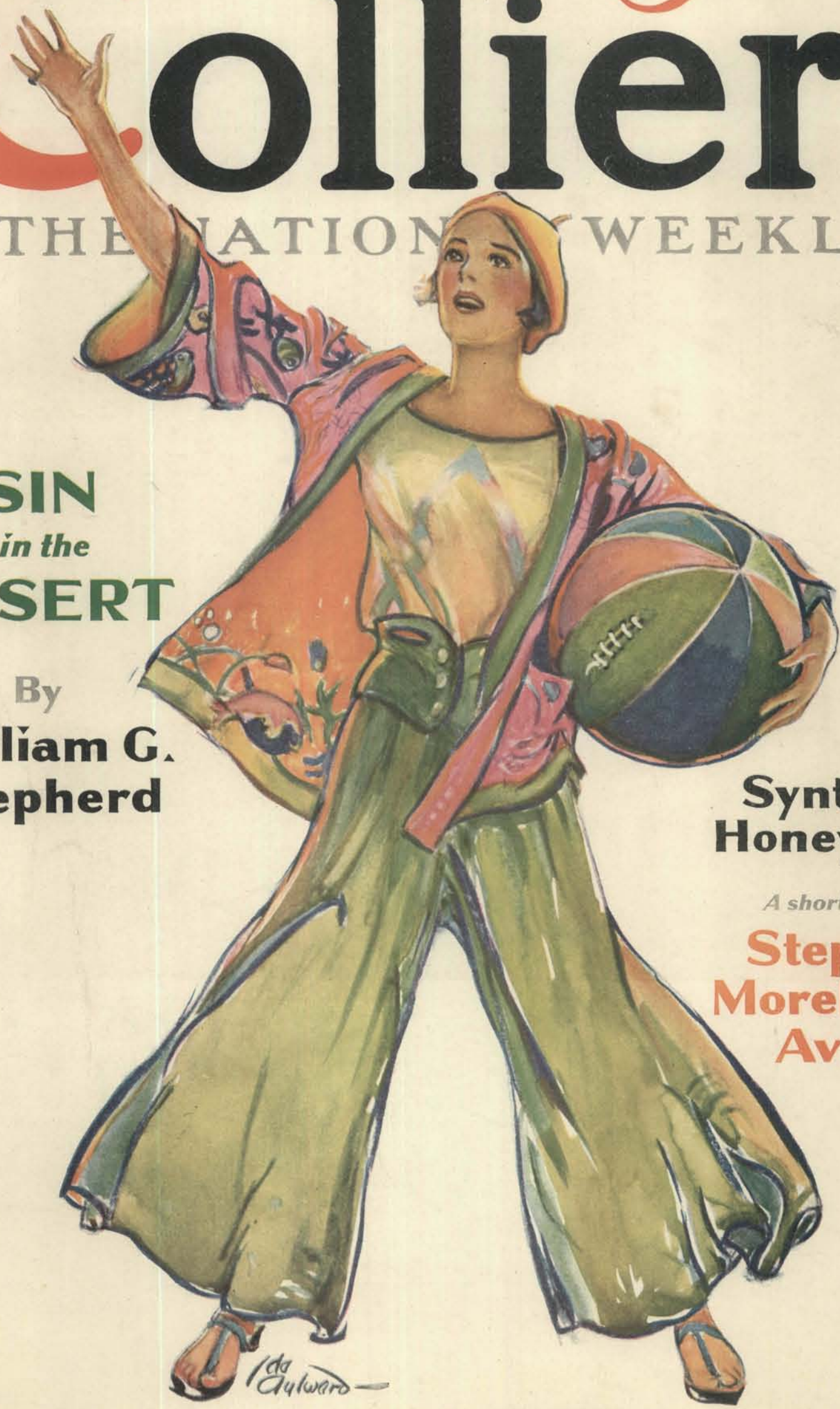
5¢ a copy
August 23, 1930

Collier's

THE NATION'S WEEKLY



SIN *in the* DESERT

By **William G. Shepherd**

Synthetic Honeymoon

A short story by

Stephen Morehouse Avery

UGUST 23, 1930

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Oh, memories that bless and burn . . .

Sometimes, when lights are low, they come back to comfort and at the same time sadden her—those memories of long ago, when she was a slip of a girl in love with a dark-eyed Nashville boy. They were the happiest moments of her life—those days of courtship. Though she had never married, no one could take from her the knowledge that she had been loved passionately, devotedly; those frayed and yellowed letters of his still told her so. How happy and ambitious they had been for their future together. And then, like a stab, came their parting . . . the broken engagement . . . the sorrow and the shock of it. She could find no explanation for it then, and now, in the soft twilight of life when she can think calmly, it is still a mystery to her.

Are you sure about yourself?

How often some trivial gesture, habit or fault alters the course of human affairs. On every side you hear of engagements broken for trifling causes. Of marriages that ride into the divorce court on the strange complaint "incompatibility."

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

Common causes are: Stomach derangements due to excesses of eating or drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The pleasant way to put your breath beyond suspicion, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

LISTERINE
ends halitosis

Being antiseptic, Listerine checks food fermentation. Being also a remarkable germicide,* it attacks infection from which odors spring. Finally, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves, leaving both mouth and breath fresh, sweet, and clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

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Here is the kind of money you can make

$444 in 4 days

Such is the profit enjoyed by the owner of the Tom Thumb course in Oil City, Pa. YOU CAN DO THE SAME.

$1289 in 10 days

This is the profitable experience of an owner of Tom Thumb in Wilkinsburg, Pa. YOU CAN DO THE SAME.

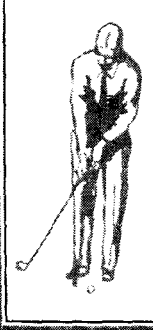
$4127 in 39 days

Another example of enormous profits earned in a short period at Rochester, Pa., by a Tom Thumb owner. YOU CAN DO THE SAME.

$9636 in 53 days

Still another case of astonishing profits to one Tom Thumb owner at Elmhurst, New York. YOU CAN DO THE SAME.

TOM THUMB GOLF



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Millions are playing

Millions are paying

Tom Thumb miniature golf has captured the entire country.

For Tom Thumb is a neighborhood game—played by millions from coast to coast.

This means enormous profits to the course owners—to you for instance—if you own and operate one or more Tom Thumb courses.

How do the profits listed on this page appeal to you? $444 in 4 days—$1289 in 10 days—$4127 in 39 days and $9636 in 53 days.

There are hundreds of cases like this. You can do the same! No experience necessary.

From 300 to 1500 people play daily on a single course. At 25c to 50c a round (to you) you can see how rapidly the profits roll in.

Get that location now. Install your Tom Thumb immediately. The season is amply long for you to get your investment back, plus a good profit from the astonishing returns that will flow in from now until the snow flies. If you do not get the best location in your neighborhood, some one else will. Get it now. Then you'll be all set (with all your money back and a lot besides) for the enormous profits that will again start to roll in early next spring. Next year will be all velvet.

Tom Thumb Golf consists of a full 18 hole course. In these eighteen holes, no two are alike. One of the big features of Tom Thumb Golf is the patented greens.

Heretofore outdoor miniature golf with natural greens has been impracticable because the tramping of thousands of feet wears out real grass in no time. So to overcome this objection, the patented Tom Thumb greens were developed, the base of which is cotton seed hulls.

By a special process, these new greens look like grass—play like grass and wear indefinitely.

Patent No. 1,559,520 controls and protects the construction, maintenance, sales and use of Putting Greens and Playing Surfaces of Cotton Seed Hulls or any comminuted flocculent vegetable material, whether in a natural state or dyed to simulate grass, and with or without an admixture of binding substance.

Get yourself a good location—a vacant piece of property at least 75 feet by 125 feet (the larger the better) and you set up an established business—the most fascinating of the year.

Good in large cities—in the suburbs—in small towns.

3 to 6 days after you receive your course it is in operation making real money for you.

Get in touch with the nearest office. Write—phone—wire—or use the coupon. But act at once.

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Tom Thumb Golf of Canada, 86 John St., Toronto
British Miller Hydro, Limited
101 Trading Estate, Slough Bucks, England

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National Pipe Products Corpn.,
Rochester, Penna.

Please send me all the details of the money-making Tom Thumb Miniature Golf.

Name _____

Address _____

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State _____

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

August 23, 1930

Cover—Ida Aylward

Page 7—Albert Richard Wetjen

ON THE BEACH: Romance—where you'd least expect it.

Page 10—William G. Shepherd

SIN IN THE DESERT: Butte, at the top of its form.

Page 12—Stephen Morehouse Avery

SYNTHETIC HONEYMOON: The lady goes with the luggage.

Page 14—Erich Maria Remarque

WHERE KARL HAD FOUGHT: "Remembrance that burst upon him like a whirlwind."

Page 16—Ferrin L. Fraser

GANGSTER'S WIFE: They wouldn't let him quit.

Page 18—Uncle Henry

PUNCH DRUNK: Overdeveloped personality.

Page 19—Kathleen Norris

LOVERS' LANE, Part III: Mont rents a studio.

Page 21—Grantland Rice

TOO GOOD TO LAST: Fallen idols.

Page 22—Corey Ford

THE TWENTY-MILLION-DOLLAR KID: What friendship means.

Page 24—Carl Clausen

JAWS OF CIRCUMSTANCE, Part V: Who killed Miss Crandall?

Page 26—Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.

DON'T BLAME THE STORK: Sex—undetermined.

Page 28—The Short Short Story

A GOOD DEED: By Christopher Morley.

Page 30—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? And why?

Page 32—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

SENATORS FIRST: Each for himself.

Page 36—Word Hunt

Page 58—Editorial

DON'T RISK IT!

Next Week

AS SEVERAL ball players of our acquaintance have told us, "nothing will take a guy's mind off his work like a dame." With that axiom in mind, witness the anguish of Kid McBee, the very tough manager of a big league team. His mind was not only taken off his work but practically divorced therefrom when Mrs. Melba Breen inherited the club and decided that she had sufficient executive ability to run it.

Mrs. Breen had managed the Purple Pollywog Tea Room and had doubled the business by having the waitresses tell fortunes from the leaves in the teacups.

Games cannot be won, however, by changing the club's name from the Wolves to the Gardenias and buying the boys artistic uniforms. Mr. McBee saw his team headed for the cellar and couldn't even swear. The situation called for heroic measures and the Kid was equal to the task. It was not murder. It was something funnier, although aptly described by the title, "Sacrifice Hit," by Richard Connell.

COLONEL LEONARD AYRES is vice president of the Cleveland Trust Company, one of the country's great banks. His advice has been so generally sound that his little monthly bank bulletin, intended for depositors, has come to have a national reputation.

You can ask him questions about business conditions and prospects and have the safe feeling that his answers are compounded of accurate knowledge and hard-headed sense.

Therefore, we asked John T. Flynn to go to Cleveland and interview Colonel Ayres. That the resulting article will be intensely interesting to business men is obvious enough. What we want to say here is that everyone who indulges in the operation of buying and selling will get something useful from it. "It's Time to Get Up" is the title.

—

WHETHER your business deals are gigantic or consist merely in pointing to the grocer's shelf and saying "a can of that," forget that life is real and earnest and think how distressing it can be if you are fifteen years old and in love. No one understands that courtship requires funds. No one understands anything and the world laughs at you as you will laugh at young Mr. Skidmore Harrington in Edith Barnard Delano's delicious story, "You've Got to Know How."

—

THAT irresistible fellow, The Hoosier Hawk, goes on with his heart-stopping adventures. This time it's The Red Scorpion, lately escaped from Devil's Island.

—

THE Short Short Story is by Sax Rohmer, who can be as thrilling as you like even in one page. And for a lifelike picture of the prize-fighting industry read W. R. Burnett's "Between Rounds." The serials by Kathleen Norris and Carl Clausen know no depression; Grantland Rice, Uncle Henry, and the other boys are working hard with the usual pleasing results. Good business.

Any Week

WITHOUT knowing anything more about the case than his letter contains, we are deeply impressed by the plight of Mr. Claude Ernest Whitford. In his first paragraph, Mr. Whitford informs us that he is doing one hundred and ninety-eight years in the Dallas, Texas, County jail. Even with a hundred years off for good behavior, Mr. Whitford's future is not rosy.

He tells us he is twenty-seven years old and was unjustly accused and convicted of participating in the robbery of two cafés and making off with the cash register in one of them. No one, says he, was hurt in those robberies and the profits of the banditry were piffling.

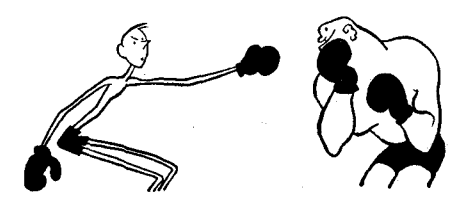
"Even though a man was guilty of the charge," writes Mr. Whitford, "it seems to me that 198 years is a pretty stiff sentence."

And in that we are inclined to agree with the unhappy man. It may be, as we say, that there are circumstances that Mr. Whitford has forgotten to mention. But 198 years—Gosh!

—

MRS. WILLIAM R. BOLLINGER of St. Joseph, Missouri, informs us that she recently attended a bridge party where a sufficient number of cocktails moved the guests to a thorough discussion of the merits of prohibition.

"The consensus was," writes Mrs. Bollinger, "that we should resist all efforts of the wets to abolish the Volstead Act for the sake of our children. It occurred to me that this line of reasoning leaves us who are childless in a bad way. Or should we vote dry so that our neighbor's children can have the fun of breaking the law when they want a drink?"



"WHENEVER I'm prompted to complain about any writer's product," writes Mr. E. L. Deihl, "I am restrained by memories of my own lone experience as an author. Once as a young man I tried journalism and was asked to write a book on The Art of Self-Defense. The book was to be signed by the late Young Griffo, the Australian marvel, the greatest boxer in history. The book was to sell for twenty-five cents and he was to get five cents from each sale. Taking the great man to my room and making him comfortable, I began with the simple question:

"'How can a boy become as clever a boxer as you are?'

"'Nothin' to it,' replied Griffo. 'Just say you got to stick out your bloomin' left.'

"'What else?' I asked.

"'There ain't nothin' else,' said he. 'Just stick out your bloomin' left.'

"'But we've got to go into details,' I insisted. 'This is going to be a book.'

"'There ain't no details,' said Griffo. 'Just stick out your bloomin' left, tell 'em.'

"All that day," says Mr. Deihl, "and all that night and all the next day I badgered this greatest of boxers for facts. But there was but one—stick out your bloomin' left. And that was the end of my struggle for literary fame. I went into the real estate business and took up reading. I am going to keep right on reading too as long as Collier's is as good as it is now."

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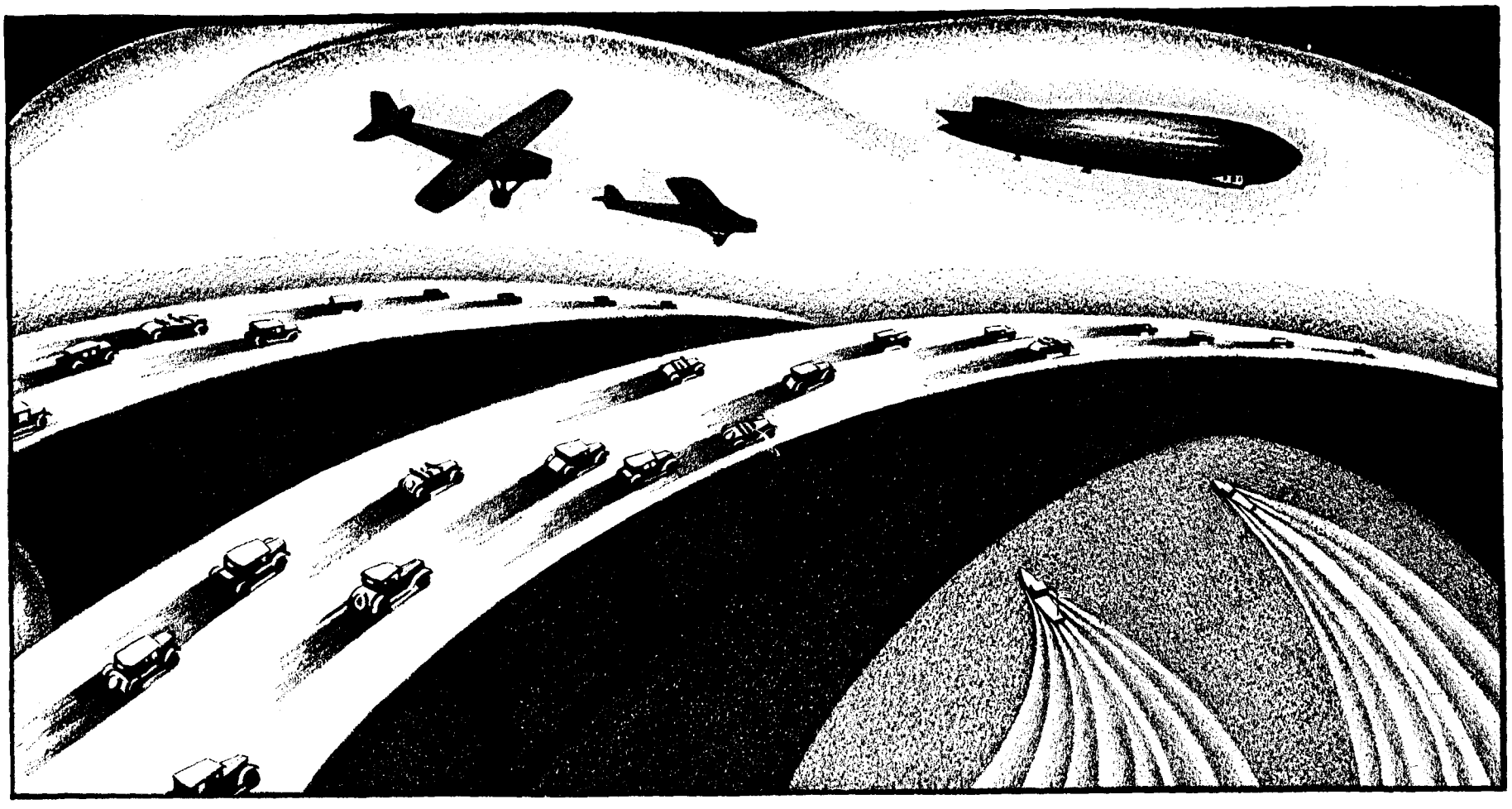
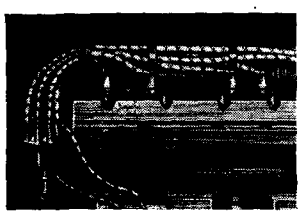


What Sterling Ignition Cable Means To Modern Motor Performance



● The modern high-compression, high-speed motor, when first developed, was handicapped by the fact that no existing spark plug wires could stand up satisfactorily under the terrific voltage that surged through them to the combustion chamber.

● A short time after the high-compression motor was a production reality, several satisfactory lacquered cables were developed. These were able to stand up during approximately 10,000 miles of service.

● In 1929, the Sterling Cable and Carbon Corporation developed a remarkable cellulose-sheathed, high-tension cable. Its ability to resist voltage pressure, heat and oil has, upon numerous occasions, been tested along with all other well-known makes, and in every case, found to possess superior stamina. Its cost to you is so little more than ordinary lacquered cable that a cheaper product is unsound economy.

● If your car has been driven 10,000 miles or more, your spark plug cable should be replaced. Examine it today. If it is swollen, cracked, or spongy, you are probably paying for a new set of cable every 2,000 miles in wasted gasoline. In addition to this, your motor cannot possibly deliver full performance.

● Go to your car dealer, ignition service station or garage and have your cable replaced with genuine Sterling Cellulose-Sheathed Cable. The price, complete with distributor caps and Bakelite hoods, ranges from $1.35 to $5.00 per set, depending upon the make and model of your car. The very modest charge your dealer makes for installation is well worth the price.

● For your protection against imitations, every genuine set of Sterling Cables is shipped in sealed cartons bearing the name of the product and the familiar little Sterling elf. Sterling Cable is manufactured by The Sterling Cable and Carbon Corporation. General Offices and Plant at Cleveland, Ohio.

STERLING CELLULOSE-SHEATHED SPARK PLUG CABLE

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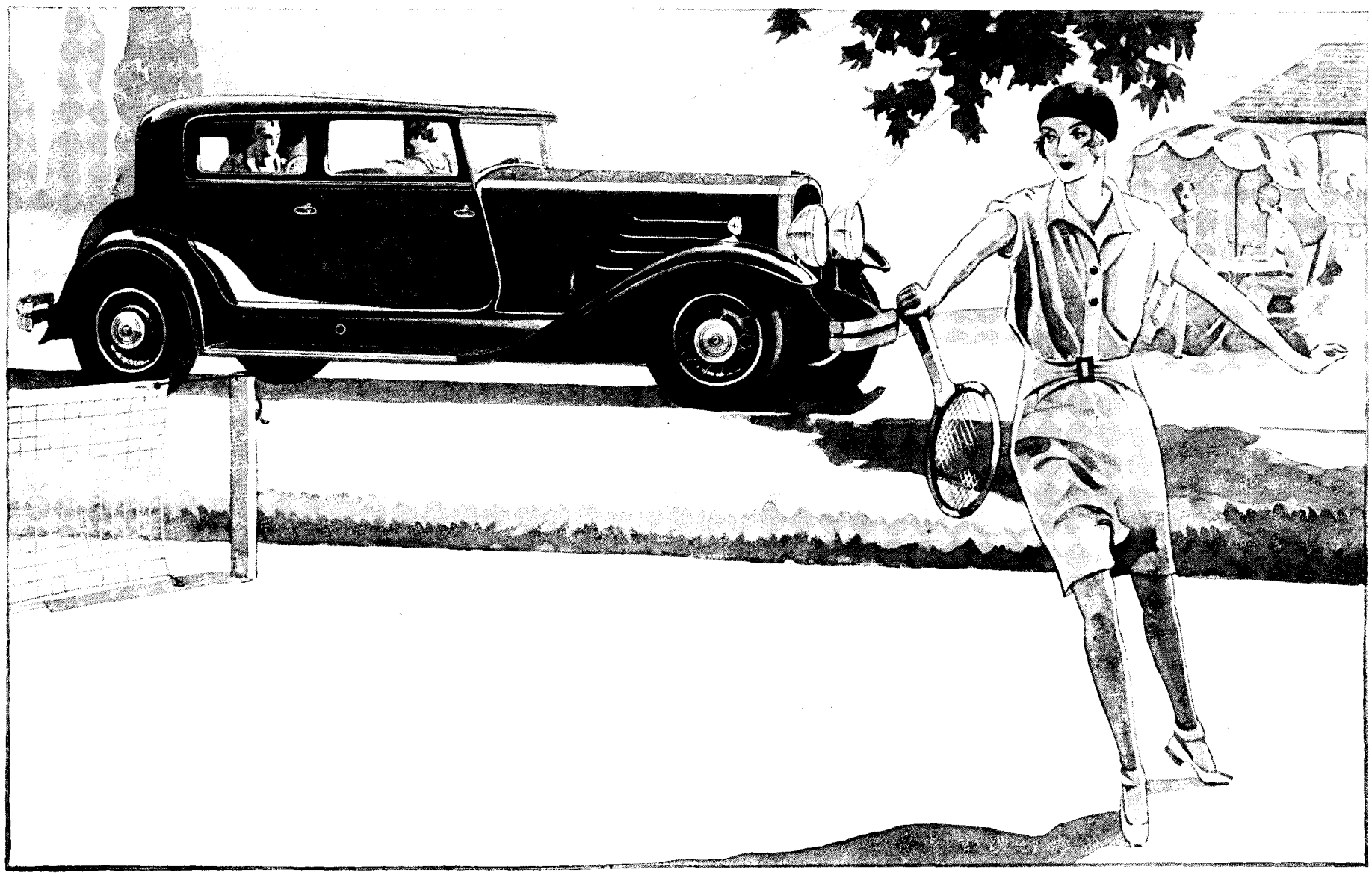
SENSATION

. . . ALL CARS ARE **NOT** ALIKE



THE NEWEST driving experience today is the feel of AIR-COOLED power.

Your first ride in a Franklin reveals sensations you never thought to demand in a motor car before. You realize for the first time that all cars are NOT pretty much the same. There is a new feeling of power flow from the air-cooled airplane-type engine—new maneuverability—new riding ease and a sense of poise-in-motion that you have never before experienced. As new as the feeling you had on your first airplane ride.

After accelerating into a curve at high speed—after taking rough stretches of road without slowing down, you realize that your expectations of any car must be totally reconstructed. You are now dealing with a car that has many advantages exclusive to Franklin.

To skim along on a winding road is always an intriguing prospect to the Franklin driver. Full elliptic springs cushion the rough spots, complete flexibility holds the car to the road with tenacious grip. Perfectly balanced weight and the caster action of the steering reveal roadability that you are sure must have come from brand new inventions. The sense of utter safety at all speeds and in all situations is pleasantly new to you.

Here are speed and power from an air-cooled engine developing more power for cylinder capacity than any automobile engine built. Here is a car that takes you over distances more pleasantly and more quickly than any other car and before you realize the time.

Let us give you this revolutionary experience in motoring. You will feel as if you had stepped into the future—as if you were master of a whole series of startling new inventions. Until other cars adopt Franklin principles of design, they cannot give you Franklin performance. Your dealer is waiting to give you a demonstration. Prices range from $2395 to $7600 at the factory. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

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On the Beach

By Albert Richard Wetjen

For all who do not fear reality, and can see the beauty which lurks in grim misfortune and the warm humanity hidden in many an outcast heart

THEY stopped in the area of sickly light cast from a street lamp and looked bleakly up and down. The cold February rain made a murmuring in the roadway and on the pavements which stretched wetly into the blackness on either side of them, toward the next blurred areas of light.

The tall man had the collar of his jacket turned up, his hands in his pockets and his shoulders rounded as if he were trying to squeeze himself into the smallest possible space or shrink from the very touch of his clothes. He was a lean man, with something of the panther about him, toughened and blunted by much experience and toil. Water dripped from the peak of his sodden cap and his boots squelched with his every movement. The last embers of his spirit found expression in muttered oaths, viciously sullen and aimless for the most part, though occasionally holding a vague echo of bitter defiance.

His companion was a shorter man, younger, stockily built and facing the night more squarely, even with a grim sort of recklessness or a somewhat embittered good humor. He seemed less primitive than the other, his sensibilities less blunted. His battered boots squelched also and water ran in fast trickles from the warped brim of his felt hat, sometimes dashing into his face as gusts of chill wind whined through the chimney pots of the surrounding houses.

THAT both men were seafarers was obvious, not only from the nature of the district they were in but from their coarse blue serges, from the blue woollen jerseys beneath their wet jackets and the occasional turns of speech they used when they addressed each other. The short man's lips were puckered in a soundless whistle and he jingled two coins in one of his pockets. He was very hungry and even the tightness of his belt could not check the dull pain in his stomach.

Shadowy wet figures took outline, drew nearer. Three men appeared with collars turned up, slouching, hands in their pockets, two of them chewing tobacco.

"She's cold," hailed the tall man dully.

"Any luck, sailor?" She smiled, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Aw, beat it!" said the tall man

The three newcomers stopped and peered at him.

"Aye," said one. He spat aside. "No luck?"

"No luck," answered the tall man. "She's a tough winter, mate."

The rain drove down. Another corner and another meeting; sailors tramping the streets; men out of work. Sometimes they met women, furtive and weary, and many of them were abroad from necessity too. But mostly they met men.

"The Mirabar's signing tomorrow."

"That's right. There'll be plenty waiting for 'er."

"Ain't got th' price of a bed, eh?"

"I'd be a-walking if I 'ad, wouldn't I?"

"Well, so long!"

"So long!"

They plodded on. It had been an evil

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winter. The slump in world trade held half the freighters tied idle beside the wharves. Through all the seaports men were tramping, hungry, homeless, cold, murmuring, wondering a little. The tall man and the short man had returned from a voyage to discover crowds about the shipping offices and that few ships needed crews. It had been seven weeks since they had signed off. Their money had lasted for five.

They came to a high building of dull wet brick, with a tall arched doorway set in the pavement wall. Granite steps led up to a dimly lighted hallway. They halted and stared and the tall man spat.

"Don't do no harm t' try," he stated. The short man grunted. Together they went up the steps and passed through the doorway. A chair scraped on a bare floor and a man came from a side office, a small man with a ragged sandy mustache, thick-lensed steel spectacles, with an unbuttoned black overcoat about him and a Salvation Army cap on his head.

"Filled up, boys," he said, with a touch of irritation. "We've even got 'em in the hallways tonight." He had been saying the same thing for many hours and he was tired.

The others looked past him toward shapeless huddles curled against the walls of the dimly lighted main hallway. The tall man grunted and turned. The short man jerked the collar of his jacket up higher and ventured a twisted grin.

"She's a tough 'un," he said.

The official nodded.

"Too bad, boys. Come earlier tomorrow."

The short man followed his companion down the steps to the street again, spat and muttered a dull oath. They breasted the rain and turned a corner into another street. They wandered aimlessly then, halting at times in some shop doorway to stamp their feet and rub their hands together. Once they were surprised by a tall broad figure in a glistening oilskin cape who walked on rubber-soled boots and flashed a bull's-eye lantern on them.

"BETTER not 'ang around, boys," said the figure, not unkindly. "Better keep moving."

"We'll be going in jest a bit," said the short man. The policeman nodded and turned off his lantern, moving silently away. They left the doorway soon and plodded on. It was too cold to stand still and they had not eaten since the afternoon before. Better keep moving.

They came at last to a wide road that ran by the dock wall above which loomed a shadowy steel trough set on evenly spaced stilts that was an elevated railway. There were more lights here, brighter and more closely spaced, making the pavements and the roadway glisten.

A slender girl came from a deep doorway, the black ostrich feather in her cheap hat wet and draggled, her coat collar turned up and fastened by an imitation pearl brooch, her bare hands clenched one inside the other and her teeth chattering. There was a vague odor of perfume about her.

"Any luck, sailor?"

The two men stopped and she stood close to them, shifting from one foot to the other and shivering. They caught a glimpse of big dark eyes, with dark circles beneath them; pale lips that not even the rouge seemed able to color; hollow cheeks down which a few stray wisps of hair clung flatly. She smiled, with an attempt at cheerfulness and rubbed the knuckles of one hand against the palm of the other.

"Aw, beat it!" said the tall man. He spat moodily out on the cobbles. The short man took one hand from his pocket, pushed his dripping hat back and grinned.

"Not a chance," he said. "If we had any dough we'd take a bed."

The girl grimaced and rubbed her nose with a clenched fist.

"On th' beach, eh?"

"Been on th' beach two weeks now."

"I ain't 'ad any luck meself. She's a tough winter."

"Tough's right."

THE tall man muttered to himself and made an impatient motion with his shoulders. The short man, with the girl at his side, joined him and the three of them walked on, aimlessly. They passed the warm, glowing window of a coffee shop and the girl looked at it wistfully.

"I'd like t' get warm! They sacked a bunch of us at the fact'ry and there ain't any work anywhere. Stuck it as long as I could. A feller's gotta eat . . . somehow."

"She's a tough all right," the short man agreed.

The girl laughed again.

"There ain't been many ships paying off. Seems like everythin' stopped after the Armistice. The regulars can't make a go of it, let alone me."

They walked several streets further without saying anything and then they met a man who was talking to himself and weaving a bit uncertainly. A tall man he was, with a hat pulled low over his eyes and a seaman's oilskin jacket flapping about him.

"Got a load, 'e 'as," said the girl critically. "Maybe he's got dough."

The short man hesitated and then fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a solitary copper coin.

"Case he ain't," he muttered with a trace of embarrassment, "get you a cup of cawfee anyway an' you c'n warm up."

The girl stared at him and then took the money.

"I'll be along t'morrow night," she said hurriedly. "If I make it I'll square this." She patted his cheek and turned back. The short man halted for a moment to watch her approach the drunk they had just passed. He saw her slip her hand inside his arm, saw him halt and heard his hoarse voice protesting. It died down very soon and his oil-skinned arm went roughly about the girl's shoulders. They moved on together and the short man rejoined his companion.

"Guess she got him," he observed cryptically. The tall man spat with disgust.

"Thought you was busted. Giving a girl dough like that!"

"Aw, jest a penny. Ain't no good to us fer anythin'. If you want some cawfee I got another. I was savin' 'em up fer later."

"Well, gimme mine 'fore you get big-hearted again."

The short man handed over the last coin of the two he had begged from a passer-by earlier in the day. The tall man turned toward the coffee shop, hesitated and then turned back.

"Aw, come on. We're mates, ain't we? We c'n take 'alf each an' we'll get a bit warm."

The short man joined him and they entered the coffee shop together, where they sat on a bench behind a white scrubbed wooden table and shared a big mug of weak coffee. The proprietor leaned his fat red arms on a low wooden partition that separated the eating-room from the kitchen and stared steadily at them. The air was heavy with steam and an odor of fried fish. They made the coffee last as long as possible, sipping it very slowly and soaking in the warmth of the place. But it was finished at last and the proprietor bustled forward to take away the empty mug.

"ON th' beach?" he suggested and fingered his heavy, curling black mustache.

"Been there fer two weeks," answered the short man. "You ain't got any leavin's around, eh?"

"I been feedin' guys like you with leavin's all day. Better get started." He looked at the fly-specked dial of the big clock screwed to one wall. It was nearly three.

The short man nodded and rose with a sigh. The tall man gnawed a fresh chew from the tiny remnant of plug tobacco he had left. They walked slowly toward the door, reluctant to leave the steamy warmth.

"It ain't that I mind you a-sittin' around," explained the proprietor. "But if I lets one there'd be 'alf th' docks in here every night."

They did not answer but shut the door behind them and breasted the rain again. The tall man spat and swore under his breath. They plodded on, stopping occasionally to talk to other men, once or twice rebuffing women. After a long interval the tall man spoke.

"I been thinkin'," he said.

"Thinkin', eh?"

"We bin trampin' around fer two weeks," said the other from one side of his mouth. "There ain't no work. We ain't 'ad a bed fer two nights. We ain't

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

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et fer as long. We gotta do somethin'."

"The Mirabar's signin' tomorrow," ventured the short man. The other spat again.

"Fat chance. There'll be lines down by th' shippin' office waitin' an' she only needs twelve A. B.'s."

The other was silent.

"We gotta eat an' we gotta sleep," resumed the tall man after a pause. "We gotta do somethin'."

"That's it," said the short man dispiritedly.

"We might bust in somewheres," said the tall man, shooting a sideways glance at his companion. The other was quiet, digging his hands deeper into his pockets and keeping his eyes on the wet pavement ahead.

"I was on the beach in 'Frisco once an' I busted in somewheres," said the tall man defensively. "We gotta eat."

THERE was a long pause. The short man seemed sunk in a dull reverie. He tried to think of everything he had been taught when he had been very small. Thou shalt not steal! He tried to think of policemen who went around on rubber-soled boots and carried bull's-eye lanterns. But there was a dull gnawing pain in his stomach and he was wet and cold, and sick with weariness, and he couldn't think very clearly about anything at all.

"All right," he muttered. There was a sudden recklessness in his voice.

Insensibly both men quickened their pace, as if, now that they had come to a decision, they were in a hurry to get the matter over with.

The shadows were thickest on the side of the window farthest from the walk and they crouched there, waiting, breathless, their ears strained. There was still no sound beyond the wind and the rain.

Presently the tall man straightened and touched the window. He slid the knife blade upward and worked it about for some moments while the short man watched, shaking a little with excitement, a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach and sweat on his forehead. Presently there was a dull snapping and the tall man put his knife back into its sheath with a satisfied exclamation. He was breathing hard.

"You better wait 'ere," he whispered. "Jest give me a call if you see a cop comin' an' then duck." The short man nodded.

THE window slid up, making an appalling amount of noise as if it had not been opened for years, which it probably had not. A faint rustling of wind-lifted curtains arose and there was a gust of warm air heavy with a new bread smell. The tall man groped within the room and cautiously shifted a chair. Then with a quick movement he swung himself up, grunted once or twice as he was forced to bend almost double, and then disappeared. The short man heard him knock against something and mutter a curse. After that there was silence.

The short man waited, peering up and down the street. He wiped the sweat from his forehead with a shaking hand. He licked suddenly dry lips. It seemed that ages passed, though it could not have been more than a minute or so, when from the room there came a dull crash followed by a shattering of glass. The tall man appeared at the window, cocking a leg over the sill. He was cursing thickly to himself. He landed on the grass with a thud and gripped the short man's arm. They heard a door open somewhere in the house and a voice called, shakily.

"Beat it!" muttered the tall man. He threw caution to the winds and ran for the gate, the other at his heels. They swung it open and passed through and it closed behind them with a clang. Then they were running as hard as they could go, the rain stinging their faces, until they had passed several street lamps, when they turned into another road and the tall man caught his companion's shoulder and drew him, breathless, to a walk.

"We gotta go careful," he rasped. "Might run into a cop an' he'd want t' know what all the 'urry was about."

"What happened?" panted the short man. "You made a lot of noise."

"Fell against some sort of a table," the other explained. "Place was full of furniture. Didn't want t' light a match."

They walked for a while in silence. Then the short man said: "Did you get anythin'?"

For answer the other thrust his hand inside his jacket pocket and brought forth a picture. They halted beneath a lamp to look at it. The face of a young girl stared at them, curls falling to the shoulders, teeth showing slightly between smiling lips. She was not very pretty. The frame seemed to be of heavy silver.

"I saw it shinin' sort of in the dark an' I reached for it," said the tall man. "That was when I busted th' table."

"Is it worth anythin'?"

"If it's silver it is," muttered the other. He tried to ascertain, staring closely at the frame and looking for the hall mark but he could not locate it. He thrust it into his pocket at last with a shrug.

"We'll find out in th' mornin', anyway. We ought t' get a tanner for it. Buy us a kipper 'n' tea. . . . I got some fags though."

He produced a half-empty box of some Egyptian cigarettes and they each lighted one, drawing the smoke in and expelling it through the nostrils with the keen enjoyment that comes from being long without smoking. They plodded on, more cheerful now, with a sense almost of relief, though the short man was still shaking a little and occasionally looked over his shoulder as if he expected to find a hand reaching for him.

THE dawn came, wan and pallid through the scud that covered the dripping sky. Shutters began to go up with a bang. Milkmen pushed their brass-bound barrows around with the polished brass churns streaked with the damp. Occasional men tramped by carrying dinner buckets. A factory whistle wailed far away, followed by others. Far out on the river sirens shrilled and muttered. Liverpool faced another day of winter and depression.

The tall man laid the picture frame on the scarred counter of a dingy shop above the doorway of which three faded golden balls were suspended. He had removed the picture itself and torn it up. The short man waited outside, his lips pressed together, his face strained. His eyes were sunken and feverish and a four-days' growth of light brown

(*Continued on page 50*)

The tall man picked up a magazine, pretended to look through it, and slipped it under his jersey. The small man performed the same office for a couple of newspapers

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Sin in the Desert

Liquor can be had there for the asking—you don't need a letter, a secret symbol, or your brotherhood card. It's the same with gambling and other social diversions—just walk along and look companionable. This oasis in the Montana desert is proud of being the widest-open city in the land. And it is prouder yet of its policemen, who see to it that Butte's honest citizens can have their fun without annoyance by cheats, gunmen and murderers

By William G. Shepherd

Dog racing is popular with Butte's sporting citizenry. A

THE Pullman porter, between slaps of his brush, was trying to tell this traveler what kind of town Butte is. His story was long, his time short, for we were rolling down the winding track from the mountains into the vast, treeless gray basin in which this famous Montana city lies.

"I just gets off the train in Butte and stands beside my cah in the station," he said, "but no one can't help knowin' about Butte, even that way. Why, there's fine ladies gets on my train with big bottles of whisky. And they drink it, too, before we gets to St. Paul or Portland. I have to throw the bottles away, and I know.

"Now and then some sportin' man on the train who's run out of his liquor will wire ahead to Butte and have a gallon brought down to him at the depot, as we're passin' through. Then he'll try to get my whole cah drunk."

Wide Open and Old-Fashioned

"Ever heard about any gambling there?" asked his passenger.

"Hear about it! Why, a couple of trips ago four gentlemen gets on this train that had taken $28,000 right out of Butte. I believed 'em, too, because they got into a big stateroom and drank at least $28,000 worth of Butte champagne they had brought with 'em in wood boxes."

"Booze and gambling?" asked the traveler. "Is *that* all?"

The porter had spent enough time on one customer. He put all the rest he had to say into one small package. "I always warns my passengers about Butte," he said. "Say, Colonel, when you gets off at Butte you're goin' to find out that you can do anything in that town you're old enough to do. Or, young enough, either!"

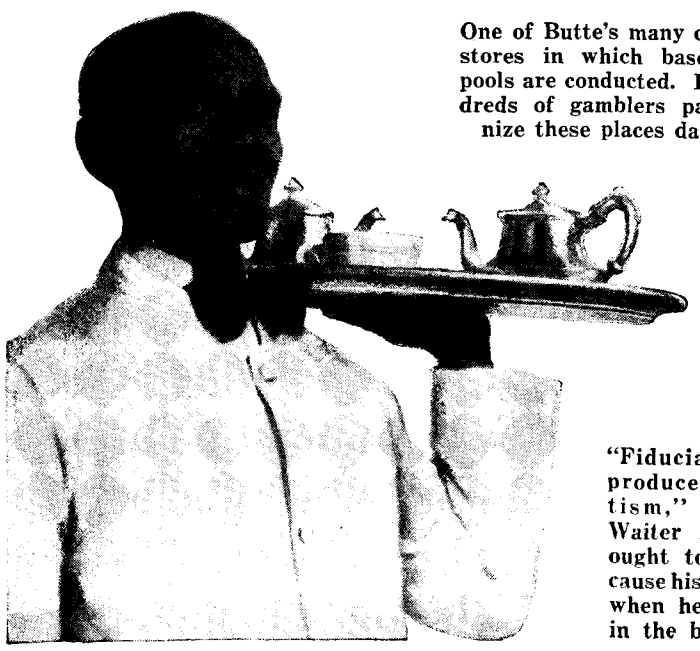
Butte lets the whole world know that it won't make her mad at all to call her the "widest-open city in the land." But she is old-fashioned. She bars robbery and murder.

Last year, for example, five or six young men, traveling singly by rail or motor car, gathered quietly in one of the Butte hotels. They were never seen together on the streets or in the hotel lobby, but meetings in a hotel room were frequent.

Now Jerry Murphy, big, black-haired, black-mustached Irishman, chief of police, knows all that is necessary for public safety about unplaced individuals who come to his town. In his rogues' gallery he found photographs of each of the young strangers. He gave the five their heads for three or four days and then one afternoon, when they thought themselves secretly assembled, Jerry walked in on them, friendly as he could be.

"Back to Chicago, boys," he said. "Tonight's train, too. Just for fear you haven't looked it up, I'll tell you the copper company here has a pay roll, in cash, of $750,000 every week. But we don't let people like you take our pay rolls. Go back and tell the lads in Chicago to make their living in their own town and let honest working people and miners alone." He said a few more things quietly. Having heard of Murphy, known as "Jerry the Wise" to every big crook in America, they listened.

One of Butte's many cigar stores in which baseball pools are conducted. Hundreds of gamblers patronize these places daily



"Fiduciary worries produces rheumatism," proclaims Waiter Ridley, who ought to know, because his disappeared when he won $8,000 in the baseball pool

Not even one lone detective accompanied the young men to the train. They went away from Butte gladly. Crooks have been hurt in that town; hurt right near the police station; hurt badly, though quietly. Noses have been made as crooked as their owners; teeth have been removed in quantity; faces have been so definitely changed that new photographs had to be taken of the owners for the rogues' gallery. Just the one thing that a silk-underweared, slick-haired young gunman likes the least and dreads the most he's likely to get in Butte. People seem to feel safe about their money in Butte.

Not long ago a Butte newspaper bought an old bank building and began to remodel it. Three men, with drilling machines, worked several days to tear out the great cement vault. And when they got the job done they discovered that the back wall of the safe was only the building wall, consisting of three rows of common brick, edging upon a narrow alley. One man, with a hammer and a chisel, could have cut his way into the vault in twenty minutes.

"Only we knew no one would try it," said one of the bankers.

"In the homicide scale," said Chief Murphy, "you might class us perhaps with London, Paris or Rome. We do have our share of murders through passion or insanity or eccentricity, by people that have lived ordinarily like the rest of us; the queer kind that psychologists have to explain. But we don't have murders by professional criminals, because the professional criminals don't stay here. We don't let 'em. And they haven't got any politicians here they can make bargains with."

Home Boys Get the Breaks

A criminal turned up the first day I was in Butte. The newspapers had front-page stories about him that night. He entered a store and asked for a package of cigarettes, offering a two-dollar bill. Now bills of any denomination below ten are rarely used in Butte; everyone prefers the big silver dollars.

"Haven't you got any change about you?" asked the storekeeper.

"No, I haven't," said the stranger.

The merchant gave his customer $1.85 in change. Lighting a cigarette, the stranger began to ask the storekeeper questions about the town. Suddenly:

"Why, here," he said, "I've got fifteen cents. I'll take that doctor's bill off your hands."

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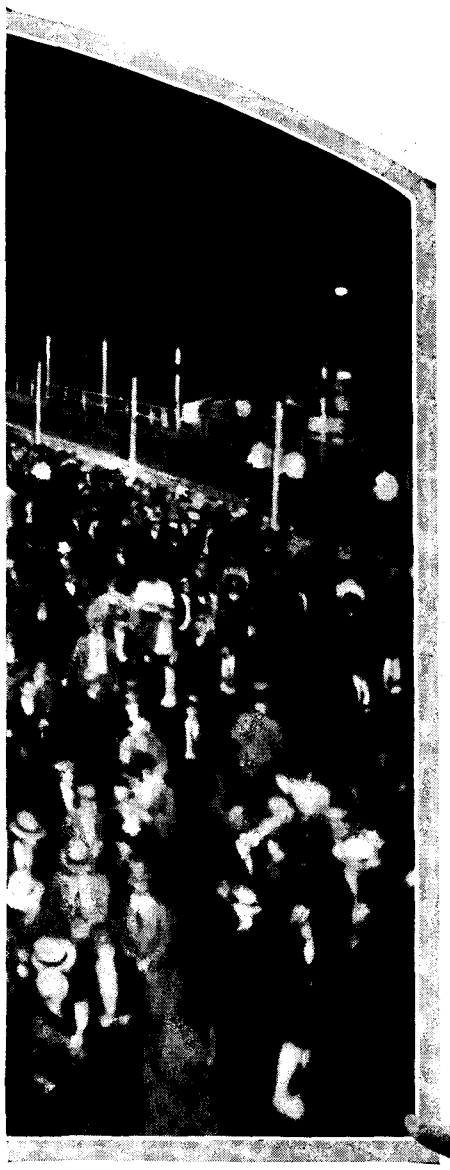


crowd at the Highland Kennel Club

"Doctor's bill!" That phrase was enough for one of Murphy's detectives. It's old-time underworld slang for a two-dollar bill. It branded the visitor not as a desperate stranded tourist cheating to get gasoline money, but as a professional crook.

The storekeeper handed back the bill and took the fifteen cents his customer offered. The customer left the store $1.70 richer, with a pack of cigarettes he had purchased with fifteen cents of the change the merchant had given him.

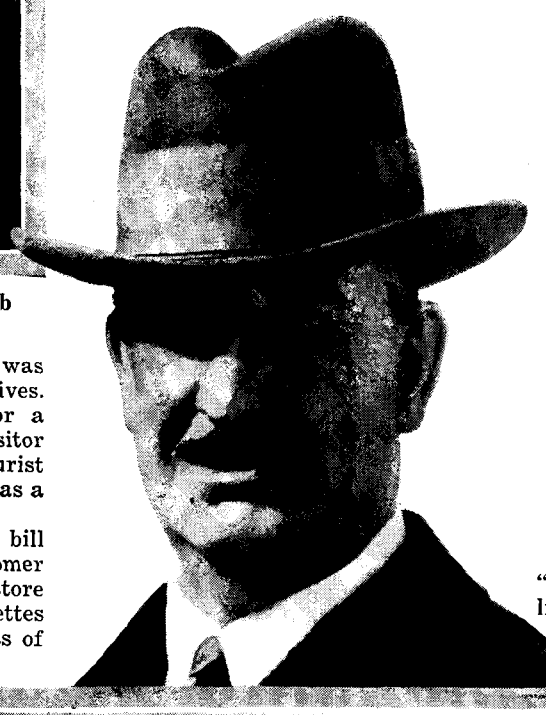
Four merchants were victimized for a total of $8 that afternoon; but, in the early evening, along one of the well-guarded roads leading out of Butte into the mountains, they picked up the trickster.

"We got one of the finest penitentiaries in the world," explained one of Murphy's subordinates. "It's just like living in a palace in a great park. The place is brand new; just finished. But we don't entertain any more outsiders there than we can help. It's for our own folks when they get in bad luck, like a fellow will."

So this visitor returned the money to his victims and left town for the mountain roads, without even a police escort, after he had been most contemptuously, insultingly and embarrassingly treated by several men in blue clothes, who later gave him a couple of gallons of gasoline to go away on.

Everywhere you turn in Butte you see loose money lying around. Pasted under the top glass of a showcase, in a cigar store, I counted $900 in good bills, prizes in a punchboard game. In most of our cities where merchants keep as little money in their tills as possible such a display of real cash would be a standing invitation to robbery and murder.

Butte merchants rack up the big silver dollars, openly, in stacks a foot high. They have cash registers but those are only to count with. I saw no armored cars in Butte and no openly armed men, such as are conspicuous on mail trucks and money wagons elsewhere.



"Wise Jerry" Murphy, Butte's liberal-minded police chief

"Funny," said Harry Leipheimer, editor of the famous old Montana Standard, "we don't seem to have half as many policemen as we used to have. Don't spend as much taxes for them as we used to. I suppose they're sort of rough because there are so few of them."

There was a twinkle in his eye, as there is in the eye of every Butte citizen, as he proudly speaks of Murphy and of Murphy's methods. "They haven't got much time for snooping around and bothering citizens about little things. Their idea seems to be to protect citizens rather than to pester them."

No Time for Gospel Shouters

All that's hidden in our other cities is out in the open in Butte. People who don't like it move away. The kind that remain seem to be the kind that enjoy such a place. Reformers turn up from the outside world now and then; usually evangelists, with odd theatrical names, like "Shouting Jimmy Wesley," "Golden-Voiced Smith," "Billy Sunday, Second," etc. They preach for a while against the Gomorrahishness of Butte, and then go away, after viewing empty collection plates, declaring in distant pulpits that Butte is one town that just plumb doesn't want to be saved. Butte exercises a local option about herself, she's the kind of town she wants to be; her own town's town, as it were.

Don't picture the place as a noisy, shouting, shooting, drunken survival of a Western town. Butte takes its pleasures stolidly. It's used to them. It doesn't go on the loose. It's so modern and sophisticated that even the big gambling games are newfangled.

In the office of a Butte newspaper, ten minutes after I reached town, I said to a journalist:

"Where are the gambling houses?"

"Walked along the streets any yet?"

"No. I came in a taxi."

"Well, get out on your feet and see what you can see," I was instructed.

Within one hundred strides of the office I saw double doors standing wide open; I heard a rumble of many voices. This was my first "discovery" in Butte. It was as easy to find others as it is to sight the Capitol dome in Washington. In I went and down a few steps. It was only two in the afternoon but at least two hundred men were in the great room.

I counted twelve tables of various sorts in full operation. I didn't know the first game I saw; it's called "pangini;" that's as near as I can spell it from what bystanders told me. Pangini is played with nine decks of cards, all mixed up together. I was told you see it in every gambling house in Butte. A dozen men or more bet on the face value of the next card that turns up. "Blackjack" is another card game. It was scorned by the old-time gamblers of Bret Harte's day, but several dozen men sat around the blackjack tables this sunny afternoon. On a table with high sides and queer chalk markings they were shooting craps; gamblers have turned this simple soldier's game into such a complex series of guessings that the luckiest company sergeant would be a greenhorn here. A sort of a croupier, with a rake, pulled back the dice, shot them to the man who was rolling them and then either pulled in silver dollars for the house or pushed them over tc winners.

They've got gambling all jazzed up in Butte. Where was the roulette table? That's an old-time game, easily played crookedly by the house.

"Haven't got one," the croupier at the dice table told me. "Police kicked 'em all out, all over town." I found out later that some of the boys had been trying "crooked wheels" on their customers; cheating is *not* allowed by gambling proprietors—if the police know. But you know how gamblers will get at times. Professional gamblers *are* tricky men. Butte has its gambling scandals, for games are perhaps no more honest there than elsewhere.

Faro Has Its Followers

Poker—well, probably that's too old-fashioned for these motor-age gambolleers. I couldn't find any sign of it.

Faro bank—now there's a game which is as much a part of America's history and literature as the battle of Bunker Hill. I hunted around the room, from table to table, to find a faro game going on.

At last, way off in one corner, by itself, I found a faro table. It takes three men to run a faro game. Maybe that's why the newfangled one-man games are more prevalent. One assistant is the lookout; he sits in a high chair and watches the play. The second is the dealer. With a dampened index finger he indolently, from time to time, slips off the top card of his single deck and turns it over. A third is the man who "keeps cases;" on a wire frame, something like a Chinese laundryman's adding machine, he indicates the cards that have already been turned up. There they were, the three of them, serving the faro customers.

Gathered at this relic of old times were two men. One was at least eighty years old; on a nail in the wall beside him hung his stout old willow cane. The other customer, whose back was toward me, wore an old army overcoat and an amazingly bedraggled hat. He turned his face; he was a Chinaman so old that his face was cracked with creases like a piece of old brown pottery. He might have been a cook in a Bret Harte mining camp seventy-five years ago.

It is over to this old faro corner, in this gambling house, that the old-timers

(*Continued on page 42*)

Butte's Main Street, looking north. Here are concentrated the numerous gambling houses of America's widest-open city

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Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Camilla sat up. "Now listen," she said. "If the Navy knew Breck had married me secretly they would probably put him out, even now"

The story of a girl who married in haste and repented too soon

AS a philosophic bachelor of fifty-odd winters, attending weddings depressed George Andrews abnormally—to a too-great depth of spirit in this instance for his customary theater and late supper to cheer. He needed something more personal and, when he pushed open the already unlatched door of his half dark apartment, he got it. There was Camilla, resting back in a youthful disarray of her trailing evening gown upon his lounge, a thimble glass of his brandy in her fingers, his latest volume of Jean Cocteau open upon her lap, a wan smile and a characteristic impudence upon her lips. "Come in, George. Here lies the bride. If I ever needed a champion godfather, now is the time."

George placed his opera hat and his stick on the table mechanically and glanced again to be sure. His last picture of her was still in his mind, coming down the church steps on the arm of her straight and smiling young man, past the attendant ushers, stiff in their naval uniforms, past himself, with a curling finger of recognition, out of his dimming view.

"Well," he said, "what's up? If I am sane and sober, Camilla, I saw you married to Lieutenant Commander Breck Disbrow, U. S. N., in St. Bartholomew's at high noon this day of our Lord—"

Camilla only sighed. "It's all true, George. Didn't I do it well? Almost as if I enjoyed it. The whole show was only an arrangement, you know. Oh, you don't know? Well, don't look so petrified and I'll tell you—"

"The whole show was a what? What kind of arrangement?" George crossed the room and stood over her. "I've known you since you could talk, Camilla. I thought I understood you kids, but you're one too many. Where's Breck? You've got a husband."

"ONLY legally, George. Of course I don't love Breck. You should know that and you should know why."

"Sanborn, I suppose. You haven't confided in me lately, but I thought that was finished and over."

"Over!" Camilla's gaze swept the ceiling. "It's over all right. Head over heels. Over our heads, George. Guy left town for the day rather than see me even pretend to marry Breck."

"But you didn't pretend, Camilla. You did it. And why you did it I can't—"

"Because I had to. Please don't pace, George. I'm nervous enough. I have been married to Breck Disbrow, technically anyway, for three years. At the end of that delirious June week at Annapolis we ran off to Ellicott City and—did it. Then we raced back again and he sailed away on two years' sea duty and a year attached at Geneva and London. Now you know."

"Are you mad, Camilla?"

"No, I'm not," she said. "But I was that day. It was all just boy, girl, and glamour and should have ended with a good-by kiss and a handkerchief ball full of sweet tears. Instead I pay for it now by going through a big, stiff wedding, writing thank-you's for five hundred assorted presents, distracting my family, and spending three months in Reno. One June night in the arms of a uniform was hardly worth all that."

"And all the time I've been worrying about your innocence in the clutches of Guy Sanborn, you've been a married woman. Clearly I'm an old sap."

"You're an old darling—and not so old. You couldn't call that being really married, would you? Now come sit down, George, and in two words I'll tell you the whole story."

"THEY'LL be magic words if you do, Camilla." He slid down into a chair beside her. "All I can figure out yet is that you childishly married the wrong man. After three years he comes home and, to make it more binding, you marry him again."

"So that we can be divorced, silly."

"Silly? I'm crazy. So that you can be—what? Where's the brandy?" George clapped his hands to his thinning gray temples. "Or you're crazy, my dear. People don't remarry to get divorced. You've got it just backwards."

Camilla sat up. "Now listen, George—and concentrate. If the Navy knew Breck married me secretly while he was still at the Academy, they would probably put him out even now. We couldn't be divorced without their finding it out. So now that he can marry, we remarry. We go through the mo-

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tions of a honeymoon at the St. Denis Hotel. Then Breck goes off to Panama or some such awful place and I go to Reno and get it all untangled. See?"

"I get a glimmer," he said finally. "The remarriage is to protect Breck. That's decent of you. That's like you—if the rest of it isn't."

It was hard to think of Camilla in any serious trouble. She'd always seemed, not actually but in effect, to toe-dance over life without ever tumbling or even tripping. As an aid, of course, she had her cloud-dark hair, her stormy blue eyes, her very white skin, and if she needed anything else, she had that too. She was new and smart and yet she was feminine, feminine as a flower, or a powder puff, or as April, and probably because her mother and father had yearned so for a lucky son, every glance and graceful turn Camilla ever made whispered subtly but insistently—girl.

In addition, for difficulties to which she didn't feel equal herself, Camilla had George Andrews. She'd always had him. There were hints that he'd once been in love with Camilla's mother but all Camilla knew was that he'd brought her her first blue balloon, her bewhiskered puppy, her first adult book, and her first orchid. Later he advanced her money in the pinches, convinced the faculty of her school that what they considered rank insubordination was really wholesome high spirits, and finally told her a thing or two—which she already knew, or thought she knew—about men.

Of course, as soon as she was old enough, he fell in love with her in a paternal way, but that was a business between George Andrews and his soul and he remained in effect to the end only a dependable ally, a fellow conspirator, and a shoulder for Camilla's head when it was too tired.

Some instinct had warned her not to tell George about that absurd, June-day marriage; but the game was too big for her now. "You've got to help me put this over, George. I want you to go over to the St. Denis, see Breck, and arrange things there. Naturally it's a little embarrassing. Besides, I've promised to meet somebody for a minute at twelve-thirty. It's one now. Yes—yes—yes, if you must know. You'd never understand Guy, George. You're too practical."

RATTLING up Park Avenue in the depths of her taxicab, Camilla was thinking of Guy, his towering height, his dark, moody eyes, his flashing rebellious mind, his thrilling need of her. They turned west into that dignified stretch of the seventies and stopped opposite a door with a dingy number on it, a place with that uninhabited look which speakeasies strive to achieve. But it was a particular speakeasy with candle lamps and only hushed voices in the alcoves, and in "their alcove" she found Guy, standing and staring down at her over his untouched drink. "You're late, Camilla. What the devil do you mean by it?—while I sit here and count the everlasting seconds."

"I'm sorry, Guy."

"Sit down then. I suppose you think I went out of town today, but I didn't. I saw you marry that stuffed uniform and I watched your face. You probably fell in love with his braid and his bangles all over again—like all the rest of your flapdoodle, nitwitted sort."

"Be still, Guy. People will hear you. Well, I care. Move over and let me sit down." How exciting Guy was! A man who was not in the mold. And she alone could understand him and give him sympathy. With her, Guy's magnificent ideas for books, plays, new philosophies, would all come true. "How often must I repeat that you are the only one, Guy?"

"Until you prove it," he said. "I tell you my love is as good as yours, or any girl's. But what do any of you know about love? You stand up and swear things to a dummy covered with gilt and then you go to the St. Denis Hotel—like a bunch of trained white mice."

"Will you hush, Guy! It's only a pretense and only for a fortnight! He's going off to Panama. I don't think even you could make me go to Panama, Guy. I'll simply slip out to Reno for a while and then we can be married."

"Married!" Guy grimaced. "You and your kind put so much stock in this marriage mummery. I think in terms of love and if you suppose I'm going to stand for this situation, you're all wrong. Now you get this sailor's baggage separated from yours and get him out of your suite—or I'll get another girl."

"Guy! You wouldn't!" How could he even think of another girl? "Haven't I promised you? It's probably all done by this time. Give me an hour and I'll phone you."

George Andrews was not thinking in terms of love but of lost sleep. He liked staying up late but he did not like staying up any later and he took out his spleen on the call clerk at the St. Denis. "What? It's Mr. Disbrow? All right, Commander Disbrow then. Call him what you like but ring him." This was what came of girls like Camilla going ahead with their lives without asking the advice of some older, truly experienced man—such as Mr. George Andrews for example. But for fear of what Guy Sanborn might inveigle her into, he'd have left Camilla, to get out of the mess by herself. "A fellow who doesn't believe in marriage! Such men are dangerous." The danger of girls who apparently believed in as many marriages as possible didn't occur to him.

IN THE midst of Camilla's trunks full of trousseau, and a pool of cigarette smoke in what must have been the bridal suite de luxe he found a brown-headed young man whose gray eyes were full of sea distance and whose smile was full of either good humor or sardonic evil intent. George couldn't be sure which. Breck Disbrow was in mufti, his dinner jacket. "Welcome to our honeymoon," he said. "You're her George Andrews, I suppose. Well, I'm the new husband. The bride stepped out for a minute three hours ago."

"Yes," said George, "I came over to arrange the details." The slight lingering drawl in the young man's voice had reminded him of Camilla's ravings,

(*Continued on page 30*)

"I'm going to keep you. You're going to Panama with me on the Balboa a week from Saturday if I have to drag you—"

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Where Karl had Fought

By Erich Maria Remarque

Karl Broeger went on an excursion to Fleury. It was to be no more than a sight-seeing tour. But the country where he had fought laid hold on him and transformed him. The author of All Quiet on the Western Front describes that change and the baleful magic of the battle-fields that caused it

THE car sweeps over the road with the throttle full open, the tires sing, the road is straight, the windows rattle softly and Strasbourg and Metz are already far behind us. Beside me sits Karl Broeger, eating a buttered roll, but not with full concentration. His thoughts are elsewhere.

It is two hours since we lunched. After we recover from the pleasant surprise of a half lobster-mayonnaise at twenty-five francs as *hors d'œuvre*, not to mention a competence of other things appetizing, and the immense platter of cheese at that memorable meal, Karl begins to give me a full account of his plans and chances for the future.

I do not understand a great deal of it, for there is a heap of ifs and buts, and of calculations and persons in it. Whether it is the result of the lobster, or the wine, or perhaps even the amazing cheapness of them both, his prospects pile one on another till they lose themselves in the clouds of Mount Everest—in ten years he will be manager, in twenty, director, general-director, president and so on. At present Karl stands on a rung of the ladder sufficiently low to insure that he shall be able to fall off without seriously hurting himself. He is a bank clerk and has a sound constitution. For that reason, two hours after the lobster, he is already eating again—a good, plain, buttered roll. Meanwhile, not to be beforehand with the realization of his ideals, he occupies himself dreaming of what he will do when once he becomes manager. That is Karl.

The car races on through the villages—steep gables, cows, women's colored dresses, autumn breeze and dungheaps spin past our windows, curve after curve, rise after rise, till the avenues and trees cease; the roads fork and become narrower; heavy, lumbering busses with fat letters and devices painted on them approach us, and on the signboards names appear at which all must stand still.

Karl packs up his pocket-book. Stuffed in with technical bank papers, he has clippings from a sporting paper describing the glorious football match, Rheine vs. Münster (Karl's team won in a walk-over, 6—0, and Karl was picked out for special praise), but the weightiest items are some portraits of debonair ladies, which he had been contemplating by way of dessert.

Ahead of us the road comes to an end. The car halts with a grinding of brakes; we climb out and stand in a kind of market place. Motors are parking, anxious chauffeurs stand about, all efficiency in their high-peaked motor-caps, flocks of people assemble and get into formations, guides hunt about, gathering their lambs, and march off.

All around us in subdued, hasty whispers men ply their business assiduously; the death-ways of yesterday are changed now to boulevards of respectable post-factum visitors, and yonder, where once every step meant blood, and choking, terrible fear in the throat, today run wood-paved ways to keep the tourists' shoes clean, and well-schooled interpreters march before, so that everyone shall see everything—everything guaranteed. Douaumont.

About us, too, someone buzzes, excited, ready and eager—he will explain to us the strategy of the affair here, put us *au fait* with the more recondite aspects of the matter, so to speak. Karl, fortified with his lobster and buttered roll, smiling graciously, gives ear, and we also allow ourselves to be shown over the fort by carbide light; we, too, have it explained to us how practical the Germans were, in that no sooner had they taken over the fort than they installed machinery in the basements, installed electric lights and constructed cranes to hoist up the munitions, none of which had been there before.

Karl nods affirmation: Yes, that was so. But as we stand before the rusty steel helmets, the twisted rifle barrels and dud shells, and the guide starts prating here also, and a second opens up beside us with the same tale in English, Karl beckons; he has had enough; we push our way out into the open. He has grown silent before the helmets, the

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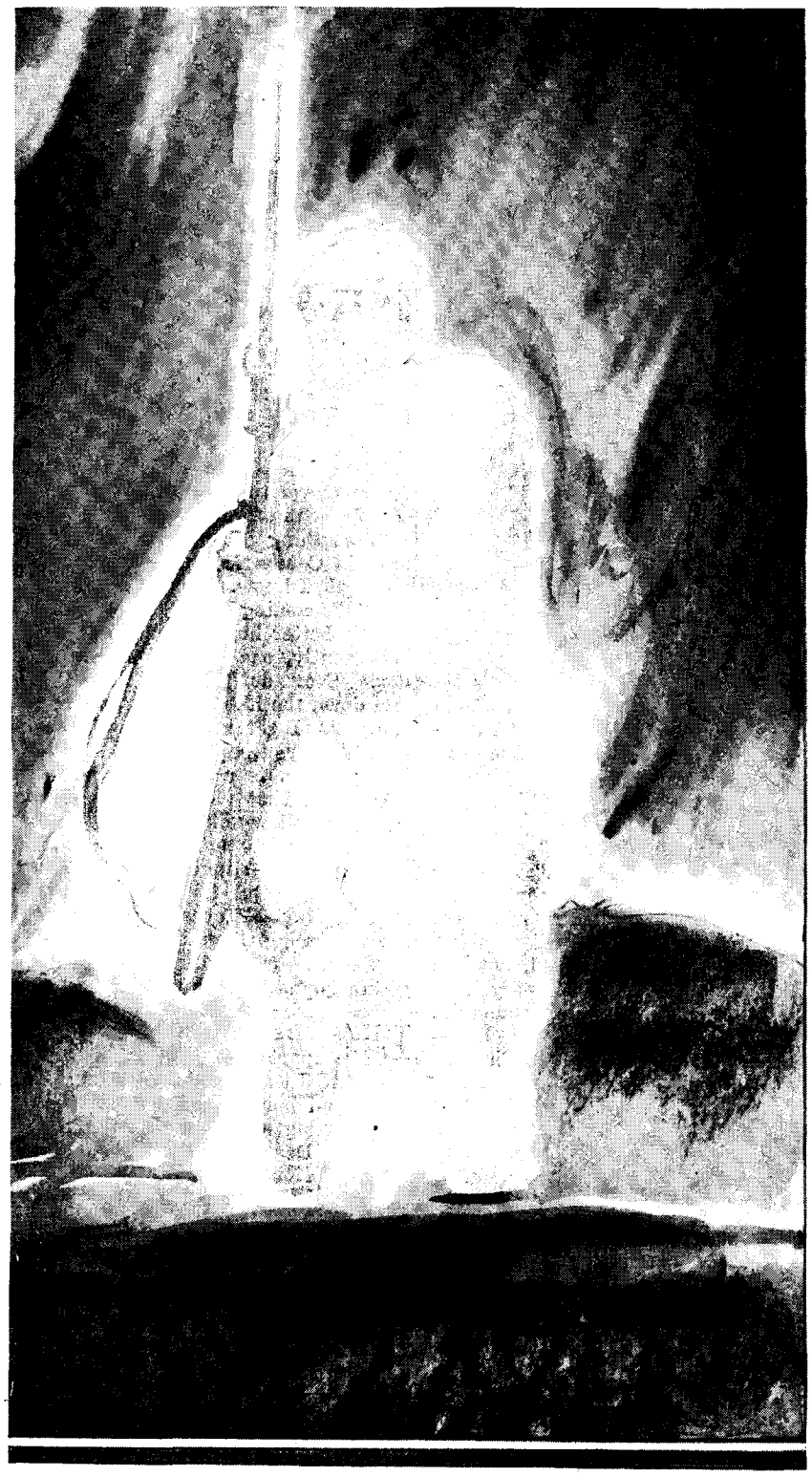

breastplates, the splinters of shell down below there.

Outside, after the stifling air of the tunnel, a breeze comes to meet us, so soft and gentle one would like to lean against it. It is still quite light, but it is already that mysterious hour when the day and the night hang equal on the beam, the pans of the balance in their ceaseless oscillation pause for a moment and seem to stand still—a heartbeat more and the magic is gone, a faint glimmer of evening is suddenly there, a cow bellows in the meadow and night has begun.

Wave upon wave the heights lie before us in violet shadow. The guide has followed us and starts up again behind us: "That pepper-box over there was a most interesting point strategically—"

He gets no further. Karl looks around indignantly and says firmly: "Shut your mug. . . ."

He does not say it ill-naturedly, but quietly rather, and so finally.

Then he goes forward, forth from the strategic disposition of embattlements, from the dim chattering of the groups of tourists, forth from lobster, buttered rolls, pictures of ladies and bank managerships, forth from the ten years of peace.

He goes, and his face grows ever more stern; the eyes become narrower, they scrutinize the ground; grass rustles, stones scrunch, a signboard still gives a warning of danger somewhere, but Karl troubles himself about these things no more. He is searching.

Out over the shell-pitted fields, through remnants of barbed-wire entanglements goes the track. The interpreter lags far behind, having bawled after us a pack of cautions. Dugouts that have been buried and excavated again come to view, stick-bombs and dixies riddled with holes lie about, in the yellow clay sticks a poor rusty fork and from its end hangs half a spoon.

We go on for some time. Karl often stands still and examines the lie of the land. Then he nods and presses on. The direction of a trench is perceptible. But only the direction—craters, between which a couple of tracks thread their way and then take a sharp turn toward a corner.

A few more steps. Another look. Karl has found what he seeks.

He is silent a space before he says: "Here—" and stops—and goes on again: "Hereabouts it must have been—here we were then—everything was roaring, a couple of shots and then, 'Charge—'" He repeats: "And then, 'Charge—'"

With that he quits the trench, leaps up and himself charges. But this is no longer Karl Broeger, the man of the bank managership and the football news; this is another, ten years younger, this is Sergeant Broeger, whom the ground has laid hold on again, the wild, ashy smell of the battlefields, and remembrance that has burst upon him like a whirlwind.

His movement is no longer what it was; here is nothing more of the hesitant searching; this is not even the gait I have been accustomed to; unconsciously, involuntarily there is once again a suggestion of the dodging, intent, cautious gliding, the instinctive sureness of the beast; he is not aware himself how his head is shrunk back on his shoulders, how his arms hang loose at the joints ready for a fall, nor that he avoids exposing himself, so as not to be seen, but keeps always under cover.

So we go forward. A couple of hours ago he would perhaps have been unable to find his way at all; now he knows every fold of the ground; the past has him again. Thus we follow the track—two fellows in well-tailored suits, with hats and walking-sticks—we follow the track over which he and his platoon crawled on that terrible night, when the parachute-flares hung over the annihilation like giant arc lamps, and all the ground about Thiaumont and Fleury heaved and tossed like a sea under the fountains of explosion—we pass that way again, and about us is the boundless quiet of the evening, but in the ears of Sergeant Broeger the battle roars, he grips his walking-stick like a hand-grenade, once again he leads his men through the shell holes to the assault on the town.

And the town is no longer there. It has vanished, wiped level with the ground: never built up again, because the earth is still mined, chock full of explosives, too dangerous ever to be worked more.

Karl leans against the monument that marks the site where Fleury once stood, the village of terror, whose ruins were stormed and lost six times in one night. "This is where George was killed," says he. "He was close beside me all the time. Then when we had to retreat, he was gone. And afterwards—"

Afterwards, when they had taken the place again, they found only a piece of body, but did not know if it were he. And so he was just reported "missing," and his mother still hopes to this day that he will walk into her red-plush parlor one morning and, grown big, strong and broad, sit down beside her on the sofa.

"There is no reason why he should not still be living," reflects Karl and looks at me dimly. "Do you suppose he would have become a musician? He wanted to, then."

I do not know, and we go. The twilight has turned to dark blue. Karl stops once more and with a sweeping gesture: "Look now, I simply cannot understand it; here it was once so that a man could not think any more, Hell it was, and it was nothing but Hell, the last, and the end, a cauldron, hopeless, and a man sat in it and was a man no more—and now here we are walking about and it is just a little valley, like this, in the dark, a harmless hillock—"

The mausoleum towers white in the darkness. The touring busses prepare to leave. Humming, off they go in their upholstered rows.

The dark landscape again rolls past the car. Memorials, many memorials, slip through the light of the headlamps. On them the talk is mostly of *Gloire* and *Victoire*. Karl shakes his head: "That does not tell all the story, no, not all by any means. But they are right to put up monuments, for more was never suffered than yonder and all about. But they have left out one thing: Never again. That is missing. You—"

The road runs white ahead and now begins to rise. From behind the clouds the moon comes out red and sorrowful. Gradually it grows smaller and brighter till it shines out silver on the American cemetery at Romagne. Fourteen thousand crosses gleam in the pale light. Fourteen thousand crosses, in rows behind each other—the eyes smart, so bewilderingly straight they are, vertical, diagonal. Under each a grave. On each an inscription: Herbert C. Williams, 1st Lieut., Chemical Warfare Service, Connecticut, 13 Sept. 1918—Albert Peterson, 137 Inf., 35 Div., North Dakota, 28 Sept. 1918—fourteen thousand—twenty-five thousand there were. Killed in the attack on Montfaucon, killed a few weeks before the peace. Only one cemetery for so many. Everywhere, in scores of places, lie the others, the white wooden crosses of the French, the black ones of the Germans.

In the midst of the fourteen thousand crosses on the broad central pathway a solitary man, remote and small, goes to and fro, ever to and fro. That is more afflicting than if all were still. Karl pushes on.

In the towns children are playing in the squares. Around them are the shops, houses, churchyards, newspapers, noise, shouting, streets, the world; but they play on, engrossed in their simple games, play that is the same all the world over.

"Children," says Karl, and in the darkness one cannot see what is the matter with him, "children are the same in all places, do you see—children, as yet they do not know anything—"

And while I am still pondering upon it and glance at him, he turns upon me: "Now, get on, man—what are we standing here for?" and turns his head, and all the rest of the journey looks intently out of the window.

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

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Illustrated by Frank Godwin

And so they were married. After which, she learned exactly what it means to be a—

Gangster's Wife

By Ferrin L. Fraser

LILA, panting from two flights of stairs, pushed open the bedroom door, ran across the room and caught the other girl by the shoulders. It was dusk; the electric sign of "Joe's Lobster Palace—Sea Food Specialties" was blinking alternately red and green beneath the window. Half a block away the Sixth Avenue "L" rattled in the May evening.

"Oh, Margie, Margie," Lila cried, "I'm going to be married!"

Margie shook the curl papers from her forehead and stared down at the eager little face with its shining eyes and parted lips, red in the light of Joe's sign.

"Gee, kid—really?"

"Really, Margie!"

"That's swell, kid." She put the coffeepot on the forbidden electric plate, wiped her hands on a pink kimono, and put her arms around Lila. "Is Bill the guy that gets the lucky break?"

"Dear, dear Bill!"

"Sort of sudden, ain't it?" Margie looked down keenly—green light now—faces weird and gaunt.

"Oh, no. Why, Margie, I've been going with Bill for two months."

"Yeah, I know. But somehow I didn't think—well, I didn't think Bill was the marrying kind, that's all. And two months ain't long, kid."

"It's seemed long to Bill and me."

"Said so, did he?"

Lila drew back. There was a moment of red and green silence.

"You don't seem very glad, Margie."

"Sure I'm glad, kid. Tickled to death. Only—" She walked across the room and snapped on the light. "That lousy sign of Joe's will drive me crazy!"

The pink-shaded bulb showed the iron bed with its faded green cover, the half-open wardrobe and its cheap print dresses, the pile of stockings in the corner, the flowered wall paper and the cracked ceiling.

"Only what, Margie?"

"Do you love Bill, kid?"

"I'm crazy about him!"

"Yeah, I know that. But do you love him?" Margie sat in the single chair, rocking sharply. "You're so young, kid," she said. "Gee, when I think what a sap I was at twenty! I've felt like your old woman ever since we've been living together. And ever since you tied up with Bill Conover I've been worried."

"Worried?"

"Worried sick, kid."

"What about?"

"You. First for fear he wouldn't marry you, then for fear he would."

"But, Margie—"

"Sure. I know you've had a swell time for two months. And marriage looks pretty good after a coupla years at a glove counter. Only it's afterwards I'm thinking of."

"Afterwards?"

"After you're married."

"Why, we'll be happy together always. I love Bill and Bill loves me."

"Sure. What do you know about Bill Conover, kid?"

"Why, Bill—Bill is—"

"What does he do? What's his job?"

"I don't know—exactly—what Bill does."

"Ever ask him?"

"Yes. He said something about the stock market."

MARGIE laughed. She smoothed out the ostrich fringe of the kimono.

"Listen, kid. That Conover guy don't know enough to be in that game. And if he was he wouldn't be interested in a kid like you—un-uh. It was that sparkler he gave you, baby, that first set me worrying."

"My engagement ring?"

Lila looked down at the stone on her finger, turning it proudly against the light.

"Yeah. It's too big, kid. A rock like that's worth a young fortune."

"You mean it isn't real?" she asked, staring. "I don't care whether it is or not, Margie. I love Bill."

"I mean it *is* real. That's the trouble. If it was phony I wouldn't be worrying. Where do you think Bill Conover got a rock like that, Lila?"

"I suppose he saved his money and—"

"How old is he, kid?"

"Bill's twenty-eight."

"And he's saved money enough for a rock like that? That's a laugh. Listen, Lila, I wouldn't hurt you for the world, but I'm afraid to have you marry Bill. Now wait a minute! Let me talk. I know why you fell for Bill—any girl would—that Irish grin of his, his line, his looks alone. But, kid"—she stopped rocking, her feet flat on the floor—"Bill Conover is a gangster."

Lila stood staring, her face blank.

"A—gangster?"

"A plain crook, if you understand that better."

The girl drew back, her cheeks flaming, her fists clenched. She looked like an angry little kitten with bared claws.

"Margie, you're jealous!" she cried. "You don't want me to marry Bill because—"

"Aw, baby, be yourself. I wouldn't touch Bill Conover with a ten-foot pole. Couldn't anyway—he's crazy about you. But I'm thinking of you, Lila, and of that baby heart of yours, and—"

"You're thinking of yourself!" She was trembling violently, her face pale. "I know now why you stuck around all the time when Bill was here. You wanted to be near him. You wanted—"

"Aw, baby—"

"And you'd lie to get him! You'd lie!"

She stood tense a moment, then threw herself face down on the bed, sobbing. A train thundered past, setting the pink light quivering. Margie sighed. She went over slowly and laid a hand on Lila's shoulder.

"Aw, baby, don't start crying. Don't. I didn't mean anything bad about Bill. He—*don't*, baby. Maybe I was lying. Guess I was. Listen, when are you gonna get married?"

She sat on the bed, her knees up, and leaned back on one elbow.

"To—tonight."

"Gee—as soon as that?"

"Bill says he can't wait any longer. I wanted you to stand up with me, Margie. And now—"

"Sure—sure. I'd love to, baby." She wiped the tear-streaked face with a corner of the kimono. "Forget what I said. I didn't mean nothing. Guess I was just nuts about Bill. Gee—you love him, don't you, baby!"

"Love him—love him! We're going to drive over to Stamford—"

"Why Stamford?"

"Something about a license. Bill says in Connecticut—"

"Yeah, I know. What time, kid?"

"Bill's coming at eight."

"We better hurry, baby." She lifted Lila gently, one arm about her shoulder. "Now don't cry any more. I'll run down the hall and turn on the bath for you. I got a clean towel you can use. And you better take my suitcase, baby; yours is a wreck. And listen, Lila, wear that pink shimmy of mine. And the yellow silk pajamas—"

"Oh, Margie, you're good to me!"

They were clinging together now, tears gone. But there was a worried look in Margie's eyes as she smoothed the younger girl's hair.

"Sure, baby, sure. Gee, kid—I hope you're gonna be happy. . . ."

LILA—Mrs. Bill Conover—stood before the apartment door while her husband fitted the key. Her eyes ran over his broad back, over the crispy black hair curling down beneath the brim of his hat. Dear, dear Bill—her husband! For a glorious week they had had Cape Cod to themselves; long, sea-splashed beaches with the May wind sweeping over the dunes; long nights of stars, and whispering waves, and the scent of young lilacs through the open windows. And now home—West End Avenue—no rattling "L" trains or glaring lobster signs; real marble now, and carpeted hallways, and a gilded lift.

Bill swung the door open and turned, his even teeth showing white in a grin.

"You're going to love it, honey," he said.

"Oh, I know I will, Bill!"

"I've had it all fixed up for you. New furniture and curtains, and wait'll you see the piano. It's a dilly!"

He snapped on the lights, slipped a warm hand under Lila's arm, and led her into a little hall.

"Shut your eyes, honey." He kissed her. "Open 'em!"

SHE gasped when she saw the living-room—thick rugs and mahogany, parchment and velvet, soft yellow lights.

"It's—it's just beautiful, *Bill*!"

"Like it, honey?"

"Oh!"

"Have a peek at the bedroom. Class, I call it."

She stood in awe before an airy room of lavender and green—silk and cushions and mirrors.

"Gee, Bill—it's just beautiful. Did you do it?"

He laughed gayly.

"My taste runs all to steaks, honey. One of these decorator dames did it. I gave her a blank check and told her to shoot the works."

"It must have cost—"

"Cost don't matter, honey, so long as you like it. You *do* like it?"

"I love it!"

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He caught her in his arms and lifted her until her little face was on a level with his, laughing at her.

"Love me, too?"

"Love you—love you!"

He grinned with his warm Irish eyes.

"You're just a kitten, honey—a little, fluffy kitten!"

He sat with her across his lap in a boudoir chair and stroked her hair.

"Tomorrow you're going shopping, honey," he said.

"Shopping?"

"For clothes. Dozens and dozens of dresses—soft silk ones—and stockings and hats. I want you to be happy, Lila."

"I'd always be happy," she said, "if I had you."

"And things wouldn't matter?"

"Not a bit. All I want is a little house somewhere, like those we saw up on the Cape—"

"Don't you like the city, honey?"

"Not like *that!* The water and the sky and the clean air—"

"Yeah, I know. It's pretty. Some day, honey, we'll have a place like that. Only first I've got to work and get more coin. Some day we'll go, honey."

Grogan swung. There were two men in the doorway, grim-faced, covering him. The gun slipped from his limp fingers

He put her down and went into the hall for the bags, humming softly, "Come back to Erin, Mavourneen—Mavour . . ." Lila flew to the mirror, adjusted a stray curl, and straightened her dress.

Bill came back and tossed the bags on the bed, Margie's cardboard suitcase and his own pigskin kit.

"Happy, honey?"

"Happy!"

There was a thick brass candlestick on the table by the door, and he lighted the candle. Then the telephone in the next room jangled and he went to answer it. Lila could hear his voice through the open door.

"Hello? Oh, it's you, Grogan. . . . Yeah, just got back. . . ."

She opened the bags and began to unpack them. Bill's blue shirts with the narrow stripes, his ties, his pajamas. Bill's things—her husband's things! Shaving kit and toothbrush, the silk dressing gown he looked so handsome in.

" . . . Now? No, I can't, Grogan. Not tonight. . . . I tell you I just got back. . . ."

Lila arranged the shirts in a drawer and went back to the bag. Silk socks—and the pipe Bill had smoked on the beach—dear, queer pipe that smelled so homey! Her fingers struck something hard in the bottom of the bag. She drew it out, staring.

" . . . Yeah? . . . All right then. If that's the way it stands I'll be down in half an hour. . . . Sure. . . . S'long."

Bill was coming, Bill was in the doorway, Bill was staring at her with the shiny thing in her hand. He strode forward, a queer look in his eyes, and reached for it.

"I'LL take that, honey," he said softly.

"You might get yourself hurt."

He slipped it swiftly into a pocket.

"Bill"—Lila's voice trembled—"what do you want of a revolver?"

He grinned quickly.

"I guess it's just a habit—I feel safer with one, that's all."

"But, Bill—"

"Forget it!"

There was a hard note in his voice. But a moment later he was holding her in his arms, his lips against her hair.

"I got to go out for a while, honey, but I won't be long. There's a big business deal on—"

"But, Bill, we just got home!"

"Yeah, I know. I'm sorry, honey. But Grogan—"

"Who's Grogan?"

"He's a fellow I do business with. This deal means real coin, honey. I'll be back as soon as I can." He kissed her.

"S'long—little kitten!"

Lila stared for a time at the closed door. Slowly she got out Margie's yellow pajamas and put them on. "Bill Conover is a gangster," Margie had said. A gangster? Oh, God!

She went to the window and looked out at the empty street. Rows of lonely lamps stretched away in the night. She drew up a chair and sat with her elbows on the sill . . . waiting. . . .

THERE were many lonely nights after that—many hours in the chair by the window—then a taxi in the street, Bill's broad shoulders climbing out—Lila scurrying into bed, pretending to be

(*Continued on page 36*)

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Pedestrianism is rapidly takin' its place among the dangerous trades. Peppy chaps tear up an' down like runaway tanks

Punch Drunk

"Every American boy is bein' worked up to a high fever pitch where nothin' will do him but startin' in where Pierpont Morgan left off. Unless a change comes mighty soon, our business world is goin' to bear an embarrassin' resemblance to a Mexican army—all generals an' no privates"

Uncle Henry

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

Every cowboy is Developin' his Personality an' the cattle are losin' weight

I'M BEGINNIN' to have very serious doubts as to the value of education," said Uncle Henry with a gloomy shake of his head. "Maybe it's all right to take a little now an' then for the stomach's sake, as advised by St. Paul, but too much of it biteth like the adder an' stingeth like the serpent.

"Why, if we hadn't learned how to pronounce *bourgeois*, there wouldn't be all of these radical groups in the country today, pullin' off riots every time the Soviet government's mentioned disrespectfully, an' so crazy about Russia they'll do anything in the world for her except go over and live there. An' look how happy life was when we knew nothin' about complexes and reactions an' thought it was all right to have inhibitions!

"Most of all, 'Lonzo, consider the sweet placidity of existence before college professors discovered the right way to spell Psychology, an' started all this *stuff about Dynamics an' Personality* Plus. People addressed themselves to the day's task in calmness, if not content, an' while not exactly watchin' the clock, the closin' hour was never greeted by sobs or moans of pain, an' nobody fought, bit an' scratched for the right to work overtime.

Super Dynamics

"But now all that's changed. Everybody an' everything is Forceful. Nothin' is any good unless it's got a Punch. The loudest noise in the land is the grindin' of teeth as Dynamic Men reach those clean-cut decisions that mark the Executive Type. Luncheon tables have had to be reënforced with concrete on account of the way they're pounded by people who're Puttin' Over Their Personalities, an' chests are caved in by the forefingers of men Sellin' the Idea.

"Pedestrianism is rapidly takin' its place among the dangerous trades. Peppy, Up an' Comin' fellows, chaps who are Always on Their Toes, tear up an' down the thoroughfares like runaway tanks, tryin' to save a second. Either you are crushed under foot by their thunderin' heels, or else you stumble over them as they stand in the middle of the pavement wonderin' what to do with the second now that they've saved it.

"Everybody's doin' it. Fare forth into the wilds of Wyoming, an' you'll find humble herders readin' books on the Psychology of Success, an' makin' such weird noises an' awful faces that the poor sheep are all of a tremble, an' never get an inch away from nervous prostration.

"That's what most of it is, 'Lonzo. Jes' makin' faces. The forehead must *be maintained in a constant state of* corrugation, with the underjaw shot out until the nape of your neck is where the upper lip ought to be, an' the brows might as well be thrown away unless you can knit them. Teeth must be clenched an' ears kept akimbo.

"Down in Texas the grazin' was never better, but the Department of Agriculture reports that beef cattle are losin' weight an' wearin' a thin, drawn look that bespeaks high nervous strain. That's because every cowboy is studyin' to be an Executive, an' Develops his Personality out loud. What with Arizona prospectors devourin' Self-Help literature, an' practicin' how to Project themselves, even the scorpions have broke down an' asked police protection.

"No wonder there's so much unemployment. Every American boy is bein' worked up to a high fever pitch where nothin' will do him but startin' in where Pierpont Morgan left off. With everybody rootin' up his Hidden Forces, an' studyin' to be a Master of Men, who's goin' to do the chores? Unless a change comes mighty soon, our business world is goin' to bear an embarrassin' resemblance to a Mexican army—all generals an' no privates.

"Maybe it's the surefire method that its proponents claim, 'Lonzo, but I'm not so sure. As I look around I see a good many men who've done fairly well without workin' themselves into a lather an' shatterin' the air with loud woof-woofs. Take Mr. *Hoover, for instance.* He spent eight years as an inmate of the Department of Commerce, an' what comes closer than that to bein' in a comatose state? Yet look where he is now!

Calvin Made Good

"Nor is the case of Mr. Coolidge without bearin' on the subject. No one can say that he reached the White House by Projectin' his Personality. Durin' those years when he occupied the marble slab that we call the vice presidency, there were hundreds of times when they had to hold a mirror to his lips to see if he was still breathin'. Yet today Calvin is our highest paid writer an' gets his stuff printed next to readin' matter.

"No, 'Lonzo, I can't say that I'm any great believer in all this Go-Getter theory of life that makes people sleep in their clothes so as to get an early start next mornin'.

"As I view things, life was meant to be lived, an' you can't live it very satisfactorily if you spend your time tryin' to catch your tail or makin' savage attempts to bite the back of your neck. Where we make our mistake is in assumin' that there's only one kind of success. Don't believe it. I've known a lot of millionaires I wouldn't call successful an' I've seen poor men I've envied."

"These lecture fellows," said Mr. Stubbs, "make a lot of money goin' around the country tellin' people how to succeed."

"Yes," admitted Uncle Henry, "an' I know bald-headed barbers who've made a fortune sellin' hair tonics."

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Lovers' Lane

By Kathleen Norris

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"Hello," he said joyously. And then, "Say, listen. Haven't you got anything but that dress?"

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Dina Mallet is eighteen, she does a most surprising thing. Feeling that her uneventful, humdrum life in Squidgett, a small California town, is hopeless, she calmly suggests to Mont Brett, a 22-year-old youth whom she admires but knows only slightly, that they run away together! And run away they do—that very night. In Mont's battered old roadster they start for far-away San Francisco, which they reach in the morning.

Neither has any regrets at leaving Squidgett. There the life of the girl (whose parents are dead) has been a hard one, spent in the kitchen of Mrs. Robbins, her "Aunt Floss," who runs a cheap boarding house; and there the boy, who longs to become an artist, has found his grueling labor in a cement plant well-nigh unbearable. To both, San Francisco offers a welcome haven—a chance to find beauty, opportunity, happiness. . . . Breathlessly they explore the city, rejoice in its romance and varied wonders. Then, almost penniless, they discuss the future.

Marry they should. But what about money? It is Dina—the ever-resourceful Dina—who solves the problem. By the terms of her grandmother's will, she says, she is to receive the sum of five hundred dollars when she is twenty-one—or when she marries! The money is now in the bank at Squidgett. A letter will bring it, within two days!

That same day they become man and wife, take a room in the Mhoon House, a dilapidated hotel, and set out to look for work. Almost at once Dina gets a job—in the kitchen of Solasso's Fashion Restaurant where Mont promises to meet her late that night. . . . Mont does not keep his promise. Penniless, desperate, Dina accepts the sweet hospitality of Elsie, an old Negress employed at the restaurant, in whose simple flat she spends the night. What, she wonders, can have happened to her husband, on this—her wedding night!

III

THE gray soft uncertainty of dawn was over the world when Dina awakened. She lay with her hands locked under her head, staring at the ceiling, not knowing whether to laugh or cry at the slowly-returning river of thought.

She could hear no sound in the house; the sun was not yet up. But motor-cars were passing briskly enough in the street, and a trolley-car bell danged persistently from one of the near-by corners. A city got started pretty early, she reflected.

More sleep, that was what she needed now, although she felt rested and fresh, if a little sore in strained muscles and a little confused in mind. But before she could turn over for another deep draught of rest, she saw Elsie quietly come into the room.

Seeing her awake, her hostess smiled her good, honest smile, and Dina sleepily smiled back.

"Well, you has certain'y slep'!" Elsie said, admiringly.

"Oh, I feel so *good!*" said Dina. "Aren't you up early?" she added innocently.

"Five o'clock, honey?" the woman said.

"But that's early—" the girl protested, luxuriously.

"Not five o'clock afternoon ain't," Elsie said, smiling again.

"Fi—?" A look of horror came into Dina's amazed face. "Not—at night!" she gasped.

"Yes'm, five o'clock. Devine went out an hour back," Elsie said.

"Oh, my goodness! Oh, my *Lord!* Oh, my husband!" Dina exclaimed aghast, leaping up, bringing her feet to the floor.

And both women burst out laughing hysterically, joyously, at her desperate tone.

"He probably has been hangin' 'round the restaurant all day!" Dina lamented.

"It won't do him no hurt," Elsie suggested good-naturedly. "I've run a hot bath for you," she went on, "and you git a good wash, and then we-all will go down to Solasso's and have supper—we won't git there much before six."

DINA, excited almost to the point of talking aloud to herself, and to Mont, took possession of a spotless, shabby bathroom, and presently resumed her awkward, uncomfortable clothes and the dreadful shoes. But she was rested now, apricot color in her cheeks, her mahogany hair brushed damply and neatly. Mentally explaining the whole situation to Mont, all the way downtown, she was conscious of renewed energy too, conscious of interest in the twilight city whose restaurants and hotels were just beginning to glow with light.

"My poor husband!" she said to Elsie, walking toward Solasso's.

"How long you been marri'd, honey?"

"Why, that's just *it*, you see—we were married yesterday."

The colored woman gave her a peculiar look.

"What say, honey?"

"We were only married yesterday mornin'," Dina explained, laughing and reddening, "and that's what makes it so ridiculous! We hadn't any money—though we *will* have some—and we felt that we ought to git to work, and we went to a hotel, the 'Mhoon House;' we didn't know where else to go—"

She stopped, smiling, asking sympathy. The woman was staring at her.

"Folks is different!" Elsie commented, as if thinking aloud.

"Then Mont, Mr. Brett, went to hunt for work; we both hoped to find something," Dina pursued, "and I got work at Solasso's, and he went off, and that was all I knew, except that at nine they said he had telephoned, and moved our things—"

SHE paused again, and the other woman commented simply:

"Looks like you might be right 'bout his frettin' after you today! Mah Lawd—" she added, in the musing undertone she had used before.

"Oh, he'll come for me tonight!" Dina predicted confidently. She felt elated, excited, as she went back to Solasso's Fashion Restaurant. New to the city, she already loved its lights and its excitement, the stir of the streets, the lights that flashed and flamed, and rose and fell, up and down Market Street, the smells of popcorn and doughnuts, the sweet hot damp breath from the

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florists, the gongs and bells and whistles and voices.

"Mrs. Russey," Dina asked, "did you ever go on a ferry-boat across the bay?"

"Why, chile, di'n' you never?" Elsie demanded.

"No, ma'am, I only got here yesterday," Dina answered respectfully.

"On'y got here yestiddy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Elsie made no answer to this, unless her repeated low murmur of "Mah Lawd!" was a reply. There was no time for more talk; they were at the restaurant.

Mr. Brett had been there, of course, at one o'clock, and at three, and at four again, and he was coming back. Dina's heart swelled with joy and fear; she longed to see him, she was almost afraid of the emotion of that moment of meeting. They had been separated for more than twenty-four hours.

She could get to work tonight with no feeling of strangeness, with no delays. They had their haphazard supper first, at the cluttered table, and then the steam and the soap and the cascading dishes began again. The kitchen was all heat and disorder and confusion; Dina had her sacking apron, her felt slippers; she worked steadily, earnestly, her one idea being to keep up with the tide of work.

It was almost nine when the hat-check boy came down; Mr. Brett was upstairs. Dina felt a moment's disappointment; but of course, where else could he be? He didn't know his way to Solasso's kitchen as she did.

Unpinning the apron, but forgetting the slippers, she ran upstairs. The restaurant was not so crowded tonight; Mont was sitting at a small table, looking well-groomed and cool.

He got to his feet as Dina, flushed and trembling, came smiling up; her anxious eyes tried to read his mood in his face. They did not kiss each other, tney had not kissed each other yet, not even in the Berrys' parlor, where they had been married.

MONT indicated the seat opposite his own; indicated with a motion of his head that they must not attract the attention of the diners, but exactly how he did it Dina could not have said. Her heart sank; she subsided into a seat feeling cold and frightened.

"*What on earth happened to you?*" Mont demanded. "My God, what a day I have had! I couldn't get to sleep last night. And then when I *did* get off I overslept! I was down here at one, and three times after that, and there was no word—you hadn't telephoned—*I* didn't know where you were."

Dina knew that she was going to cry. She was conscious of her awkwardness, her dishwater-scented hands, her disordered hair and unpowdered face.

"I waited—last night," she faltered. "Where were you?"

"I was coming; I was delayed!" he answered impatiently. "I was here about five minutes after you left; the night watchman didn't know where you were. You hadn't left any word—"

"But I expected you at six, or seven at latest!" she said, speaking quickly, resolutely. Not quickly, not resolutely enough. Her lips trembled, her eyes brimmed.

"For heaven's sake, don't cry!" he said, glancing about in an agony. "Go get your coat and hat, Dina, we'll get out of here! Come on, let's get out, we can talk it over, I'll explain what happened, and when you hear it you'll think we're lucky—

"People are looking at you," he added, in a low voice, leaning across the table. "Don't make a scene, for heaven's sake!"

"I'll get my coat and hat!" Dina said thickly. She escaped down to the black pit of the lavatory under the stairs, where she mopped her eyes, combed her hair, shook herself together, and put on the green hat and the thick coat. She went to say good-by to Devine and Elsie, even said good-by to little, ivory George.

"You come back?" the old Chinese asked, with a sharp glance.

"Maybe some day," she promised, smiling with dark eyelashes wet.

Then upstairs to Mont, who lost no time in guiding her into the street. Dina clung to his big, thin, sinewy arm. He might be cross at her, but he was her man after all.

They walked along and the night air cooled her hot cheeks and cleared her head. It was like coming out of a troubled dream to have Mont beside her again.

"What on earth happened, Dina?"

"Mont, I waited and waited for you last night. And then the restaurant closed, at half-past eleven—"

"But you knew I'd come!"

"But, Mont, what could I do? I couldn't stand in the street."

"I know," he said vexedly. And then with a sudden return of his kind, boyish manner, he added confidentially, "Maybe I'm mad at myself for being late! But listen—listen—"

It all but unnerved her. She was in tears again.

"Oh, I didn't mind, Mont!"

"What'd you do, go to a hotel?"

"No. I was a-scared," Dina confessed. "I went home with one—with one of the girls."

"You poor kid!" he said, stricken. "Oh, Dina, I'm so sorry! It was all my fault. But listen—"

"Oh, no, Mont dear!" she protested, wheeling about to stop him, to look up at him with the light of a street lamp on her wet face. "It wasn't; I didn't blame you. I thought maybe you'd fallen asleep at the hotel, like I did at Mrs. Russey's today. I slep' all day. I thought it was morning when I woke up, and it was five o'clock."

"YOU poor kid, washing dishes and wearing yourself out!" Mont continued to reproach himself. "But that, you see," he explained, "that was what I couldn't understand! I kept calling at the restaurant and there was no word from you—"

"But I was asleep!"

"I'm glad you were," he said, restored to himself by now and walking along quite happily, with her hand in his arm. "And Dina, I've got wonderful news! We have a studio and I've met an artist, and gosh—gosh, I'm happy!"

"Oh, Mont, I can't believe it!"

"Well, when I tell you, you'll not believe it! Dina, it's all like a story—Here, this is our car."

"It's the will-to-believe," she said,

(*Continued on page 55*)

Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson

Dina was conscious of her clumsy clothing and tired, ungroomed face and hair; she was wearied almost to faintness. Sonia nodded at Mont and went on dancing with some man

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"IT DOESN'T PAY TO REACH THE HEIGHTS TOO QUICKLY..."
PUBLICITY
"LINDBERGH HATES IT-"
"WHEN THE SMASH COMES IT IS A DOUBLE JOLT!"
"THE BABE LOVES IT!"

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

Too Good to Last

Why is the sports hero who used to be cheered by thousands of fans jeered today by hundreds? Here are Mr. Rice's formulas for making and breaking an idol

By Grantland Rice

THIS man had been one of the great ball players of the big leagues. I can still recall the power and smooth rhythm of his swing, his all-around ability in both attack and defense. He had been one of the stars of a world's champion team, a star for many years. In almost any other profession the comfort and peace of his old age or at least his declining years would have been safely protected. For he was among the best, with a strong popular appeal.

He had dropped from notice for several years. When I saw him not long ago he had just been signed up by the manager and owner of a small-town team. I talked to the manager later about him.

"I wanted to give him a chance," he said, "because I was a fan and had always admired this man. To me he was another Cobb, or another Ruth. But what can I do? He looks all right, physically, but he can't throw a baseball fifty yards. He can't run and he can't field. I've got to let him go and yet he hasn't a dollar to his name. But to me it's a terrible thing to see this fellow who used to be cheered by thirty thousand, now being jeered by three hundred. I never knew before the price some of these fellows have to pay. They are not trained to handle the money they make and they are not trained for any other living."

I was sitting in the drawing-room of a Pullman one day with three or four others when an ex-champion fighter drifted in. He had been one of the smartest and cleverest men in the ring, a big money-maker whose fame was nation-wide. I had supposed he was well off, facing a comfortable future, because he had brains as well as courage and skill.

But one look at his clothes and his general demeanor was enough. He hadn't a dollar left. His confidence was shot to pieces and you could see that his mental machinery was all twisted.

There seems to be a general impression that this sporting whirl with its fabulous riches and widespread fame is about the easiest of all the roads one can take. But there is always the other side. Even the great John L. Sullivan, who made more than a million, died close to poverty.

I was talking recently with a well-known trainer about a famous boxer who was considering a return to action where he could make a lot of money in one more fight.

"It would be a great mistake," the trainer said, "if he ever came back."

"Why would it?" I asked. "He is in good physical shape. That happens to be his profession. He could make a lot of money. Why shouldn't he make it?"

"I'll tell you," the trainer said. "He is all right now. But he is on the border line. He has taken his share of beatings around the head. They haven't hurt him much so far, but he can't take any more. If he was beaten up in just one more fight he would be over the line, on what we call the goofy side. He would no longer be mentally responsible.

"Suppose he cleaned up a half million? Or even a million? What good would it do him? He wouldn't be able to hold it.

The Mob Means Well

"Most of these fellows lose all their money because they have lost the mental balance necessary to protect it. Most of them will fall for any get-rich-quick idea, no matter how crazy it may be. How many fellows do you know who have made a lot of money out of hard competitive sport and have saved enough to live on?"

The answer was "Extremely few." I thought at the time of a great football player who had cleaned up—and then had been cleaned out. It suddenly occurred to me that during the last year I had heard no one mention his name and I could find no one who even knew what had become of him. And then came the thought that two of the tackles who had helped make this player's fame and build up his reputation, although unknown to fame and unnoticed in the headlines themselves, both had good jobs and were prospering. They had never been cursed with overexploitation, with the fame that lifts up and hurls down.

It doesn't pay to reach the heights too quickly. The result is usually a dizzy feeling that soon leads to a downward plunge. Most of these athletes are catapulted into positions they can't hold against the forces of existence. And the smash is always a double jolt.

And one doesn't have to be in the professional field to know the price he must pay for the goal he has reached.

I saw Bobby Jones at Pebble Beach last September when he was worn out before the championship started. Big crowds followed his every move. There was no chance for any privacy or rest, or practice away from the thousands who came to see him play.

They were all paying him tribute. But they were making him pay a double price. If you happened to see photographs of the aftermath at St. Andrews and at Hoylake you'd have seen a tired-faced young fellow surrounded by British bobbies to protect him from the enthusiastic reception of thousands.

"I'd give almost anything," he said one day, "if I could start in an Open championship with about two people following me and really play a round of golf."

Down and Out

Colonel Lindbergh and Admiral Byrd know the price they have had to pay for their fame. It is first the adulation and the tribute of the crowds that bring them fame and possibly fortune. But in turn the crowd and the press demand their pay, which means their lives can never be private.

I believe that in many ways the happiest man in sport is Babe Ruth. The Babe loves crowds. He not only likes the cheers of the packed stands, but he doesn't mind the milling mobs that follow him around, especially when most of them are youngsters.

But I was amazed when I looked over the list of star ball players and champion fighters who were on the rocks, mentally or physically or financially. It is longer than you would ever guess. Out of nine men who made up one of the greatest ball teams that ever took the field I know of at least five who are now in a bad way and there may be one or two more.

It isn't all as easy and as glorious as it looks from your side of the fence. Sport is a great thing as a recreation, as a body builder, as a fun maker. But when you get too good, it doesn't always pay. Not when you check up the final returns.

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The Twenty-Million-Dollar Kid

Try to put yourself in Buckmaster's place: eighteen years old, shy, friendless, but longing to be one of the boys—and known to be worth a vast fortune. Maybe you can understand what happened to him

By Corey Ford

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

I WAS a senior at college when I knew him first, and he was a freshman. He could not have been more than eighteen then. His name was Evelyn Buckmaster III, and he was worth twenty million dollars.

Mostly I remember about him that he was precise and courteous. I never knew him to be discourteous to anyone. He had a long, lean face, as shy as a horse; if you spoke to him suddenly his dark head would go back and his startled eyes would open wide, like a young horse that has been broken too sharply to the bit. When I saw him recently he had not changed much. He was still precise, courteous, shy. There was a curious crescent droop at either corner of his mouth; that was all.

There had been, of course, the usual newspaper to-do when he entered Columbia. For nine days the sole heir to the Buckmaster millions remained a front-page sensation; and he was always courteous to the reporters. He would halt and smile when they asked him to pose, put on his freshman cap, take it off, answer their questions, thank them politely, and disappear through the little circle of students that formed around him on the campus whenever a picture was being taken. They would draw aside silently to let him pass, and stare after him sullenly.

Of course we were impressed; though we would not have admitted it to ourselves for worlds. "A-ah, he eats up the publicity." "I hear he's a terrible wet smack." "What's he like, Scotty?" Ralph Scott sat next to him in French. "I don't know, I haven't spoken to him yet. Not going to give him a chance to high-hat *me*." "Who the hell does he think he is?" "Just because the old man left him a lot of jack," said Madden, "that don't make him the Prince of Wales."

THEY made a deliberate point of snubbing him whenever they passed him on the campus. They were not going to let him think for a moment that he was superior to anyone else. They resented it when he continued quietly on his way and made no attempt to speak to them.

"Snooty kid."

"Wet."

"How did he happen to come here to Columbia?"

"His mother wanted him to live home," offered Scotty.

"So she could keep an eye on him, I guess. It's a funny situation. She had a fight with the old man just before he died, and so the kid got all the dough. She's living with him, and he supports her."

I laughed: "He supports her on twenty million dollars."

"Gus Euhler tutored him a couple of summers ago, is how I know," explained Scotty.

"Gus did? You mean Gus from the house?"

"Said the kid wasn't so worse, but the mother was the bad news."

"I wonder if Gus talked fraternities to him at all?" mused Larry Pearce, who was chairman of freshman rushing and very conscientious.

Scotty looked up belligerently. "You don't get me dragging him over to the house for you jackals to devour."

In the end, Scotty brought him around to the house for lunch during pledge week in November. It was the first time I had seen Buckmaster at close range; and I was instantly impressed by a sense of decadence, of pampered breeding, the precious atmosphere of French tutors and English nurses, as he inclined stiffly from the waist and shook hands like a trained Pomeranian. Seated in the place of honor, at the head of the long table, he seemed fragile and almost effeminate in the company of the broad-shouldered athletes around him. I could study his profile from where I sat, silhouetted against the drawn shade of the window. It was as sharp and delicate as a cameo, too refined to be strong.

"Going out for football?" asked someone across the table.

"I don't think I am heavy enough," he smiled politely.

HE SMILED continuously throughout luncheon. He was obviously ill at ease. His gestures were guarded and brief; he sat as erect as a family portrait, vague, attentive, courteous. I think we were all glad when luncheon was over.

I walked upstairs with him to the library, and we sank on the leather lounge. Several others in the room rose with mumbled excuses, and flitted away like guilty wraiths; presently I heard the distant click of pool balls. I did not find it any easier to penetrate his frightened reserve when we were alone. My best efforts could only elicit that instinctive startled toss of his head and his courteous: "Oh. Really?" I filled my pipe and continued the listless rushing formula: "That was Jo Burden just went out. He played end last year, you know."

"I know."

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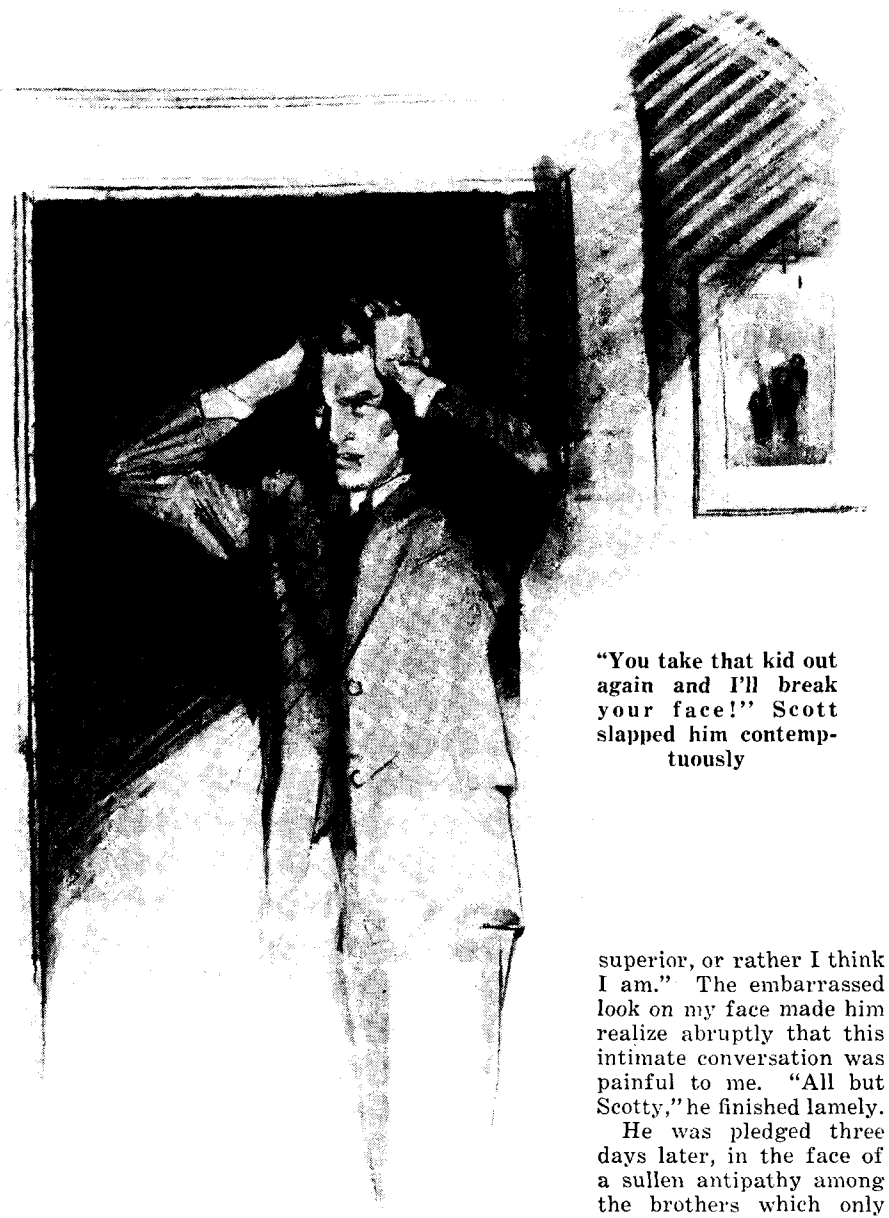

"You take that kid out again and I'll break your face!" Scott slapped him contemptuously

"And Franklin, he was the light-haired fellow across the table from you at lunch." I nodded carelessly at the crossed oars over the mantel; the same careless nod we had all acquired for freshmen. "He stroked the Junior Varsity at Poughkeepsie."

"Yes, he spoke to me," Buckmaster recalled reverently.

He was obviously overwhelmed by his intimate presence here among the gods, by the cups and trophies on the walls, and the framed photographs of former warriors who had trod these sacred halls; his intimate contact with the heroes had awed him into silence, and he met my attempts at conversation with polite monosyllables. Of himself he would not talk at all. I tamped down the coal of my pipe with a paper match-safe: "Do you row at all?"

"No. I've never done much of anything like that." He paused.

Perhaps he misunderstood my casual smile. "It isn't that I don't care for it," he hurried on. "You see, I've always had tutors—and traveled—with my mother. I never knew anybody even to talk to until I met Scotty—"

"Scotty's a fine fellow," I agreed offhand. "He's very popular on the crew."

"Scotty is the finest fellow I ever met in my life," said Buckmaster, so suddenly that I stared at him. The color had heightened in his pale face. "He's the first fellow that spoke to me up here. He doesn't care if I'm . . . regular or not."

I was uneasy and wanted him to stop.

"Maybe I'm not," he insisted. "Regular, I mean. I guess you think so. They all do. They all think because I've got a lot of money that I'm, you know, superior, or rather I think I am." The embarrassed look on my face made him realize abruptly that this intimate conversation was painful to me. "All but Scotty," he finished lamely.

He was pledged three days later, in the face of a sullen antipathy among the brothers which only yielded grudgingly to Pearce's arguments: "Look at that bathroom ceiling, fellows. Look at how the plaster's all peeling. My God, we got to make *some* compromises." Madden and Grimes held out to the last—"fraternity standards," they said—but even these ideals were not proof that afternoon against the magnificence of Buckmaster's private swimming pool. Our visit to his home on Fifth Avenue was casual enough. At luncheon Scotty had grinned to Buckmaster: "How about going to the movies this afternoon? It's too nice a day to stay outdoors."

"I WAS going to suggest," offered Buckmaster politely, "that perhaps some of you fellows might like to take a swim at my house. We could grab a cab and be down there in twenty minutes."

Grimes glanced at Madden. "We'll pay for the taxi," insisted Madden stubbornly to Grimes.

Buckmaster let us in with his own key through a private entrance on the Sixty-fourth Street side, and we filed awkwardly into the grim jumble of dirty gray masonry that had been the pride of Evelyn Buckmaster I, fifty years ago.

"Grandfather built it for a landmark," apologized young Buckmaster. I looked for a moment down a long hall with drawn shades toward a distant inferno of red plush and glass chandeliers, and then Buckmaster ushered us into a self-operating elevator that rose four floors to the covered pool on the roof. The white-tiled vault was bright and warm with sunlight that streamed through the high windows, and the oblong of glass-green water lay flat and unreal before us, like the opaque mirror in a set of Japanese toys. "Do you dust it very often?" asked Scotty.

"Nobody ever uses it but me," said Buckmaster. "You fellows can come down and try it whenever you want to. . . . Or any of your friends. . . ."

We ignored the private dressing-rooms at either side, and stripped on tne raised platform overlooking the pool, draping our clothes carelessly across chintz-covered chairs and wicker tables on which the latest magazines were spread with their edges exactly overlapping. Buckmaster was well-muscled for his slight build; he looked surprisingly stockier out of his clothes, and I saw Scotty study him with a slight frown as he ran out on tiptoes onto the board, stiffened, poised, and cut the water in a decent arc. He came up and swirled, flicking the dark hair out of his eyes as Scotty dove easily and rose beside him.

"That dive wasn't bad," said Scotty slowly. "Let's see how fast you are."

They floundered over with one motion and churned the water white behind them as they sped together toward the opposite end of the pool. Madden clambered down the steps and joined the rest of us in the water; he didn't dive. "Not bad at all for a small pool," he admitted generously. Scotty and Buckmaster completed their second lap, and rested with finger-tips clinging to the edge of the tiles; Buckmaster was pretty winded.

"Did you ever think of coming out for freshman swimming, Buck?"

"I hadn't thought of it," trembled Buckmaster.

"You ought to learn to snap your arm out of the water quicker, like this—" They set off down the pool again together.

Pearce and Madden were drying themselves and arguing together in a low voice as Grimes and I climbed out of the pool and joined them. "But we'd knock a lot of that out of him, Maddy," Pearce was saying. "We'd paddle the pants off him, of course."

"He's still pretty young, Maddy," I said.

"I think he's terrible," said Madden, flicking the towel across his right shoulder and grabbing the loose end at his left hip. "But I admit you're right about that bathroom ceiling." He polished the small of his back deliberately with long diagonal strokes. "It came down on me again this morning."

Scotty was elaborately at ease; he laughed and chatted steadily as we dressed. He pulled his undershirt down over his head briskly, and Buckmaster stared suddenly at the diamond-shaped welt in purple ink that swelled on his upper arm.

"They brand us on the hoof," explained Scotty carelessly.

Buckmaster glanced at the similar diamonds tattooed on all our arms, and his hand crept instinctively to his own bare shoulder. He nodded silently.

"I need a comb," Scotty stated. "Who the hell's got a comb? Buck, got a comb? Is this your room in here, Buck?"

Buckmaster's bedroom was precisely square and had been furnished by an expensive decorator in severe mission and leather to express masculinity. Scotty found a monogrammed comb in its precise place on the bureau.

"Who's the beautiful dame here in the gold frame?" he called over his shoulder. He regarded the handsome oval face casually, the calm eyes, the close-coiled hair at either cheek, the thin and aristocratic mouth which dipped precisely in the center like the spread wings of a sea gull. The mouth would smile graciously, but the eyes would always be calm. Scotty read the scrupulous signature: "For my dear Ev, from Peggy."

"Peggy Rickard," said Buckmaster. "Her summer place is right next to ours on Long Island. We grew up together. I guess we're . . . engaged."

"The Rickard automobile people?" asked Scotty. "And who's the hot blond wench?"

The face in the other frame was softened by a blurred focus; only the full moist lips were conspicuous in high lights, the rest of the features had retreated into the dim photograph's Lethe where harsh little wrinkles and hard eyes dwell happily forever in the merciful shadows of the camera's art. The velvet strap of an evening gown had slipped down over the solid curve of her shoulder: her head was thrown back provocatively.

"That's my mother."

Scotty asked me abruptly for a cigarette. Fortunately Pearce entered the room and nodded impressively to Buckmaster. "Buck, you were mentioning about that little tattoo on our arms. You know that stands for our fraternity . . . Gamma Beta."

BUCKMASTER'S dark head was flung back and his eyes had widened.

"Now, we've had a chance to get to know you better the last few days, and I'll tell you frankly, Buck, all the fellows at the house like you," said Pearce. "We were just wondering how you liked the house."

"It's . . . it's great," swallowed Buckmaster.

"Of course, it's sort of crude and all that," apologized Pearce. "It isn't fixed up inside the way we want it to be. It needs painting over . . . and some of the ceilings are weak . . . you know, it's a nice house if we were only able to spend a little something on it. . . . Well, anyway . . ." Pearce shifted

(*Continued on page 44*)

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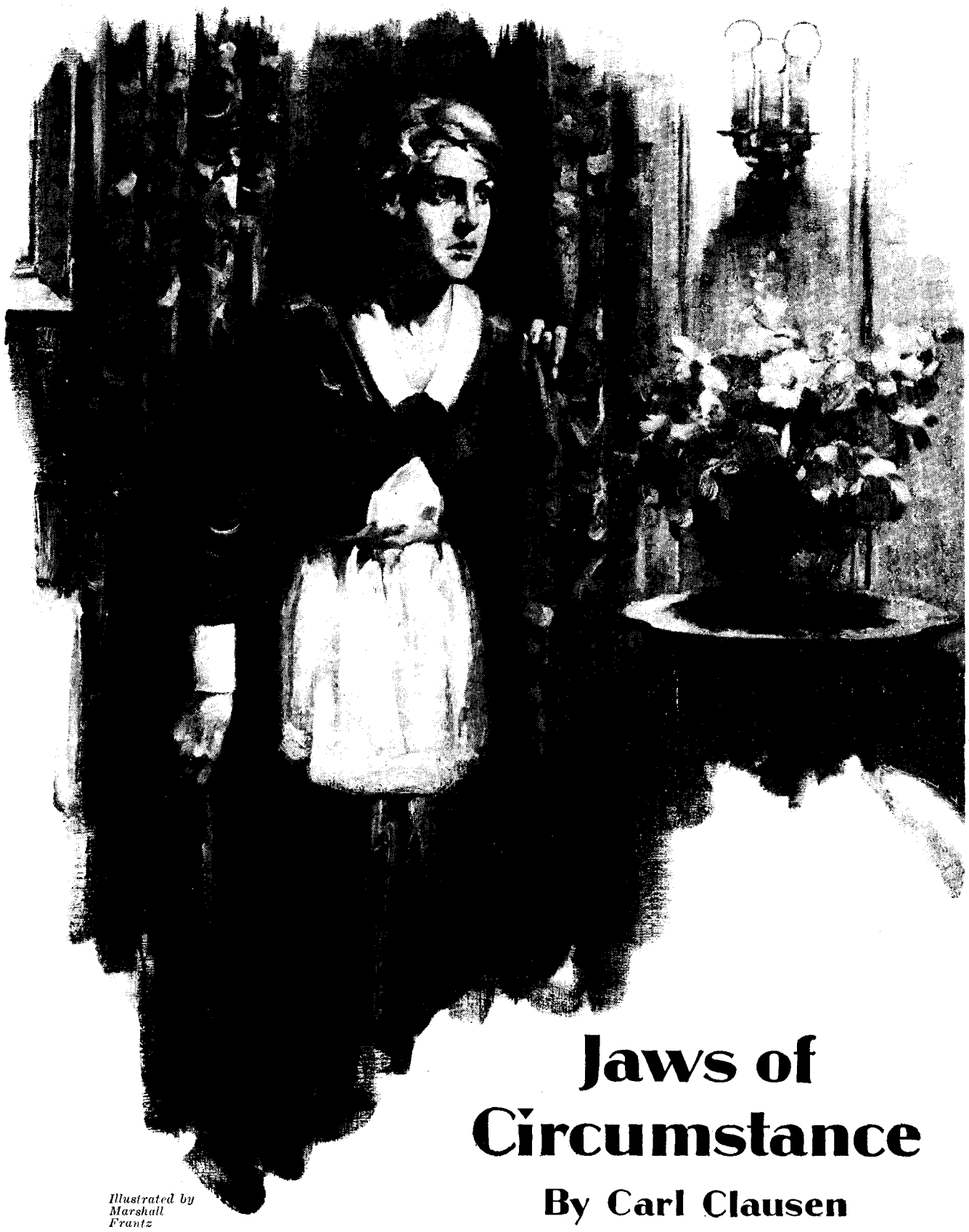

Jaws of Circumstance

By Carl Clausen

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

The Story Thus Far:

FOR several thrilling days the trial of Conrad Merrill and his lovely fiancée, Virginia Lansing—jointly accused of the murder of Jane Crandall, a wealthy spinster—has been proceeding; and, as witness after witness gives his testimony, it seems more and more probable to those in the courtroom that the two young people are guilty, as charged.

Damaging circumstantial evidence has been established by Caxton, the relentless district attorney, as follows: When the body of Miss Crandall was found near an old water wheel at Corbin's Pond, in Locust Grove, on the evening of May 20th, Merrill was standing over it, with Virginia near by. The victim had been strangled with the scarf she wore. The youth had been guilty of courting two women at the same time: the middle-aged and rich Miss Crandall, and the youthful, but poor, Virginia Lansing, and Miss Crandall had mysteriously withdrawn from her bank the sum of $50,000, over a period of some months, while during the same period a like amount had appeared in the defendant Merrill's account in New York City. The coat worn by Merrill on the evening of the tragedy is introduced into evidence and is found to be stained by human blood.

Old Senator Enderley is defending the couple, but slowly, inevitably, the noose tightens around his two young clients, no one doubting for a moment that the jury's verdict will be "Guilty!" . . . Miss Crandall's attorney testifies that the victim had made her will, leaving a blank space for the name of the principal beneficiary. And that beneficiary, it seems certain, is *Conrad Merrill!*

Mrs. Reade, Virginia's old housekeeper, takes the stand. Caxton asks her a few perfunctory questions, and hands her a tiny bloodstained handkerchief, found near the old water wheel. "Mrs. Reade," he purrs, "do you recognize this?" The woman, who adores Virginia, examines the bit of linen. Then—"I do," she replies. "It's Virginia's. I embroidered the initials myself."

V

SILENCE can be so deep that the tiniest sound becomes intolerable. A watch ticking in the pocket of a desert prospector has driven its owner to madness. The faint scratching of the court reporter's pen recording in shorthand Mrs. Davey Reade's answer was like a rasp drawn across taut nerves. When it ceased and the reporter's curved fingers hung poised for the next damning sentence, the silence of the great courtroom was absolute. Half a thousand pairs of eyes were staring at the little old lady in the dock.

Caxton, too, seemed to have expected at least an evasion. He stood looking at the piece of cloth in the witness' hand, the point of his tongue moving along his thin lips as if there were a sweet taste upon them. Then he took it from the witness' hand and returned it to the satchel.

"You heard the testimony of Sheriff Putnam, Mrs. Reade?" he resumed.

"Yes, I did."

"You heard him tell where he found this handkerchief?"

"Oh, yes. Virginia told me how it came to be in the grass near the pond."

"*When* did she tell you that?"

"When I went to see her in—jail."

"You discussed with her what you were going to say in court?" Caxton thought he saw a straw and clutched at it.

"Why, yes. She told me that she cut her wrist on some blackthorn going through the woods in the dark. It bled a good deal, she said. When she got the blood staunched, she threw the handkerchief away rather than risk soiling her new white sports suit with it."

"And you agreed to stick to that story?"

FOR the first time the witness seemed aware that she was being baited, and rebuked her interrogator with a frown.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, sir. Virginia told me that I'd be called upon to identify the handkerchief. She told me to tell the truth no matter how much it might seem to injure her."

"Your frankness is most commendable, Mrs. Reade!" Caxton remarked.

The little old lady smiled down at him.

"The truth can't hurt anyone, can it?" she asked serenely.

There seemed to be no response required, so Caxton made none.

"Perhaps Miss Lansing also told you that she went to meet Merrill at the pond?" he suggested.

"She told me that she went there, but not to meet him. There was something important she wished to tell him. Mr. Merrill didn't know that she was coming to the pond."

"How d'you know that Merrill hadn't made an appointment there with her after getting in touch with Miss Crandall?"

"Because Virginia told me so!" the witness replied simply.

"Ah—she *told* you? Did she by any chance tell you what this *important thing* was that couldn't wait until the next morning?" Caxton was losing his head.

"No, she didn't."

"Too bad! It would have made it so much simpler for all of us."

A SHADOW passed over Mrs. Davey Reade's face. Her hovering eyes finally came to rest upon her beloved Virginia like a pair of sunbeams slanting over the fragrant earth.

"Yes," she replied in a low, anxious voice, "I wish she had told me."

The prosecutor cleared his throat noisily.

"You knew that Miss Lansing and the defendant Merrill were lovers, didn't you, Mrs. Reade?"

"Don't you mean sweethearts, sir?" There was gentle reproof in the witness' voice.

"I do, Mrs. Reade," Caxton asserted harshly.

"They were indeed, sir. They hoped to be married when Mr. Merrill was in a position to do so. I've been working on Virginia's trousseau since Christmas."

"Were you in favor of this match?"

"Oh, yes. Mr. Merrill is a steady and ambitious young man. They had great plans for the future."

"Didn't you know that he had paid marked attention to Miss Crandall only a few months before?"

"I knew that he was very friendly with her."

"Hadn't you heard any of the rumors that were circulating about him?"

"Yes, but I paid no attention to them. I've been listening to scandal for over half a century. It makes one sort of—immune by tolerance," the little old lady answered with a friendly smile.

"You thought him an honorable and upright young man?" the prosecutor asked with vast incredulity.

"I surely did."

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"Mr. Ashbury replied, 'You make me desperate enough sometimes to do it, Jane'"

"And now since you've heard what the witness, Mr. Wendell Ashbury, has testified and what was brought out in court about Mr. Merrill's account in the Metropolitan Bank—do you still think that Conrad Merrill is an honorable and upright young man?" Caxton was running amuck with his own witness.

"Object!" the senator interposed. "What the witness may think is irrelevant and inadmissible!"

THE Court concurred with counsel.

"The State will release the witness unless it has more pertinent information to bring out!" Judge Farnham added.

"I'm done, Your Honor. Cross-examine!"

"Mrs. Reade," said Senator Enderley, "had you ever heard that Mr. Merrill and Miss Crandall met secretly?"

"No—but if they did, there must have been good reason for it."

rill, or in his conduct or personality, that made you apprehensive for the happiness of Miss Lansing?"

"Quite the contrary, sir. I thought him an ideal companion for Virginia. They had so many tastes in common."

"Thank you, Mrs. Reade. That'll be all."

The senator stepped forward and assisted the little old lady from the elevated witness stand and led her back to her seat like a great armored cruiser conveying a sloop that has proved its staunchness in bygone engagements, an act that made Caxton's jaw drop, then come together with a click that would have worried his dentist.

"Call Miss Jaeger!" he sang out.

"Miss Daisy Jaeger!"

A self-possessed young woman, Miss Jaeger. She took the oath like a trooper and made herself at home in the witness chair. There was a little too much rouge on her cheeks and a great deal too much on her lips.

"Where were you employed in May this year, Miss Jaeger?"

"By Miss Jane Crandall."

"In what capacity?"

"As parlor maid."

"You also waited on the table, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Miss Crandall take dinner at home on the evening of May twentieth?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember if any telephone calls came in for her during the evening?"

"Yes. She had a call just after seven o'clock."

"Do you know who it was that called?"

"Yes. It was Mr. Merrill. I answered the ring."

"You recognized his voice?"

"Yes."

"Did you overhear any of the conversation that took place between him and your mistress?"

"No, I didn't. Miss Crandall was speaking over the extension line in her bedroom."

"Did the conversation last long?"

"Not very long. Miss Crandall called out to me almost immediately to tell Collins to have the car at the door in fifteen minutes."

"If you had known it, would you have remonstrated with Miss Lansing for permitting herself to become engaged to a man who met another woman clandestinely?"

"I don't know that I would, sir. I have lived long enough to learn not to interfere with the affairs of young people in matters of the heart."

"Knowing the persons concerned, you wouldn't have thought it necessary to have warned her?"

"I *might* have done that."

"Was there anything about Mr. Merrill that made you apprehensive?"

"And she left the house at about that time—fifteen or twenty minutes after seven?"

"Yes."

"How long had you been working for Miss Crandall at the time of her death, Miss Jaeger?"

"Almost fifteen months. It would have been fifteen on the first of June."

"You know the defendant, Conrad Merrill, quite well?"

"I've seen him a good many times."

"Where?"

"At Miss Crandall's house."

"When?"

"Winter before last. When I first came to work for Miss Crandall."

"HE USED to come to the house quite regularly?"

"Yes."

"How often, would you say?"

"Two or three times a week; sometimes oftener."

"You say that he *used* to come to the house quite regularly. When did he stop coming?"

"It was sometime in the spring of last year. I don't remember the month."

"Do you know why he stopped coming?"

"No."

"Do you know whether or not Miss Crandall and he had a disagreement?"

"I don't think they did, because he called her on the telephone quite often after he had stopped coming to the house."

"In those days, Miss Jaeger, when he still came to the house, what was his and Miss Crandall's attitude toward one another?"

The witness' over-red lips parted in the faintest of smiles.

"It was—very affectionate," she replied, with an obvious effort at moderation.

"You mean that they acted like lovers?"

"Well, not when they thought I was looking," the witness qualified.

"I see," said Caxton understandingly. He forebore to press the question further, perhaps for fear of antagonizing the jury with an overwilling witness. "That's all. Cross-examine!"

"No further questions," Enderley said.

"In that event, Your Honor, I'd like to read a letter into the records," Caxton said. "The letter was found in a bureau drawer of Miss Crandall's bedroom. All except the signature is typewritten. It is dated December fourth, nineteen twenty-six, so it is now quite old. There was no envelope with it, but from its contents it will be seen that it was written by a person residing in California."

His eyes seemed to avoid the two defendants and their counsel purposely, and although he appeared enormously confident, a close observer might have noted a certain suppressed excitement in his manner, evident in the quick, darting way his long, slender fingers opened the twice-folded letter.

JANE, dear [he began], in your fine home and with your great riches I wonder if you ever think of the desert boy and the old spring in the palm canyon. I want to believe that you do—sometimes. I ride over there now and then and give myself over to thoughts about you. Nothing much is changed there. The desert is like my love for you—changeless. The old boulder where we used to sit and watch the sun fade behind the Sierra snow peaks is still there. I sit upon it for hours at a time, but the sun's gold on the snow peaks is tinsel since you are gone.

I know that there never can be anything for us—you being who you are, and I who I am, but I wonder if some day you'll not relent a little and let me come East to see you, if only for a week or so. I would of course not come to the town where your home is, but we could meet in New York. The city is so vast that no one would ever see us together. You could come in every morning and go back at night. I'm mad to suggest such a thing, but more than mad for a glimpse of your beloved face.

In my affairs there is no change. I'm bound to the desert for life. I've always loved my California desert until I met you. Now that it's keeping me from you, I almost hate it.

As ever, CONRAD

(*Continued on page 53*)

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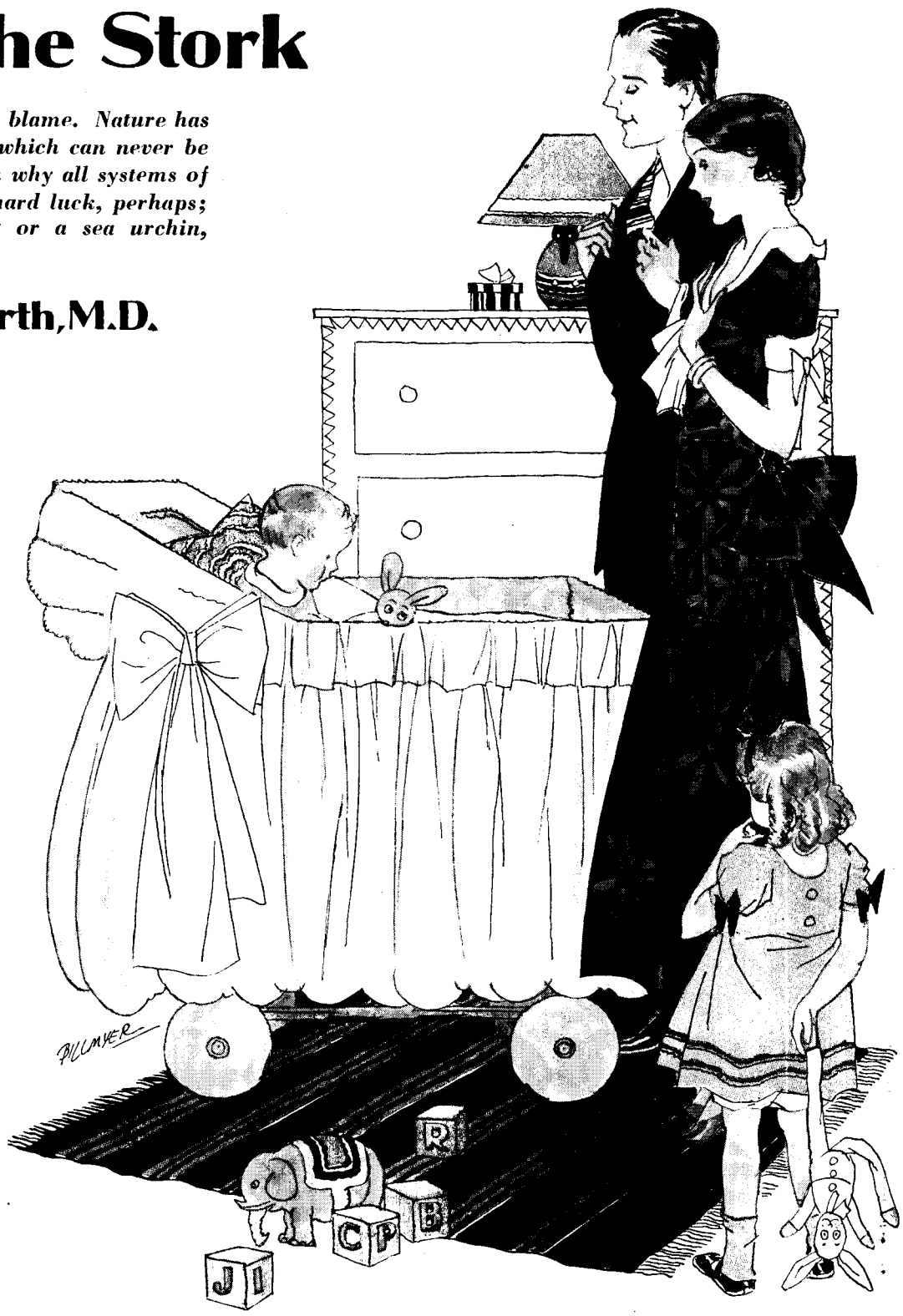
Don't Blame the Stork

Whether it's a girl or a boy, no one's to blame. Nature has arranged a balance between the sexes which can never be upset. Here Dr. Wadsworth shows you why all systems of sex-determination are worthless. It's hard luck, perhaps; but you wouldn't want to be a frog or a sea urchin, would you?

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

Illustrated by James Billmyer



It will be centuries before women cease being proud of giving their husbands a son

THE nurse stepped aside to let me enter the flower-bedecked hospital room. "You are particularly lucky," she remarked, "because *he* is with his mother just now."

The mother looked up from the little red-headed bundle in her arms with an ecstatic smile. "Well, what about it?" she asked. "Didn't I tell you I could do it?"

"Don't be conceited," I advised. "Give the credit where it is due—to the Heavenly Father. Poor little chap," I said to the baby, "four older sisters is a bad break."

I got an indignant look for that. "He will *not* be spoiled or made a sissy," she boasted, "and what do you mean, I didn't do it? I told you the scheme would work."

"And I still insist it was just luck. What's more, if you long for another boy, don't press your luck again."

"Well, I don't really care what you think, you know," remarked the fatuous parent. "Harry thinks I did it, and he also thinks I'm just wonderful."

"Naturally," I agreed, "and I suppose he blames you for the four girls, too. What would he think if he knew that he and he alone is responsible for the sex of his children?"

Nature Knows Best

I got some attention then for the first time. "Did you tell me that before?"

"I must have, but you were so set on the idea that you were going to determine that you have a boy this time that you didn't listen to me. And now you hate to have the glory taken away from you, so I don't expect to have you believe me."

"You're a disagreeable character," my friend answered pleasantly, "but he's sweet, anyway, isn't he? All that really redeems you is that you love any baby. I believe that's why you never sympathize with those of us who agonize over the sex of our offspring."

One of old Mother Nature's best little jokes on the human race is her rigid control of the determination of the sex of our children. She leads us on and tempts us by letting us change the sex of frogs and of some birds and of some of the lower animals, but who wants to be a frog? We can imagine her sitting back and enjoying herself when we worry over the sex of our future heirs, and especially when we try all sorts of fantastic schemes for changing her immutable plan. I am just old-fashioned enough to believe that Nature knows best; that if she did allow us to decide how many men and how many women there should be in the world it might not be as good for us as her system of having about equal numbers of each sex produced. The balance is a bit in favor of the males, the general idea that the world is too full of women notwithstanding.

Whether this male predominance is to take care of the greater delicateness of boy babies or to provide for the greater hazards to which adult male life is subjected we can never tell. But the fact remains that taking the figures for all countries over long periods of time, there is always a slightly larger number of male births than of female births. Perhaps, if everybody who wanted a boy instead of a girl were able to arrange it, we would soon have a most embarrassing shortage of women. Then probably the pendulum would swing the other way, and before we knew it we would have a female world and the country club dance would be a dull affair. Certainly individual control of the matter might easily throw out the whole scheme to an alarming extent.

Fortunately for our peace of mind, the matter of sex is becoming less and less important. With the decreasing importance of royal families, and the entrance of women into industry, it is only a minor tragedy to be born a girl.

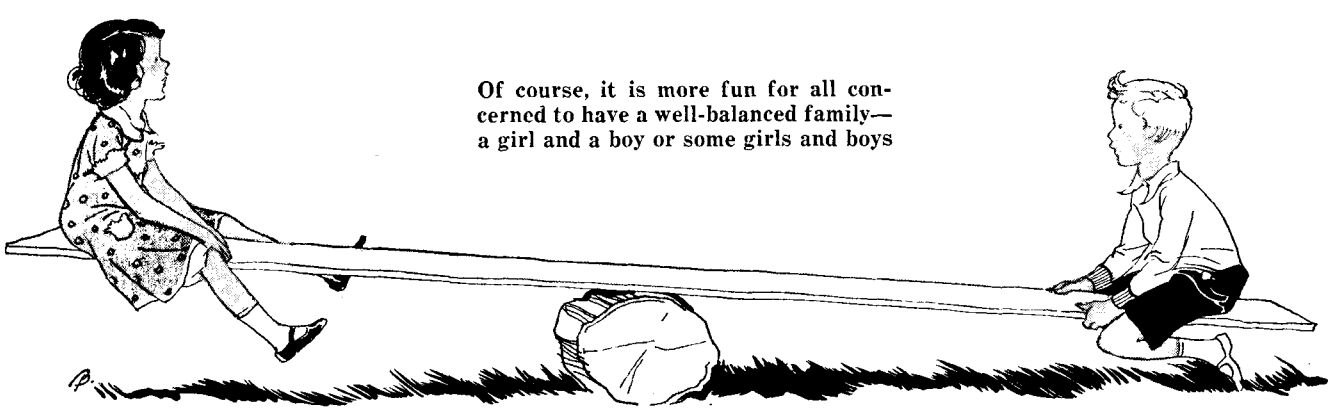
It's a Girl's World

There are so many important families in the world that no one of them is any longer indispensable, as a family. If parents are mercenary about their children, and want them that they may be supported in comfort in their old age, they may just as well have girls as boys: in fact the girls are more likely to stay unmarried and support their parents than the boys are.

The doctor who taught me to deliver babies had a stock argument she used to console the parents of the babies we brought into the tenement world, when our combined efforts produced a girl instead of the generally-desired boy. She used to say soothingly, "Never mind! A girl can be anything these days. Even a street car conductor." That usually got a smile, and invariably got her the offer of a glass of atrocious wine.

As far as the poor children themselves are concerned, it is no longer, in this country at least, a misfortune to be born a girl. The doors of opportunity and adventure are open far enough for girls to give them a good push and get through, if they have the energy and the initiative. Of course it is more fun for all concerned to have a well-balanced family—a girl and a boy or some girls and some boys. But if we stop to look at the matter from a cosmic rather than from a personal point of view, no matter what the proportion of boys to girls in any one family, we are

(*Continued on page 40*)



Of course, it is more fun for all concerned to have a well-balanced family—a girl and a boy or some girls and boys

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Wouldn't one taste good—*right now!*

YOU know the answer to that if you've ever tasted **Milky Way**, for to think of one is to *want* one with a craving that says, "let's go."

If you haven't already had that pleasure, try to imagine a candy so good that just the *memory* of its taste is a joyous thrill. So utterly *satisfying* that it seems—even the first bite—something you've always been hungry for.

And yet you're going to like **Milky Way** even more as you get better acquainted. It's so basically *right*—so full of wholesome quality, that appreciation grows and grows. When you're hungry for candy, you'll crave one definite candy in particular . . . and that's **Milky Way**.

Next time you're candy-hungry—but wait! Aren't you *right now?* What a wonderful time *this* is for a **Milky Way**!

MARS, INC., 2019-2059 North Oak Park Avenue, Chicago

Milky Way

"When you crave good candy"

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Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"Mushoor, your Oriental assiduity has corrupted my sales resistance"

A Good Deed

By Christopher Morley

A Short Short Story complete on this page

PORTER couldn't help admitting there was an appealing pathos in the old rug peddler. The man's opaque brown eyes looked anxiously from his camembert-colored face; he was so swathed in bright carpets and embroideries that little of him was visible but his fez and a pair of meager and dingy shanks that carried him obstinately along the boulevards. Every evening, during the sociable moods of dinner time, he patroled the pavements of the student quarter. Did he ever sell anything? Porter contemplated the endless courage of human legs. How patiently they plod in service of our absurd and fatal concerns.

Yet it irritated Porter when the old infidel tried to sell him something. It meant that he was obviously a foreigner, a tourist; like all young Americans fresh in Paris, he resented the idea. But at whatever café he sat along the Boule' Mich', sooner or later the prowling Levantine was sure to accost him. He would come and stand hopefully beside the small table where a pile of saucers testified to the earnestness of Porter's immersion in French culture. "That damned Turk," as Porter inaccurately labeled the ancient hybrid, would jabber some appeal. The vender's own torso was his showcase, and from the weavings draped on his arms and shoulders he extended a succession of small garish carpets. Then everyone knew that Porter was just a greenhorn.

Why didn't the old idiot approach some of the others—for instance, the Chinese students with their wide French hats, surely they were more foreign than he? But no; the China boys were evidently accepted at better than face value in Paris; they were always accompanied by their pretty French cocottes, pert little creatures as bright-eyed and shrewd as foxes.

The regular passage of that minor Asiatic had become an accepted part of Porter's picture of the boulevard. It reminded him, perhaps uneasily, that we all have to sell something in order to live. He didn't want to be reminded; he wanted to think of gay and amusing things. Besides what would he do with one of the rugs if he had it?

It might help to keep his feet warm, he reflected, as he sat under the awning of the little Café de la Sorbonne, listening to the last drip of the spring shower. Perhaps rain is nowhere so wet, or chill so pervasive, as in Paris. Even his hot café-cognac didn't seem to warm him. Then to his delighted surprise Jack Shepherd came along the street with a party.

"WHY, holy cat, Bill, what are you doing here? I didn't know you were abroad."

It was a gay reunion. They experimented with dishes and wines they would not have had courage to order singly. In the bright light, the wet edge of the awning sparkled with golden beads. As they sat dining and laughing in the corner of the terrasse they became more and more American. That must have been why the old rug merchant was emboldened to approach.

"Here's that damned old Turk again," said Porter. "I see him all over town."

"Ever since I got off the boat at Cherbourg someone's been trying to sell me a rug," said Shepherd.

"This is a big night, let's celebrate it by buying one," said one of the others.

"Yes, then maybe he'll let up on us. I'm tired of being trailed by the old bird."

"He stands outside the office of the American Express every morning when I go there to get my mail."

"I think they really are antiques, because he never sells any."

"Let's show him how the mountain can go to Mohammed, let's buy the whole outfit."

"Do Turks believe in Mohammed? Better find out first."

"I'm in favor of buying him out, then he'll have to go back to Turkey to get some more."

"It'll be the biggest thing that's happened to him since he last massacred Armenians."

"Ask him if he reads Michael Arlen."

They were all now in excellent spirits. With lively gestures and a fluency of very bad French, Porter entered into conversation:

"Mushoor, your Oriental assiduity has corrupted my sales resistance. If we buy all your rugs will you promise not to massacre any more Armenians?"

They priced each rug separately, piling them on a chair, and then dickered over a bargain figure for the lot. Waiters and adjacent diners joined the argument. Jack Shepherd delivered an oration, whose idiomatic flexibility surprised even himself, on the carpet industry of New England. The old peddler, gradually emerging from his textile wrappings, revealed himself as a person of some humor and solemnized the transaction by joining them in a drink. "Which proves," said Porter, "that he is not rigidly Mohammedan." Then, with a small bundle of paper money he disappeared into the night, strangely insignificant without his usual envelope of tapestries.

"WELL, Boy Scouts," said Porter, "that's our good deed for today. Let's have another cognac."

Then they called a taxi and took their purchases back to the hotel.

The waiters of the little Café de la Sorbonne, who see a generous panorama of human oddity up and down that pavement, dismissed the episode as one more instance of the great wealth of Americans. But some time later Porter happened to ask one of them, "How's the old Turk? I haven't seen him around. Did he retire from business?"

"Did you not hear, Monsieur? You see, he was so accustomed to go about with all those rugs wrapped round. He caught cold and died of pneumonia."

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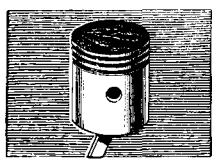
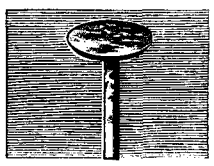
Why did you pick the oil you now use?

Because of the crude it was made from? Then it may be a deficient oil!

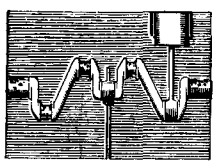
A DEFICIENT OIL



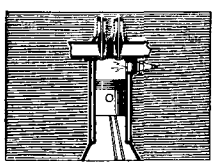
—may pile up hard carbon deposits on cylinders, pistons and valves.



—may oxidize. This results in valves gumming and sticking.



—may lack proper oily character to keep down wear in your engine.



—may lack heat resistance—"use up" too quickly, and thus cost more to use.

Perhaps you picked an oil for your engine because it was made from some particular crude. But—did you know *this?* Oil scientists know that a dozen oils of widely different quality can come from the same crude!

WHAT IS A DEFICIENT OIL?

To be a full-duty lubricant an oil must contain four essential properties to meet four definite needs in lubricating your engine. These properties must be blended in exactly the correct proportion for your particular engine. They are:

Carbon Control — keeps down carbon in your cylinders.
Heat Resistance — makes your oil last longer.
Oily Character — protects moving parts from wear.
Oxidation Control — prevents gumming and sticking of valves, and clogging of passages in oiling system.

If any of these properties are lacking in an oil—or present in incorrect proportions, that oil is a deficient oil.

Motor oil is made—not found. And the only way a *full-duty* oil can be made is to start with the needs of each type of engine, not with some particular crude. Engine study is the only foundation for a full-duty oil.

Twice as many automotive engineers use Mobiloil as any other oil—they know engines and they know the importance of correct lubrication. Twice as many motorists use Mobiloil as any other oil—they know that it gives better results. Ask for the grade of Mobiloil made especially for your engine as recommended by the Mobiloil Chart.

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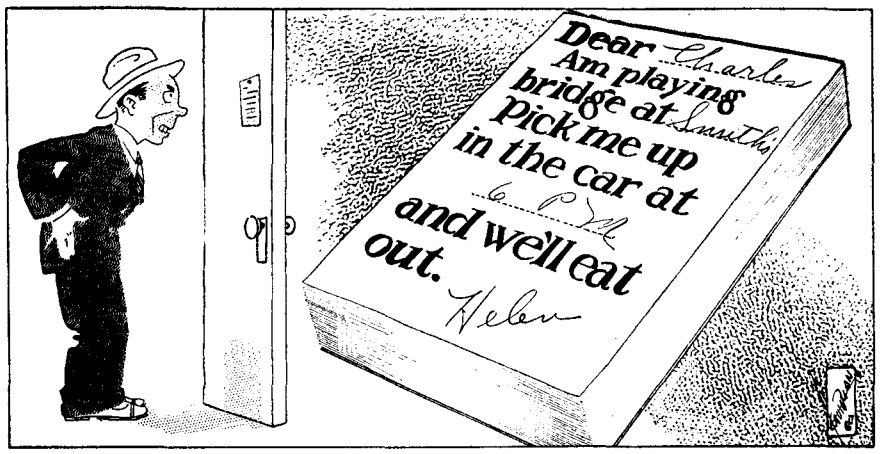

Another highly useful bridge accessory

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. A-7-5 H. 7-6-5-3 D. 8-6-2 C. 8-4-2	
West S. 10-9-8-6-2 H. 9-4-2 D. 10-9-4-3 C. 3		*East* S. K-Q-J-4 H. Q-J-10-8 D. A-J-7 C. A-5
	South S. 3 H. A-K D. K-Q-5 C. K-Q-J-10-9-7-6	

IF THE above hand, given in last week's Collier's, had been played at Auction, South would have bid either one or four Clubs; the former if he considered his hand too strong to make preëmption necessary, the latter if he desired to shut out the competitive bidding indicated as a possibility by the singleton Spade. If preëmpting, South would bid four or five, not three. Three of a minor rarely preëmpts, because its purpose is so obvious.

If South bid four Clubs and West and North passed, East would be placed in a trying position. A double would be business and would not be justified because not free, although the hand looks as if it could defeat a four-club contract. It seldom is wise to risk "doubling them out." For East to bid four No Trumps with only one stopper in the adverse Club suit, and no established suit of his own, would be too venturesome; and the same criticism would apply to a bid of four Spades on an Aceless four-card suit. So South probably would succeed in preëmpting with four Clubs, and should make his contract.

If South started with a bid of one Club, West and North would pass and East would double; then West would show his long Spades unless South shut him out by a second-round preëmption. If West got his Spade bid in, it is probable that South would have to bid five Clubs to get the contract; so preëmption would be cheapest in the end. East and West could not make four Spades; but if they assumed that contract, the penalty obtained by North and South would be less than the value of a game.

So much for the Auction bidding: the hand actually was played at Contract in a nine-table Duplicate game, neither side vulnerable; five Clubs was the contract at every table and East doubled in every case. At six tables South bid five Clubs initially. This was somewhat bold but those players were using an original four as a preëmpting bid and, it being that type of declaration, the partner would not jump with one trick. These Souths felt that their hands were too strong for a bid which might not lead to a game declaration.

Two tables using the forcing system reached the five-Club goal by that route; and at the remaining table a bid of three Clubs was made to announce a minimum of eight tricks and to request a jump with one probable trick. The North and South distribution fitted that declaration admirably; North jumped to four Clubs, South went on to five, East doubled and South promptly redoubled.

The Play

At every table West led a Spade which was won by dummy's Ace. At eight tables North then led a trump. At those tables North won a trump trick later and led a Diamond; but East played small and by discarding wisely was able to take two Diamonds in the end play which, with the Ace of Clubs, defeated Declarer by one trick.

The player who started soundly with three Clubs and played five Clubs redoubled was the only one who solved the problem of this interesting hand. When he won the first trick with the Ace of Spades, he led the Deuce of Diamonds and East put up the Ace, fearing a singleton King in South's hand; but even if East had played a low Diamond, South was sure of his contract as dummy had the trump Eight left as an entry for a second lead of Diamonds through East's Ace. This Declarer scored 400 for tricks, 300 for game in one hand, plus 100 for a redoubled contract, plus 100 for honors—a total of 900; all the other Declarers went down one trick doubled—a penalty of 100 exactly offset by honors.

This hand again emphasizes that it is just as important to lead toward King-Queen-x as it is to lead toward Ace-Queen-Jack—and proves again that while once is enough to lead toward either when the missing high honor is on its left, both must be led towards *twice* when that honor is on its right and is held up on the first round. The eight Declarers who led a trump at trick 2 overlooked this fundamental principle and made two Diamond leads from dummy impossible.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. 8-7-4-3-2 H. 5-4-3-2 D. 4 C. A-8-6	*East* S. 10-5 H. None D. 10-9-8-6-5-3-2 C. 10-7-4-2
West S. Q-9-6 H. Q-J-9 D. K-Q-J-7 C. 9-5-3	*South* S. A-K-J H. A-K-10-8-7-6 D. A C. K-Q-J

Synthetic Honeymoon

Continued from page 13

after that Annapolis visit, about Tennessee love. "It will be simpler to move your stuff than hers, Disbrow. You both ought to remain in the hotel for appearance's sake. A room for you on one of the lower floors is my suggestion."

"Well, it's a bad one," said Breck, "no matter whose it is. I don't quite get the point. I don't seem to be welcome on my own honeymoon. My bride skips out for the evening and then somebody comes along and tells me to pack up and move. It's no way to treat a bridegroom and I consequently refuse."

"But you can't refuse," said George. "You know it was only a put-up job. She went through this remarriage only to save your skin—so that she could divorce you without hurting your career. She wants to marry Sanborn—"

"Wait!" Breck made frantic signs in the air. "Say that again, will you? Say it slowly. Remember I'm only a sailor. She wants to divorce me and marry whom? And when did she decide on that? Today?"

George quoted Camilla as accurately and completely as he could remember. "So it was all planned, you see, Disbrow?"

"By her," said Breck, "but not by me. My understanding was that this remarriage was not so much to clear the Navy record as to prevent those things being said which are usually said about previous secret marriages of uncertain date. I was commissioned that day and on the technicality I may be all right. I'm reporting the whole thing—"

"Did Camilla know that? No? Well then, give her credit for the intention and give her what she wants."

"But she wants a divorce. She tacked that amendment on to this program without consulting me—and I veto it pronto."

"YOU mean to say you won't give it to her?" George's loyalty to Camilla, right or wrong, was immediately aflame.

"I mean to say she can try and get it—if she thinks it will do her any good. I don't like divorces. I hate the very thought of Camilla's divorcing me and I'll end all this by punching this—what's the fellow's name—in the nose. I have an idea that a punch in the nose would solve most of the divorce tangles."

"Yes, but not this one, Disbrow. Besides, this fellow Sanborn is high as a house and mad as a hatter." George considered. In a way he quite saw the young man's point of view. There was much to be said for a young man married to Camilla and objecting to being summarily divorced. Considering everything and especially Guy Sanborn, he was not sure that Camilla ought to divorce the young man. He seemed a perfectly good young man. "How would you like it, Breck—I shall call you Breck—how would you like it if I used my influence with Camilla and got her to give up this idea of divorce?"

"You old traitor!" Camilla, unfortunately unobserved, advanced upon them from the doorway but especially upon George. "So I can't even trust you, George. You'd better leave us and let me handle this alone."

"It doesn't take any handling, Camilla." Breck had a flare of temper of his own. "I'm going to keep you. You're going to Panama with me on the Balboa a week from Saturday if I have to drag you—"

The threat, or statement of fact, cost him George as an ally on the spot. "My dear young man, if Camilla needs any protection—"

"She'll get it from her husband," completed Breck.

It took Camilla a full minute to soothe her too-loyal godparent out of danger of a stroke. "Don't worry, George. You know very well that the Prince of Wales himself couldn't drag me to Panama. I think you better go outside and let me talk to Breck alone."

"Very well," said George stiffly, "I will. But remember, young man, I'll be waiting in the corridor."

Camilla hesitated, hoping Breck would say something to help her, but he only moved a step nearer and said nothing. "You could hardly expect a girl to remain the same after three years, could you, Breck?"

"I wouldn't expect it, Camilla, but it's possible." He took her by the shoulders. "I haven't changed."

CAMILLA felt powerless, as if all purpose were going out of her, even when he picked her up and sat down in the chair with her. She could barely talk. "But you have too changed, Breck. You're ten instead of three years older and—whatever Europe did to you besides. Anyway, we're both different people, and so it's only natural—" She struggled against the inertia which held her there more firmly than Breck's arms, and finally she stood up. A girl couldn't be sure of anything being held like that. Talking to Guy about spiritual complements, she always felt quite sure. "It's only natural, Breck, that what has happened—should happen."

George Andrews, pacing angrily but noiselessly up and down the thickly carpeted corridor, saw the door open. Then a brown-headed young man appeared and he wasn't smiling either sardonically or with good humor. He was scowling ferociously and he was dragging behind him with angry jerks a harmless and unostentatious little navy kit trunk. "Aha!" greeted George with relief. "So you have come to your senses, Disbrow!"

"Go to hell," said Breck quietly but with venom as he yanked his trunk down the corridor towards the elevators. Over his shoulder he added: "Why didn't you say she was in love with the bird in the first place?"

A half-hour later George snapped out his bed lamp and burrowed his head into a pet depression in his big soft pillow. "Thank God, I'm fifty," he muttered. "I hate the young."

Camilla on the other hand had gone to bed that night with the satisfaction, from her point of view, of a hard day's work well done and she awakened in the morning with the sense of well-being a girl derives from a room full of long-stemmed roses. Every morning for several days her room had been full of roses and Camilla assumed at first that they were Guy Sanborn's roses until she remembered that her bizarre beloved didn't believe in giving cut flowers to girls. "All that trumpery!" he called it. "Flowers in their gardens and their fields have a certain cool beauty, Camilla, but the beauty of women is warm. To confuse the two is unreasonable."

"And ten dollars a dozen," snorted George Andrews when she'd told him, "is even more unreasonable to Sanborn." But Camilla sprang immediately to the defense of a man who had such original ideas and who dared to be different.

So they were Breck's roses and she admitted that it was very sporting of

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Senators First

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE United States Senate was never, or at least has not been in many years, so powerful as it is today. By that I do not mean that it is remarkable for the character, ability, or distinction of the men who constitute it. But in comparison with the other institutions that make up the Federal government the Senate is more influential today than it has been, at least in many years. And there is no reason to believe that it won't continue to be so throughout what is left of President Hoover's administration.

Two things have contributed to shift the balance in favor of the Senate and away from the Executive. One of these is a decline in the popular support of the Executive.

This may be a temporary factor. Mr. Hoover may regain his popularity; or his successor may have the hold on the country that President Coolidge had. In either case the balance will swing somewhat away from the Senate in favor of the White House.

The other factor is the breakdown of party authority, more complete now than it has ever been in the past. There is no reason to expect that parties will be in the future anything more than the loose combination of groups that they are now, with little to hold them together except a common name. So one may look to see the Senate, with occasional interruptions, the important body that it is today.

No More Majorities

So long as party lines remained firm, the old principle of divide and rule applied to the Senate. A President could call upon a majority of the Senate, or at least a strong minority, as Democrats or as Republicans. The majority or the minority then became agents of the White House. The President really controlled either a majority or a strong minority of the Senate.

But the Senate today has thrown off the yoke of the White House. There have not been in the past year more than a score of senators upon whom the President could rely certainly for support. Senators tend to be senators first and Republicans or Democrats next.

They uphold the power and authority of the Senate. They reach out for more power for the body of which they are members. In their relations on the floor they are hardly party men at all. You will find this year Republican senators campaigning for the election of Democrats to the Senate and Democratic senators campaigning for the election of Republicans to the Senate. This is a growing practice.

The test is whether the man is a useful senator or not and whether his views come nearer those of the members of the opposite party who urge his reëlection than do the views of the candidate opposed to him. This would have been, politically, a hanging offense a decade or two ago. So the Senate as an institution has usurped to a considerable extent the place in the minds of the senators that party used to occupy.

A senator is practically free of his party if he is strong enough and remains in the Senate long enough to build up a large personal following. He finds it convenient to use his national party's name but he may advocate everything that his national party is opposed to, as the elder La Follette used to do, as Norris has done, as Borah has. And when he is elected he makes any combination that suits the temper of his state.

Power—Within Limits

The only authority he knows is that of the majority of voters in his state. Even bolting was tried in the last national election, and it remains to be seen whether, outside of the South, a senator is not free to do even that.

Of course there are limitations upon the possibilities of the Senate. It will never dominate the government. The royalist tradition, the habit of having one king or chief of a tribe, goes too far back into the history of the race. It is on that that the power of the Presidency is based.

Then, too, the Senate is too large a body to achieve perfect solidarity. It is not so large that there is not a certain solidarity in it but it is too large ever to work together so perfectly as to dominate the government.

Then, too, the public distrusts the Senate. It talks too much. It reflects too many different points of view. Issues arise in the Senate and we don't like to be troubled by issues. Minorities find their voice in the Senate and minorities, especially organized minorities, are the bane of our American system of government. We don't like to be reminded of the existence of minorities.

There is no part of the government so constantly criticized in the press and over the radio as the Senate. This constant attack is the best proof in the world of the Senate's importance.

Nobody bothers to find fault with the House, which is a nearly negligible part of the government. Few criticize the President. He is especially popular if he does nothing and says nothing. But people regard jealously the growing self-assertion of the Senate.

Synthetic Honeymoon

Continued from page 30

him, under the circumstances, to send them. A young man unceremoniously bereft of his bride might have been expected to be a little bitter and vindictive but Breck's conduct had been marked with dignity, tact, and even a degree of charm. "It makes me wonder, George," said Camilla, "if he really cares. He simply phones up each morning and says good morning and I say thank you for the lovely flowers and he says can I be of any service to you today or would you care to dine with me and I say no and he says good-by, Camilla. And then he calls again very late and says I hope I didn't wake you up, Camilla, but I wanted to tell you good night. Once I said why, but he didn't answer."

"Why don't you surprise him when he asks you to dine tomorrow by saying you will?"

"What! I couldn't, George. Guy would have a fit. And besides, Breck would bring up the argument and talk about Panama and—it would be unpleasant."

"I'm quite sure he wouldn't," insisted George. "Little Coralee Carrington found him very amusing and on the dance floor they were the center of—"

"GEORGE ANDREWS, did you dare to take Breck Disbrow out with you?—in the face of everything?"

"Only twice, my dear. People I know very well. And once for luncheon at my club. Did you know Breck is an authority on long-range fire and elevations and—"

"And you expect me to be seen with him after Cora Carrington has paraded him all over town—in the face of everything? Not if it were the last act of my life."

Therefore, very naturally, when Breck's gentle telephoned inquiry about dining came the next morning, she said: "Well, yes, I think I can, Breck, if you want me to. Of course you will understand that I have to meet Guy afterwards."

They chose the Park View because Camilla liked the dark glow of its terraced dining-room and the murmur of its string quartet and they came in out of a sleet-streaked night which gave to such an interior its proper appeal. Camilla wore one deep red rose pinned to her dress.

"Perhaps you will give me that before you leave me tonight, Camilla." Later, when they stopped laughing and remembering things for a moment, he said: "You know, I didn't tell you, Camilla, but when I was in London there was a girl. She was very blond, not like you, and for a few days, a week, I was not quite sure. Our own June night on the sea wall at Annapolis was, because of hints in your letters or just because the winds of time and distance blew on it, fading. Then I came home and found you again and remembered and was sure. Never so sure, Camilla. I'd be sure if I'd never seen you before—which is the worse for me, I'm afraid."

Camilla was afraid too, afraid it was all turning out as she'd told George Andrews it would, and she waited for what Breck was going to say about taking her to Panama. But he wasn't going to say anything and in half a minute she was laughing at his adventures as a beginner on skis at Chamonix—when one foot went east and the other west. And then after what seemed to her like only a few minutes, he said:

"It's twelve forty-five, Cinderella. Come on. Your time's up."

"We can stay a few minutes more."

"Oh, no, we can't, my dear. Far be it from me to cause trouble between my wife and the man of her choice. Get your wrap and I'll pay the check."

Camilla left him at the door of that little speakeasy in the seventies. She watched his erect figure disappear gradually into the misting rain and then she turned slowly and rang the bell. Remembering Guy's prejudice about flowers, she reached inside her wrap to unfasten that single rose and discovered it was gone.

She found Guy with his long angular body doubled up in the corner of their alcove, his chin in his hand, not rising and scarcely glancing up at her. "What is it, Guy?" She knew something had happened and she sat down beside him weakly. "Is anything wrong?"

"No," he said. "I'm sailing for London, that's all. At once. Tomorrow. They're going to publish a compendium of opinion on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy and I'm being sent to do the research."

"But you can't, Guy. You can't go away and leave me in the midst of all this. I don't even know what we believe in when I'm not with you."

"You'll be with me, Camilla. I'm going to take you with me. You've got your trunks packed, luckily."

"But that's impossible, Guy." Camilla felt suddenly cold and a little faint. Her voice was faint. "I haven't even divorced Breck yet. I've got to get that done. I can't go with you until I'm free. How can I?"

Guy made a grimace. "And so, after all I've tried to teach you, Camilla, you're nothing but a little trained white mouse, jumping only when you're told and afraid to bite the cheese of happiness for fear all the other mice will squeak."

"Well, of course they'll squeak, Guy. Surely something is right."

"Yes," he said. "I am. You can count on that." When he took hold of her wrists hard enough to make her feel the pressure to the bone, Camilla's color came back. He could make her think anything. "Now listen, Camilla. All it takes to be happy is a little nerve. Say nothing to anybody. I'll get the tickets and bring you the baggage tags. Your old passport is still good, isn't it?"

"Guy, I can't do it. I can't before Saturday anyway. Breck's boat sails at twelve that night and I promised to spend the last day with him. He'd suspect otherwise."

"Very well, spend it with him," said Guy. "We'll sail Saturday night too. The Alaric goes at 1 A. M. and the whole plan will be very neat. It appeals to my sense of humor."

CAMILLA sat there staring at the table and clenching her fingers. Sometimes her fear of losing Guy made her almost hate him. "I suppose you'd find a blonde in London if I didn't go. Or perhaps on the boat going over." She shook her head hopelessly. "But it isn't—the sort of thing I do, Guy." She remembered Breck's—"if you didn't run true to form," and reflected that he would come out of it all right anyway. As soon as he found out he wouldn't care. Perhaps it would be better for everybody. "How long will you give me to decide, Guy?"

George Andrews did not react to the news as she expected. It never occurred to her not to tell him or to fear that he would warn her already bewildered family. She thought he would storm a while and, in the end, help her. But George didn't storm. He walked slowly

(*Continued on page 35*)

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

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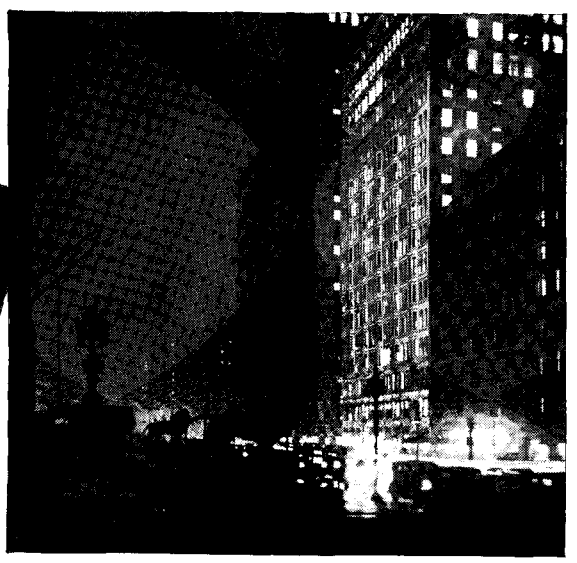

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

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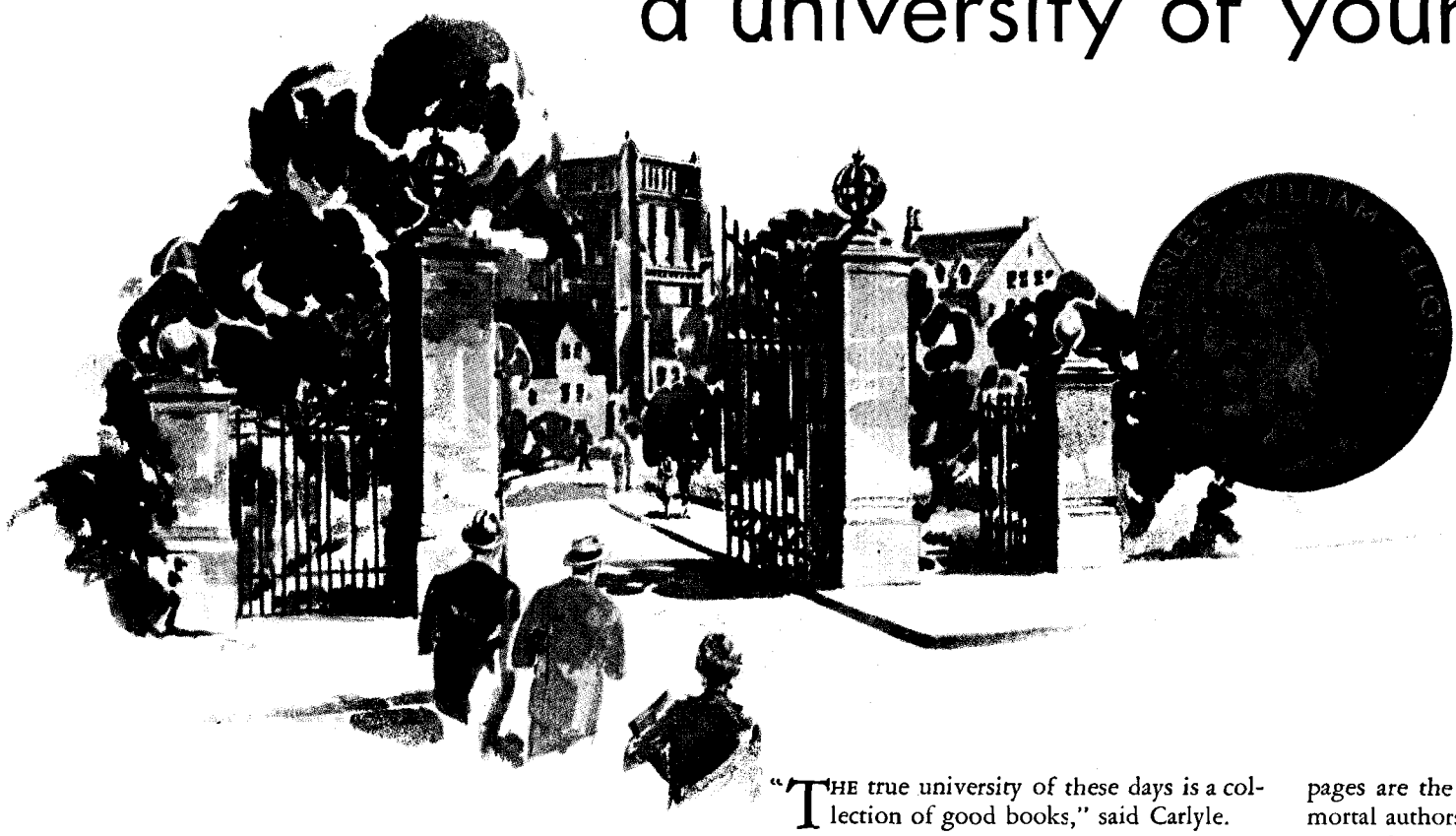

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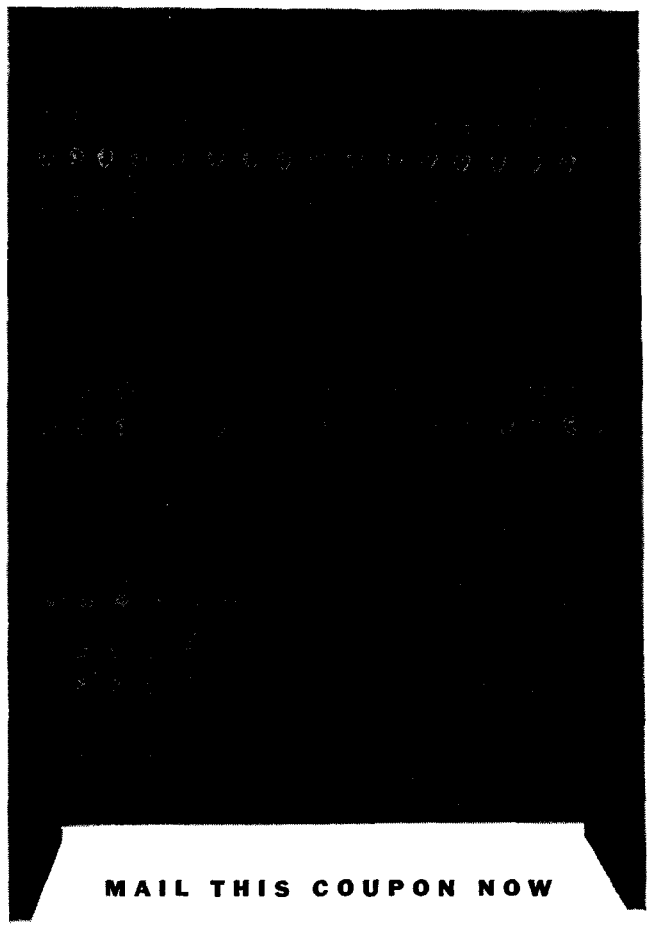

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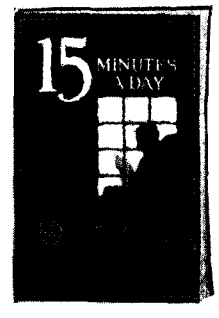

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Synthetic Honeymoon

Continued from page 32

around and around his apartment touching this familiar thing and that before he said anything at all. "I don't know what to say, Camilla, because the problem is so new. It's never been done before—a girl running off with some half-successful, swaggering clown like Sanborn who has to cheat to win—at least not more than a few billion times. Once or twice, they tell me, it turned out happily."

"Oh, that's just your talk, George," said Camilla. "Guy is an advanced thinker. You're nothing but a white mouse."

"I'm a what? A white mouse? Well, I'm an old, fat, wise one anyway, too wise to walk into traps or follow a pied piper into the soup. It takes a cocky, silly little young lady mouse to do that."

It didn't take much more to send Camilla banging out of the apartment. George immediately picked up the telephone and called Breck. "If you still think she's worth the risk of your own features, Breck my boy, there's a lot to be said for your punch-in-the-nose theory."

BRECK returned to the hotel Saturday afternoon and stopped at the porter's desk for a package. "Yes, tonight," he said. "The things are all ready and you can send the men up in about fifteen minutes."

He'd just left Camilla at the coiffeur's after their luncheon and shopping tour. She had picked out some socks and a suit of pajamas for him and he'd chosen the one and only hat for her and they had had fun and been gay. "Almost as if we were married, Breck," she'd said. "I mean truly."

"No married woman lets her husband really pick out her hats, my dear." In some way he had bantered away her serious moods all day long, as if aware that she wanted to tell him something which he didn't want to hear, as if afraid of the tears he might have detected so constantly behind her eyes and so ready in her laughter.

Nevertheless, his awareness of her feeling gave him a much needed confidence as he mounted in the elevator to Camilla's floor, unwrapping the package of huge blue baggage tags marked prominently in white for the Steamship Balboa and bearing the designation: "Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Breckinridge Disbrow, Colon, Panama."

The maid let him into Camilla's suite de luxe under protest. "But Madame's baggage is already tagged, sir. It's taken care of, I'm sure. The man is in there now."

The man was in there truly enough, a tall young man with wild dark eyes, and his hands were full of baggage tags too, big yellow baggage tags which read very clearly: "Steamship Alaric." Breck took one look at him and closed and locked the door behind him. "There seems to be some confusion about the destination of these trunks," he said.

"Although not of their owner," said Guy. "Why interfere, Disbrow? Her trunks wouldn't do you any good."

"Oh, but a girl needs her clothes," said Breck. He ripped off one of the yellow tags with a vicious jerk and replaced it with a blue one. "Especially down in the Canal Zone where the shops are not quite adequate. Have you got a knife? It would be easier to cut this cord you've used to tie on these poisonous-looking tags than to break it."

"But it would be easy enough to break your neck, Disbrow, if you touch another one of them."

NOT very long after that four burly porters tramped up the corridor and knocked at the door of Camilla's suite de luxe which was opened to them at once. A cloud of dust burst out upon them but the four burly porters, apparently used to dust, marched straight through it into the room. Presently they marched out again, burdened down. Each of the first three bore on his neck one of Camilla's titanic wardrobe trunks and from the handle of every trunk, like a flag of victory, fluttered a big blue baggage tag and the name Balboa. The fourth burly porter carried a somewhat dangling and entirely disinterested tall young man.

Breck leaned none too steadily in the doorway and called after them, "It's nothing serious, I'm sure. The trunk just somehow hit him in the nose. Let the doc look at him and send him in a taxi wherever he wants to go. If he doesn't know, I can suggest a place."

They dined at the Park View again but Camilla's escort was not quite so handsome as he had been before. There was quite a lump at the edge of Breck's brown hair and a split lip interfered sadly with his persistent smile. "I can't see how you could hurt yourself so much handling that little trunk of yours, Breck."

"But you ought to see the other trunk," said Breck.

Camilla's own trunks had already departed when she had arrived home from the coiffeur's. What a wreck those porters had made of the place. The chambermaid told her that a young man had come and attached the tags and Camilla had stood in the empty room and shivered, as if some irrevocable step had been taken. "Talk to me, Breck," she said. She had said that several times during dinner. "Don't let me think. Tell me something funny—quick! Does everybody in Panama have to wear a panama hat? Do you realize that after tonight you will never speak to me again?"

"Would you like marrons plombières for dessert, Camilla? Or baba au rhum?"

"I don't care which," she said. "I wouldn't know the difference if I were eating wood."

In the taxicab she said: "I suppose we ought to kiss good-by, Breck—as a matter of form. Now will do." He gave her an obedient little kiss and she said immediately, "That will do for now, I mean."

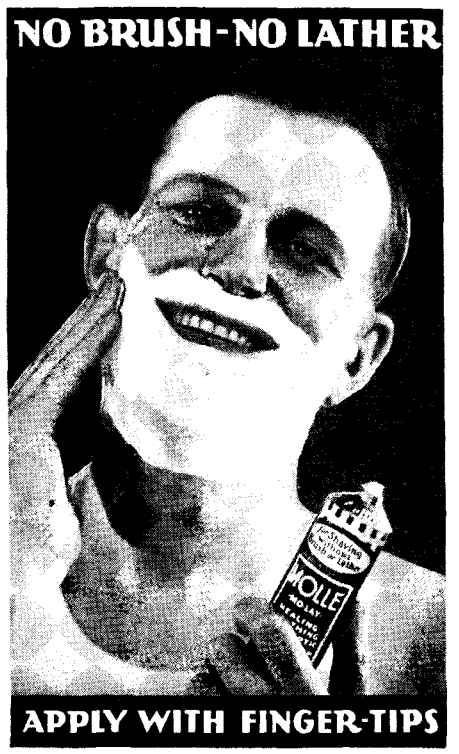
But Breck was busy directing the driver to pull in to the curb and he didn't hear. "I've got to go now, Camilla. I'll have the taxi take you wherever you like but I must return to the hotel and pay my bill, and stop off and say good-by to your friend Andrews, and get off to Hoboken by ten-thirty."

Camilla jumped out on the pavement before he could close the door on her. "Oh, I might as well go back to the hotel with you, Breck. I have nothing else to do." While the hotel bill was being paid she stood close beside him and when he called another cab to go to George's, she climbed in first. "It's right on my way, Breck. No, I won't go up. George and I are not on speaking terms. I'll just sit in the cab and wait. Maybe I'll have time to ride over to Hoboken and see you off."

CAMILLA walked ahead of him down the Balboa's A-Deck corridor. "Number thirty? It's marked suite de luxe. I don't see why you need a suite de luxe, Breck, just you and your little trunk." But it needed all of the Balboa's modest suite de luxe to hold Camilla's mighty blue-tagged baggage and still leave one room to brush his hair, or hers. She stared at it blankly for a minute or two and then she turned around and flew at him and was engulfed in his arms and her own tears.

Pretty soon she said a lot of ridiculous things which made no sense. "Oh, Breck, my tears are running down your nose. Yes, I am too a white mouse and I'm glad of it. I don't want to be a lion, Breck! We ought to go upstairs and have the captain marry us at once."

Young Bride: "Can you imagine, Aunt Minnie sends us books, when she knows we have a radio"



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WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are twenty-two words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters S-P-I. One of them is SPICE. You supply the others.

1	S	P	I	C	E	Any of various vegetable productions, fragrant or aromatic and pungent to the taste. Also, that which gives zest or pungency.
2	S	P	I	C	K	Brand-new; spick-and-span.
3	S	P	I	C	D	Pungent; keen: racy; fragrant; aromatic.
4	S	P	I	E	D	Discovered; discerned.
5	S	P	I	E	L	(Slang) Play; game. To talk; make speeches.
6	S	P	I			A spy. Also, (Architecture) a fixed screen, as in a hall.
7	S	P	I	K	E	A stout, large nail. An ear, as of grain. Also, to impale.
8	S	P	I			Spikelike.
9	S	P	I			A large stake driven into the ground as a support. Also, a small plug to stop a vent.
10	S	P	I			To run out; be wasted; to shed.
11	S	P	I	L	E	(One of two forms) Run out; wasted; shed.
12	S	P	I	N	E	The backbone. Also (Botany, Anatomy, Zoölogy), a stiff, sharp process. A ridge.
13	S	P	I	N	Y	Thorny. Covered with spines.
14	S	P	I	K	E	A steeple. Also, a slender stalk, as of grass.
15	S	P	I			Curled; serpentine; of a spiral form.
16	S	P	I	T	E	Petty malice; grudge; rancor. Also, despite. To treat maliciously.
17	S	P	I			(Medical) A kind of bandage, so called from its resemblance to a spike of barley.
18	S	P	I			(Roman Antiquity) In a circus, the barrier.
19	S	P	I			(Trade Cant) A special gratuity given to a salesman for disposing of certain goods.
20	S	P	I			Variant of spurt.
21	S	P	I			(Local, Eng. & Scot.) The chaffinch. Also, (Scot. or Dial. Eng.) Common primrose.
22	S	P	I	C	E	(Spitzenburgh) Any of several varieties of red-and-yellow apples. Also, a Pomeranian dog.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Damasked	5. Dampener	9. Damboard
2. Dampened	6. Damaging	10. Damascus
3. Damnably	7. Dampness	11. Damewort
4. Damnable	8. Damnific	12. Damassin

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Gangster's Wife

Continued from page 17

asleep—Bill's soft step in the doorway—"Asleep, honey?"—Lila stirring, holding out her arms—"Bill!"—Bill beside her, grinning in the dark, holding her close—"I love you, honey!"—"I love you, Bill!"

A little silence—a little heaven—

"Oh, Bill—must you?"

"Must I what, honey?"

"Do what you do?"

Bill drawing back—Bill's eyes hard in the gray light from the window—

"I've known from the first, Bill; ever since I found that revolver—"

"Listen, Lila. Don't you worry your pretty head about—"

"I do worry. I do! Every time you go out, Bill, I wonder—wonder if you'll come back. And I see you lying—hurt—shot—in an alley somewhere—"

Bill laughing gently, Bill's soft hands on her cheeks—

"You little kitten! I'm all right, honey; everything's all right. Now go to sleep. And tomorrow we'll buy you the swellest dress we can find."

"I don't want dresses, Bill. I don't want anything but you—you and our little place up on the Cape—"

"Sure, honey, sure. Some day—"

"Oh, Bill, I'm afraid. I'm afraid if we wait it will be too late!"

Bill laughing—Bill's lips on her cheek—Bill's whisper in her ear—

"I love you, honey. . . ."

Sleepless hours, her face to the window—Bill breathing deeply beside her—where would it end?—where would it end? . . .

ONE evening Bill came home with three men. They were well-dressed, big, with hard faces and shifty eyes.

"Lila, meet some of the boys—friends of mine—Mr. Dugan, Spinelli and Mike Grogan. Boys, this is the wife."

Lila smiled brightly and chirped a "Hello." Two of them nodded, but Grogan came over and held out a wet hand.

"Glad to meet you," he grinned. "Bill, you sure know how to pick 'em."

He was staring down at Lila, holding her hand, his little eyes narrow and hard.

"I thought you was a sap to marry, Conover. But I see now you wasn't."

"Yeah. Run along, Lila, will you? We've got some business to talk over."

"There's no hurry," said Grogan. "Why not stay and have a drink with us?"

"My wife doesn't drink," said Bill.

He opened the bedroom door and touched Lila gently on the shoulder as she passed. She stood stock-still behind the door, her hands clenched—listening.

Somebody said something about a "weakness for dames" and "getting to business." Someone else laughed. There was a clink of glasses and a gurgle from bottles.

So these were Bill's friends! These were gangsters! Her hand was still damp from Grogan's touch and she rubbed it on her dress. The beast!

" . . . Yeah. . . . It's the softest lay we've had in months. . . . We may have to bump off the watchman, but after that. . . ."

"No bumping, Grogan."

That was Bill's voice—tense and cool.

"Say! If I say we bump him—"

"We don't. Nothing doing on the rough stuff. There's been too much of it lately. You may want to sit in a hot chair, Grogan, but I don't."

"There's more sudden things than a chair," said Grogan evenly.

"Such as—?"

"I know a guy that took a nice long ride one night—and didn't come back."

"See here, Grogan. If the orders are to bump this watchman—I quit right now."

"You can't quit, Conover. You can *never* quit."

"No?"

"No. You know too much."

Lila waited—taut. No answer—silence. . . . "A nice long ride—*and didn't come back*" . . . then:

"I guess you're right, Grogan," Bill's voice quivered. "You got me. It's a rotten game—but I'll stick."

Lila leaned weakly against the door, tears in her eyes, her nails digging into her palms.

" . . . Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street . . . yeah . . . the rear window's a pipe . . . through the alley . . . the watchman's an old bird but he might let out a yell . . . safest to give him the works. . . ."

She lay against the door, shivering. Bill mustn't—he couldn't—she wouldn't let him. Why, it was murder!

Feet were tramping in the next room—voices fading—a hand turned the knob and Bill stood looking down at her.

"Lila! What's the matter?"

He dropped to his knees, his face white, and gathered her in his arms.

"Bill—Bill—you can't—"

"You shouldn't have listened."

"I *had* to listen. Oh, don't you see, Bill—I love you! You can't go through with this. It's—it's murder, Bill."

He shook her gently by the shoulders, his lips pale.

"It's murder either way, Lila honey. Grogan's got me. I'm in it—I've got to go through with it."

"No!"

"Yes, honey."

She clutched his hands fiercely.

"Bill, I haven't told you—but I'm going to have a baby."

He stared at her, unbelieving.

"No!"

"Yes, Bill. Suppose you were caught? Suppose you were shot? Don't you see, you've got to think of *him* now, Bill—of the little baby—"

She was sobbing hysterically, her body shaking. Bill ran his lean fingers through her hair, across her cheeks.

"Honey—honey—*don't!* It's all right. Everything will be all right. Listen, honey, when this job is over we'll go away, like I promised you. We'll go out in the country—by the sea— This will be the last time, Lila—"

"I won't let you go, Bill. I won't—I can't—"

"Honey—honey—"

"I won't! I won't—let—you—go. . . ."

SHE sat in the living-room listening to the ticking of the clock, hunched up, her knees in the chair, her fingers twisted in her shoes. Eleven-fifty . . . eleven fifty-one. . . . At twelve Bill would be off. At twelve he would go out that door, the gun in his pocket, meet Grogan and Spinelli, ready to slay or be slain. Maybe he'd come back—maybe he wouldn't—maybe he'd go to jail—maybe to the electric chair—

He was humming softly in there, as if nothing mattered, as if her heart wasn't tearing itself loose. " . . . Come back to Erin, Mavourneen. . . ." She heard a click—that would be the gun—Bill looking at the cartridges. The clock ticked—minute by minute. . . .

"No!" She spoke the word aloud. "I won't let him go!"

She walked to the bedroom, shut the

(*Continued on page 38*)

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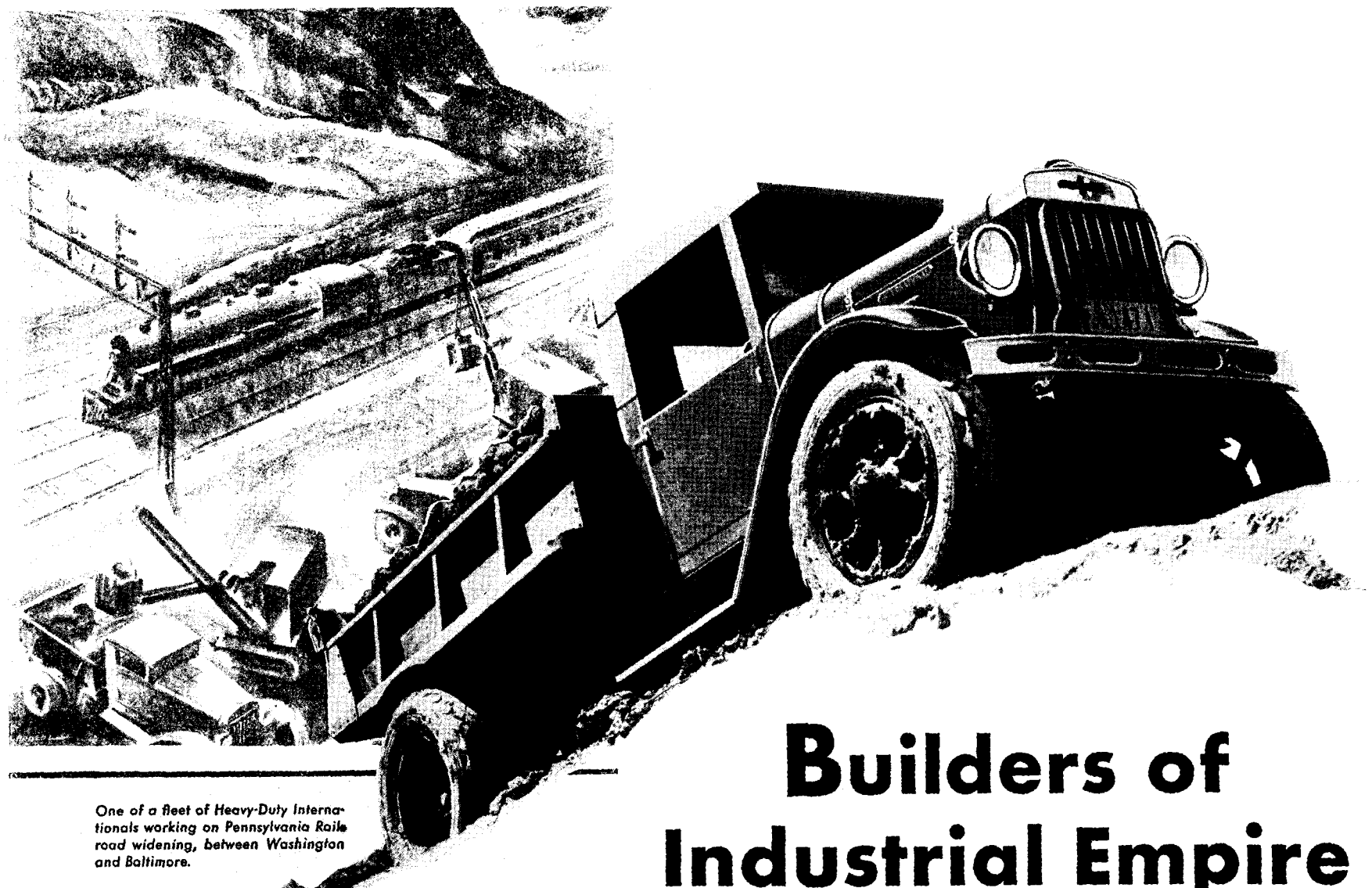

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Gangster's Wife

Continued from page 36

door, and leaned against it. Bill turned from the dresser.

"Feeling better, honey?"

"Bill, I won't let you go."

He smiled wearily.

"Now, honey. We've been all over this. What's the use—"

"I won't."

Her fingers found the key in the door and turned it. She clutched the bit of metal tightly in her fist.

"Aw, cut it out, honey. Grogan'll get me if I don't show. But after the split-up tonight we'll go away. We'll skip. I promise."

"I'm afraid, Bill."

He came toward her and took her in his arms.

"Gee, I love you, honey!"

The clock in the next room began to strike. Ten—eleven—twelve. . . .

"Gimme the key, honey."

"No."

"Gimme the key, I tell you."

"I won't. You're not going to leave this room tonight, Bill."

"No?" His eyes went hard, like the time when she had first found the gun. "Lila, gimme that key!"

She clutched it tighter. "I won't!"

He caught her wrist suddenly and twisted it, prying her fingers.

"You're hurting me!"

"Drop it then."

"No—"

The key fell softly on the rug. Bill stooped and picked it up.

"I hated to do that, honey."

His face was as white as hers. She was staring at him, wide-eyed, trembling.

"I won't—let—"

He turned suddenly and fitted the key.

"I'll be back, honey."

"Bill!"

She was holding his shoulders, pulling him. He shook her loose and unlocked the door.

"Bill!"

His hand was on the knob, turning it. A thousand lights flashed in his eyes. He felt himself falling, twisting away from the door. Things were going black. . . .

Lila stood over him, panting, the brass candlestick in her hand.

"I won't—let—you—go!"

There was blood on the candlestick—blood on Bill's head. It was gathering in a pool on the rug.

She dropped to her knees beside him, moaning.

"Bill—Bill—forgive me, Bill—but I couldn't let you—go. . . ."

AGES later she got to the telephone, fumbled through the book, gave a number.

"Yes, yes, I want the doctor. . . ." Funny how calm her voice sounded. "Yes, it's important. . . . Mrs. Conover . . . Apartment 31. . . ."

She walked back to the bedroom. Bill was still lying there—limp. She ought to get him on the bed if she could. Could she? Certainly.

She tugged him over, her hands under his arms, his feet scraping the rug. She raised his head on the pillows. She wiped the blood away, then took off his shoes. She ought to get his tie off too; it seemed to be choking him.

He was breathing heavily, unevenly. She opened a window and let in more air. She remembered the gun in Bill's pocket and took it out. She stuffed it in one of his old shoes and put it on the top shelf of the closet. He wouldn't get *that* again! Tomorrow she'd get rid of it.

The bell buzzed suddenly and she answered it.

"Mrs. Conover?"

The doctor was young, his black case new. His hat was awkward in his hands.

"Yes. My husband is hurt. Will you come, please?"

She led the way to the bedroom and pointed. "There."

The doctor rested his case on the edge of the bed and bent over. His fingers moved across Bill's scalp.

"Hum. Have you any ice?"

"Of course."

"And some cloths."

SHE went to the kitchen and let the water run over a pan of ice cubes. She returned with them in a dish, fresh towels over her arm.

"Is it serious?" she asked calmly.

"I am afraid of concussion."

He was snipping the hair away from the wound with tiny scissors.

"Doctor—"

"Yes?"

"Have you the time?"

"It's twenty minutes of one."

"Will you remember that, Doctor?"

"The time?"

"Yes. At twenty minutes to one you were treating my husband in his apartment."

He stared, shrugged, and turned back to his patient.

"We should get him undressed," he said.

They got Bill beneath the covers and adjusted the ice packs.

"How did it happen?" asked the doctor. "Did he fall?"

"No—I hit him."

"You *what?*"

He turned his eyes full on her, the bandage in his hand rolling loose on the bed.

"I hit him with the candlestick," said Lila. "He was going out and I hit him."

The doctor glanced at her queerly.

"Keep the ice packs on," he said, rising. "I'll come back in the morning. And don't hit him again, Mrs. Conover—he's not likely to go out for a while."

"He couldn't go out, could he, Doctor—now?"

He shook his head grimly.

"He won't go out for a week," he said.

Lila smiled.

"Remember the time, Doctor."

She let him out and was closing the door when she heard Bill groan. She pushed it, ran across the living-room, and flew to the bed.

"Bill—Bill—"

His eyes were open beneath the bandages, peering at her blankly.

"Hello, honey—what—what happened?"

"Lie still, Bill. It's all right. Everything's all right."

She was holding his hand tightly, sitting on the edge of the bed, her eyes misty.

"Did I fall, honey? Everything went black and—"

"Yeah, you fell, Bill. Now lie still—"

"I got to meet Grogan and the boys. I got—"

"You can't go out, Bill. You're sick."

"I *got* to go. You don't understand, honey. If I don't show tonight Grogan'll get me. He—"

"Bill, if you don't lay still I'll hit you again!"

"Hit—me?"

"Yes. You didn't fall. I hit you with the candlestick. And I'll hit you again, Bill—so help me!—if you try to get up."

He lay back weakly, staring.

"Honey, you don't know what you're doing! You don't know Grogan. He'll shoot me like a dog. Get me my gun, Lila."

She shook her head.

"Your gun's gone, Bill."

He groaned.

"Lila, I tell you—"

He stopped speaking, staring white-faced beyond her with pin-point eyes. Lila turned. Standing in the doorway, his hands bulging in the pockets of his coat, was Grogan.

"Hello, Conover," he said. "Swell racket you pulled tonight."

Bill pulled himself up with tense hands.

"Listen, Grogan—"

"I don't listen to nothing! You're a rat! You can't pull a stunt like this on me, Conover. Playing sick, eh?"

"Grogan, I was coming tonight. I had an accident—"

"You're gonna have a bigger one. Because it was you, Conover, that tipped off the bulls."

"Tipped off—the—bulls?"

"Don't play innocent. Sure you did. Who else could 'a' done it? They was waiting for us in the alley. They got Spinelli and Dugan—got 'em cold. And now I'm gonna get you before I blow town."

"Wait, Grogan—wait! Dugan and Spinelli are dead?"

"Dead as rats. And you're next, Conover."

Lila was crouching on the bed, half across Bill, her hands twisting the sheets.

"Bill didn't tell!" she shrieked. "Bill didn't tell! He didn't come tonight because I hit him. I hit him with the candlestick. I was afraid to have him go."

"Afraid, was you? Why?"

"I was afraid he'd get shot."

Grogan's teeth showed in a snarl.

"Say! Maybe *you* know who told!"

He was leaning forward, his little eyes hard, his hand gripping the gun. Bill was staring at her too. His mouth was open, his eyes full of horror.

"Lila—*you didn't!*"

"No, no. I didn't tell. I was just afraid to have you go, Bill. I love you so—and I was thinking of my little baby—"

Grogan stepped forward and caught her wrist. He yanked her from the bed, smashed her savagely to the floor, and stood, the gun pointed.

"By God—"

"Drop her, Grogan!" Bill was struggling desperately to sit up, his head reeling.

"Shut up! I'm gonna get you too, Conover. But first—"

"DROP the gun, Grogan."

Grogan swung. In the doorway were two men, grim-faced, covering him. The gun slipped from his limp fingers—handcuffs clicked—

Detective-Sergeant McCarthy faced the bed.

"It's a lucky break for you, Conover, you didn't go out tonight. I've had the dope on you for a week."

He turned to the door and his foot struck something on the floor.

"Here's a candlestick fell down," he said.

He picked it up and glanced gingerly at the red smear on his hand. He looked across at Bill's bandaged head, then at Lila. His face broke into a slow grin.

"I'll put this back here on the table," he said. "Looks like you got a use for it—eh, Mrs. Conover?"

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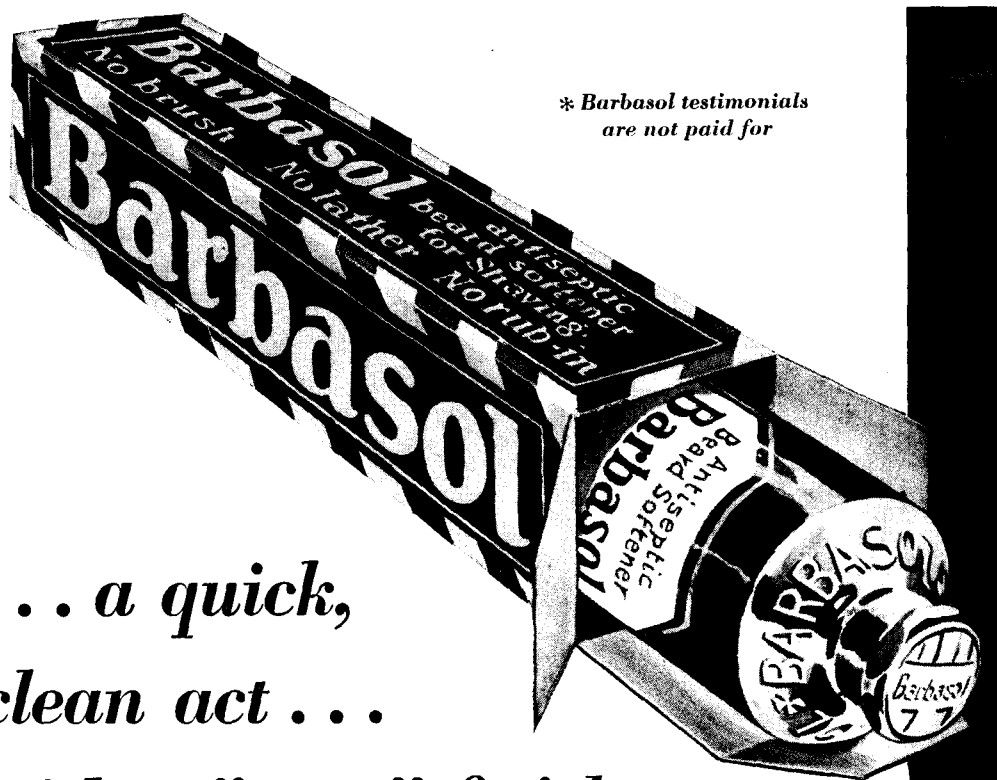
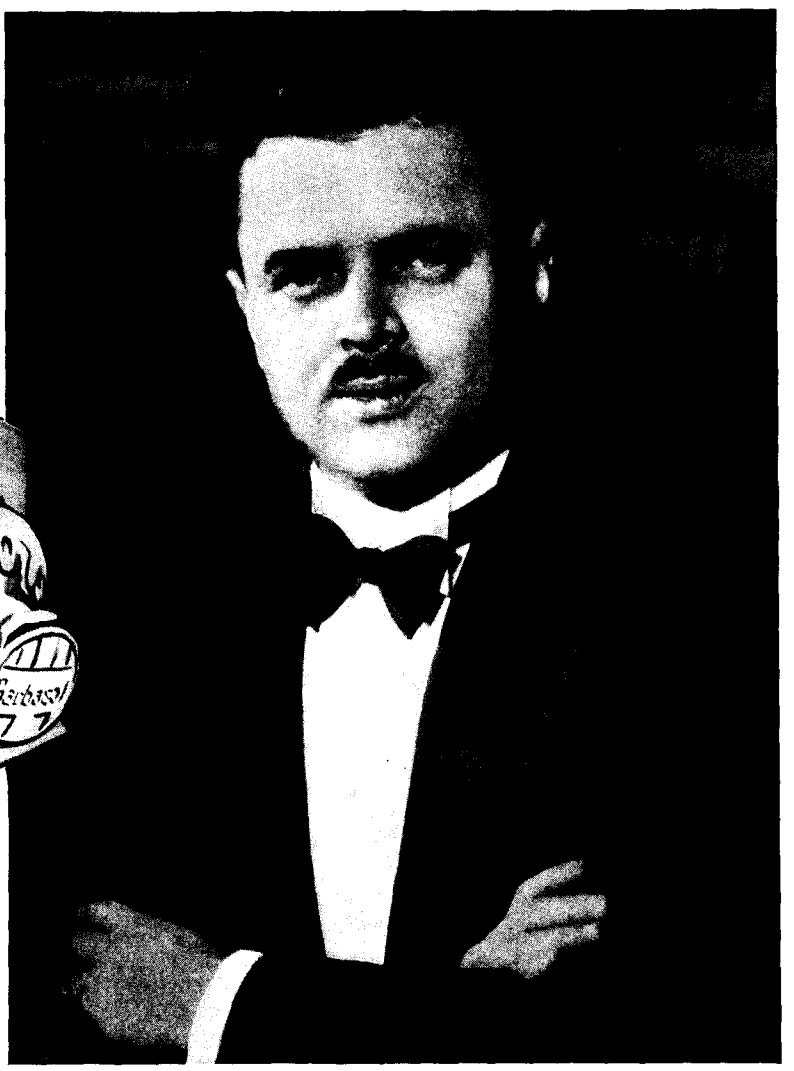
Barbasol is the Headliner Shave



* *Barbasol testimonials are not paid for*

. . . a quick, clean act . . . with a "wow" finish



JESSE CRAWFORD, musician extraordinary; wizard of the motion picture pipe organ; creator of musical novelties and "effects." He's a featured artist at the great Paramount Theatre on Broadway these days, where he is charming thousands daily.

* ***"We're all showmen—behind the lights or on the stage of life—and that's why the Barbasol shave is best for the boys who have to take the spotlight, whether in big business or in the show business. Barbasol's a real trouper—no fuss, no trouble, no brush, no rub, or lather. And how quick and clean the razor gets through its routine. And, man, what a fine* finish! *I give it a big hand."***

Jesse Crawford

IT'S the comfort, speed, ease and almost magical beard-softening of the Barbasol shave that turns so many men into Barbasol Believers. In fact, they get so enthusiastic they HAVE to write us letters. Hundreds pour in all the time. Here's one: "Could not wait until I let you know how delighted I am . . . never had a shave like Barbasol," F. M., New York. Another says, "Have a strong beard, but since using Barbasol get a clean quick shave without hurting my face," C. E. C., India. "For anyone who suffers from after-shaving soreness," writes F. J. B., of Pennsylvania, "I earnestly recommend Barbasol." (Names on request if you want.)

Now YOU Try It . . . But Use It RIGHT

Follow these directions and you'll be following the crowd—

1. Wet your face thoroughly. Leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in. **3.** Wet a good blade and—Shave.

If you're going to be a Barbasol Believer, don't look for a lather. Barbasol is new, different, modern. Don't try to make it elaborate. No brush needed at all, you know. And man, how clean and crisp the razor glides along. How refreshed and soft and COMFORTABLE your face feels afterward. Blades last longer, too. Get Barbasol from the drug store today, generous tubes 35¢ and 65¢.

The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The fact that Barbasol is so soothing and leaves the face with that healthy, "healed" feeling, has led many to use it for sunburn. What a tribute! They just spread it on sunburned skin and get instant relief. Pain stops; skin loses its redness. Then sunburn changes to a handsome tan. Try it.

BARBASOL
SKIN FRESHENER

Here's a new kind of "bracer." Slap it on face or neck, morning, noon or night, for a quick pick-up. It t-i-n-g-l-e-s; rejuvenates.

Barbasol

FOR MODERN SHAVING—NO BRUSHING—NO LATHERING—NO RUBBING

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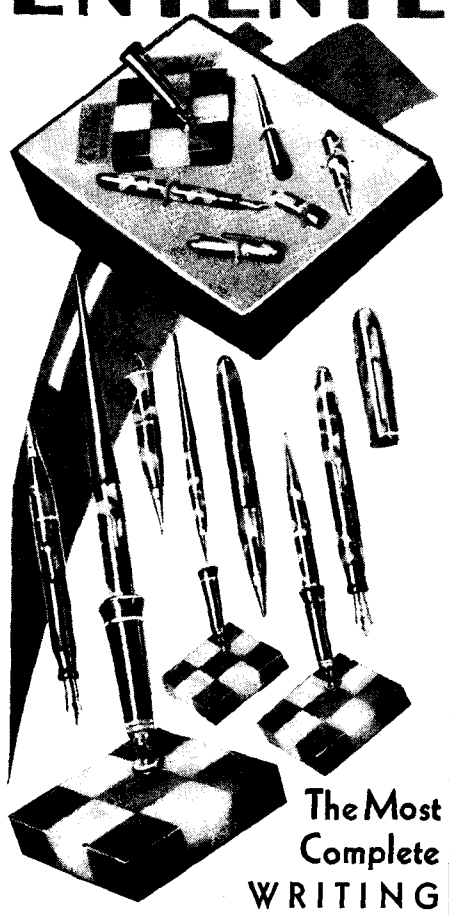
ENTENTE



The Most Complete WRITING Equipment Outfit of All Time

The one who possesses a Conklin Entente has instantly at his service seven complete writing instruments—1. A fountain pen desk set. 2. A pencil desk set. 3. An ensemble pen and pencil desk set—pen and pencil combined. 4. A non-leakable pocket fountain pen of generous ink capacity. 5. A complete pocket automatic pencil of usual size. 6. A short utility purse or vest pocket pencil with complete eraser assembly and lead magazine. 7. A Conklin Ensemble—both pen and pencil combined in one compact handy unit.

The seven complete writing instruments in the Conklin Entente are formed by combinations of the various marvelously designed units which compose this unprecedented writing equipment masterpiece.

This wonderful outfit is artistically designed and most carefully manufactured of non-breakable material in two beautiful color combinations . . . Pearl and Black and Black and Gold. You will find it pridefully displayed in truly leading stores everywhere. The price is only $20.00.

And here is Conklin's contribution to a lower cost of adequate writing equipment for the student—a genuine Conklin pen and pencil set complete for only $5.00. In two colors—Glossy Black and Green and Gold. Gold mounted. A worthy Conklin product in every detail. Handsomely boxed.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO
Chicago San Francisco

Conklin
PENS · PENCILS · SETS

Don't Blame the Stork

Continued from page 26

sure to be doing our bit to keep up the world's average.

Just why have we made so little progress in the matter of sex-determination in the human race, when we can do something about it in the lower animals, and know a lot about how it is determined in the insects? Not to be facetious, one of the best reasons is because the human race does not lay eggs. If external influences are to affect the sex of an individual they must be exerted very early in the life of that individual. In man we have every reason to believe that the sex is already determined at the moment of fertilization. Even knowing and admitting this fact, there are many people who will still try to affect the sex of a child before it is conceived.

There are volumes written on the subject, offering all sorts of circumstantial and to some convincing evidence that external influences can affect the sex of one's offspring. Such books are, some of them, amusing reading, but pathetic too, just as the pursuit of any lost cause is pathetic; and pernicious, in that they hold out false hopes and complicate the lives of those gullible enough to believe what they set forth.

The fundamental assumption of those who offer methods of determining sex is that the mother is the sex-determining parent. This assumption is, unfortunately, not supported by the biological facts. One of the few things we know positively about the sex cells in man is that in the female all the sex cells are of one kind, while in the male there are two kinds. If one sort of male cell fertilizes *any* egg (or ovum) a male child results. If the other sort of male cell fertilizes any ovum a female child results. Therefore the father is the unconscious sex determiner of the family, although from time immemorial the mother has taken the blame.

The cells of our bodies are equipped with slender strands or small bodies known as the chromosomes. The number of these bodies is constant for any given species of animal, and for the sex of the species. In humans the female cell contains 48 chromosomes, and the male cell contains 47. During the early part of life, up to puberty, the sex cells contain the characteristic number of chromosomes for the sex and species; but when they mature, and become potentially active, they undergo a process of division, known as maturation, during which the cell divides in two parts, and each part receives only half the usual number of chromosomes. Each female cell receives 24 chromosomes, and is therefore like its mate, whereas one male cell receives 24 chromosomes, and the other only 23.

Beyond Control

When the male and female cell unite in the process of fertilization the number of chromosomes is restored to the number found in the body cells, but if the sperm with the smaller number of chromosomes unites with any egg the male number is restored and a male child results. Whereas, if the sperm with the larger number unites with any egg, the female number of chromosomes is restored and a female child results.

In some animals the female cells contain an uneven number of chromosomes, and therefore the female can be said, in those species, to be the sex determiner. But in the human being it is obviously useless to attempt to determine sex through influences on the mother, as all eggs, no matter at what time of the month they are produced, and no matter from which ovary they are produced, are of the same type. As large numbers of spermatozoa are matured at the same time, with male-producing and female-producing types in equal quantities, it would seem impossible to affect the sex-determining ability of the father.

Knowing this simple fact we read the following from one of our misguided priestesses of sex-determination with more pity than censure:

"Most decidedly it takes a stronger and more normal organism to bear male progeny than female. Regular work and exercise . . . are necessary to the conceiving of boys.

"A lady I knew, who had thirteen sons and two daughters, was so strong and muscular that up to the age of eighty-five she could take a very active part in any furniture-moving that had to be done. A friend of my mother's, who had twelve sons, remarked one day, 'I think I ought to have been a man, I am so much more muscular and powerful than my husband.'"

The book from which these passages are quoted was published as late as 1925, and still has, I believe, a large sale, although how the modern self-respecting woman can swallow its twaddle about the general superiority of the male, even down to the superiority of the women who bring forth males, is more than I can see.

Overcoming Prejudice

I believe it will be conducive to better feeling between the sexes when the idea that the parents have any control over the sex of their children is completely eliminated from our minds. Maybe it will be centuries before men will cease to be a little ashamed of a large family of girls, and an equally long time before women will cease to be proud of "giving" their husbands a son."

On no subject is it harder to convince people against their will than it is on this subject. They will insist that they have tried a system and regulated the sex of their families exactly to their liking. If they use the theory that the ovaries of the two sides produce ova of different sex, and that they have made use of this fact you have only to say that the ova are known to be all alike. They won't believe you. They will point proudly to two boys and two girls. You can still say that it was just chance or luck and they will simply smile at you. The same thing happens if they believe in a feeding system.

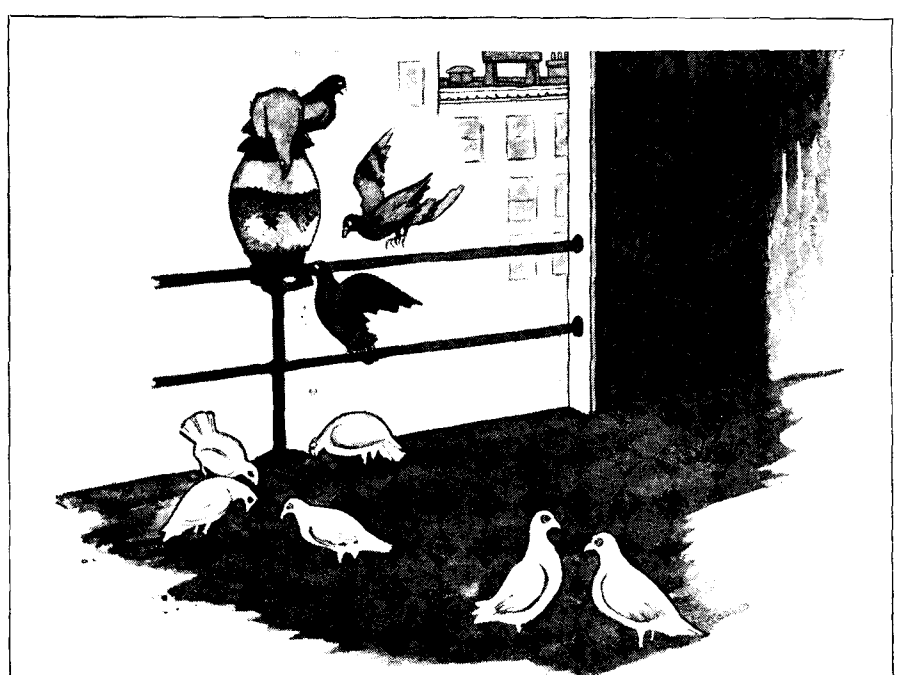
At the risk of being thought a biological feminist I must point out that many of the facts of sex-determination in the lower animals lead us to suppose that the female, although not necessarily the more deadly form of any species, is certainly the more important sex. For generations some animals can get along without any males at all. In some species the egg which is fertilized becomes a female: the egg which somehow misses fertilization gets along somehow as a male.

"Is Sex Necessary?"

In other species the answer to the now widely-asked question, "Is sex necessary?" is, "Not very." Either both sexes are included in one individual, or reproduction may go on by a process which is not sexual.

The moment we admit that we are "higher animals," we must admit that the determination of sex in our species is not something that can be lightly dealt with. Certainly not something which can be handled by a change of diet, a course of exercises, or an observation of the phases of the moon. If we are going to believe that we are a highly-organized form of animal life, we must believe that the separation of the sexes is an essential part of our organization, and therefore one which Nature has set aside for her own regulation.

I am afraid I have dealt in rather a care-free manner with the problem of how we are going to obtain sons and heirs. I know, however, that to many people, especially mothers, the matter can assume serious proportions. I have heard of one wealthy woman who nearly had nervous prostration before the birth of her sixth child because her husband threatened to divorce her if it should not be a boy, the first five children having been girls. To women in her situation a simple knowledge of the facts of sex-determination should be a boon. The time may come, of course, when women with a yen for boys will threaten to divorce their husbands if a boy is not forthcoming. More power to them, I say.



"Stay away from that one—it's too crowded!"

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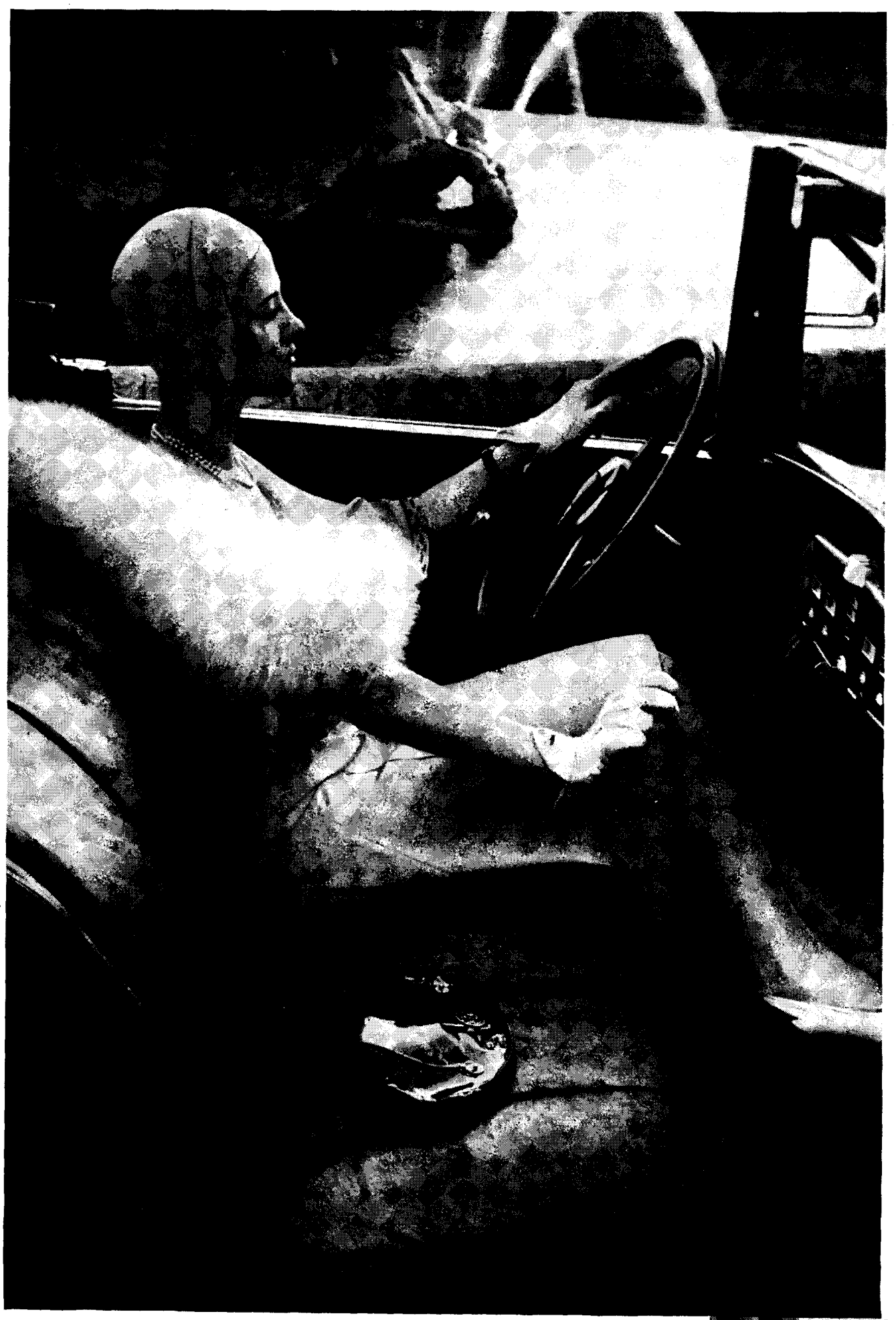

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The horizon.
Here come
The Hupmobiles of 1931.
The fleet's in!
Gleaming, beautiful.
Stylish, smart.
A year
And an idea
Ahead of the times.
New,
But true
To the old Hupp tradition
Of mechanical excellence
Beyond reproach.

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The four
Straight-Eights,
Born of engineering,
Pioneering,
Developing Straight-Eights
For six straight years,
From the very
Birth of the Straight-Eight
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The Century Six
Smooth, fast,
Built to last,
Built for beauty
Yet
Built for duty!
Topping its field
In everything
But price!

●

You have
A road.
You have two hands.
A foot for the throttle.
Two eyes.
Take a Hupp
Six or Eight
Let demonstration,
Not conversation,
Tell you
Which motor car
Your hard-earned dollars
Should buy!

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1931 SIXES AND EIGHTS

THE COMPLETE 1931 HUPMOBILE LINE

The 1931 CENTURY SIX, 70 H. P.	FROM $ 1145
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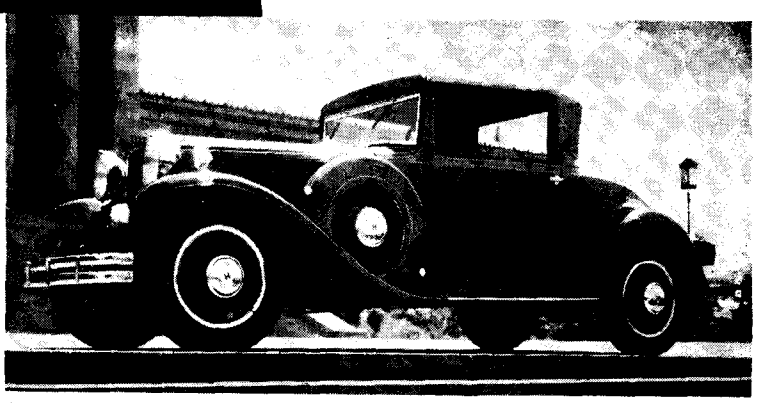

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IT'S THE ONLY STEEL SHAFT WITH TORSION

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THE greatest gift to golf since the steel shaft was invented. Now, smooth, jolt-less shots. Now, the *natural* shock absorber, Torsion, added to the steel shaft.

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Send today for your free copy of *Bristolite*, packed with news and gossip of golf. The Horton Manufacturing Company, 228B Horton Street, Bristol, Connecticut.

When you buy a golf club, iron or wood, look for the Bristol Torsion trade mark and the open torsion seam on the shaft. It is this seam that makes torsion possible. Double steel walls give greater strength and power.

TORSION SEAM

DOUBLE STEEL WALLS

BRISTOL Torsion STEEL SHAFTS

ALLAN LARD PAT. PEND.

Sin in the Desert

Continued from page 11

from many corners of the nation make their way whenever they get back to Butte.

"The other tables may look busy," explained one of the faro dealers to me, later, "but it's over at that faro table that the big money turns over, every now and then. That's why the boss keeps it running."

A long, slender, pleasant-faced young gentleman was dealing the cards at the faro table. He would wait, affably, until the slow-going old man and Chinaman had placed their counters on the table. During one of these waits a young man came up to him.

"Your horse wins," said the visitor. "Here's your seventy-five smackers."

"Hell, and I don't even know his name," laughed the dealer, as his long, slender fingers took the bills and fastened them into a roll.

"Got another good one?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," said the young man, "in the next race."

"Well, put it all on that," he said, and he handed back the money. Then he went on dealing. I followed the young man back to a far corner of the L-shaped room.

The races! There, on a blackboard, boys were chalking up the names of horses entered in the various afternoon races all over the United States. Three men on a raised platform, at telephones, were receiving track news. Every now and then one of them would call out:

"They're off, at [say] Pimlico!"

Over a hundred men, who had been chattering and scrambling to get down their bets only a second before, would fall into a dead silence as the man at the phone would describe the progress of the race to them. They would become noisy near the finish. "Come on, you baby," yelled one man, as if he were at the distant track, watching the run.

Then there would be a great cashing-in of bets, and many lamentations.

There was far more gambling in this place than there ever could have been in one of the old Western gambling houses. Electricity does it. Cut the wires leading to Butte and nine tenths of the gambling in that town would end, for a time at least. Tickets in all the great European sweepstakes are openly sold at cigar stores in Butte. Horse races on European tracks are of as much importance in Butte as the races on the local tracks. When the bank clearings in New York City are flashed over the wires, hundreds of thousands of dollars change hands daily in the so-called "number game."

The Baseball Pool

There are so many slot machines, punchboards and dice games even in drug stores that you get the idea that the druggist might be willing to shake you for the baby's medicine.

The "baseball pool" seems to attract everybody. There is one "baseball pool" gambling house devoted entirely to women gamblers; there is another that is sort of co-educational.

There are hundreds of stories of big winnings in these pools. For instance, they'll show you the somewhat aged Mr. Ridley, one of the star Negro waiters at the Silver Bow Club.

"I found a sure cure for rheumatism," he tells you. And here's what it was:

Just at the time when he was all twisted up with rheumatism and members of the wealthy copper men's club were preparing to take up a collection as a farewell to this old servitor, his wife, snigging two bits out of the family purse, "shook" a baseball pool. Before nightfall she had $5,000 in cash. Mr. Ridley felt a little better after this. He tried the pool himself, for the first time. Within two weeks he himself made a strike and won another $3,000.

He didn't leave his job. He's there yet, now spry, straight and rheumatics-less.

"It is mah conviction," Mr. Ridley will explain to you, "that it is fiduciary worries that produces rheumatism. Remove them and the physical misery will depart."

There are at least ten gambling houses in Butte of fair size. Two of them are large. A certain business man who knows his town told me that one of these big places, after paying all expenses, has an average net profit of about $45,000 a month; the second largest makes a net profit of about $42,000 a month. Over one million dollars a year profit for two places, alone, after every outsider—winners, landlords and whoever else get money from Butte gamblers—has been paid.

It is a safe estimate that the total net profits of the other smaller places will equal another million. Thus gambling is at least a two-million-dollar-a-year business in the town.

As for liquor and its easy flow, an informant, extremely influential and important, made the city's position very clear.

"These saloons are nuisances," he said. "We just arrest 'em as such once a month. The owners are fined, once a month, too, if they don't forfeit their bonds. From $100 to $150 is the fine. It may surprise you to know that about $100,000 a year has been going into our city treasury from these lawbreaking rascals. This punishment keeps 'em good and quiet, though, and under control."

City officials of other towns in other states near by have, however, been recently indicted by Federal process for using liquor money thus obtained by court proceedings for municipal expenses.

They once had a state dry law in Montana, though they have it no longer. This state law did for a time interfere somewhat with the free-and-easy wetness of Butte. Once Mr. Foote, the attorney-general of the state, tried to dry up Butte under the state law.

"We raided one place," Mr. Foote told me, "and buzzers rang in nineteen other places scattered all over town. They were all hooked up on one signal line. We couldn't get any of the rest of them and the jury didn't convict even the one man we *did* get."

Federal officials arrest saloonkeepers in Butte and padlock doors. One's partners may go to jail for a short term; or the "firm" may pay a fine. But they tell you there isn't a saloon in Butte that hasn't another place ready to move into as soon as the padlock goes on its current premises.

Butte, by a wet local option, wants to be wet—and it *is* wet, except for very short spells, when Federal men come in for a day or two. Similarly, the gambling houses close occasionally for a day or two at a time.

A Center of Attractions

There is one really vicious spot near Butte. It is called Meterville. But Meterville is not Butte; it is a foreigners' suburb. The political boss of the place has a foreign name; he is said to be a millionaire.

The mines employ 10,000 men, more or less, at Butte. They work in two shifts: night and day. One plays by day; the other by night. The miners take pleasure in gambling; they vote for officials who will permit gambling, drinking and what not.

Butte's wide-openness keeps many of them at Butte. But it isn't from them alone that the gamblers, saloonkeepers and others take their profits.

Butte stands on the railway route from the West to Yellowstone Park and points east; at least as many tourists will visit her this year as will go to Europe. Most of them come, perhaps, from dry and moral towns. But part of visiting Montana is to try a little gambling, a little drinking and a little dancing at Butte.

The horse track and the dog track, open at two ends of the summer season, also serve to draw the throngs—and the money. Butte is convinced that it pays to be wide open.

And so it *is* wide open.

"Young man, you'll catch your death of cold sitting on the ground!"

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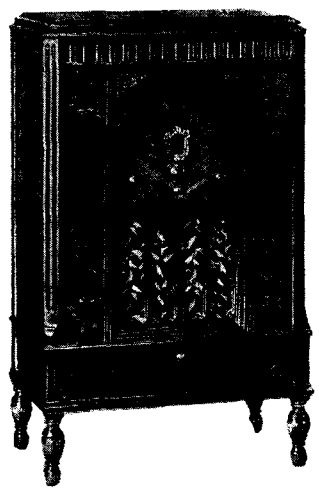
Screen Grid-Plus . . the SUPER SET

Radio performance beyond the average need

PHILCO SCREEN GRID-PLUS is the radio *deliberately designed* to give greater performance than the average owner needs.

It has a *surplus* of power, distance ability, selectivity and sensitivity.



But of what use is power or distance unless you can maintain the reception at a *constant level*—without fading? Many *promise* distance and power, but Philco Screen Grid-Plus gives you the additional device which makes that power worth while—Automatic Volume Control. No matter where you live, this device automatically counteracts fading and holds the volume at whatever level you like, so you can enjoy the programs when you get them. Radios which promise power but do not have automatic volume control, cannot give you the kind of super performance we mean when we name this the PHILCO SUPER SET.

While the 9-tube Screen Grid-Plus provides greater performance than you normally need, how wonderful if you live in a big city, to bring out-of-town programs *through* crowded local stations without cross-talk. Again, if you live in smaller cities, Screen Grid-Plus will bring you the programs you want from the larger centers. And daylight reception is so improved by Automatic Volume Control as to make this set a delight for the women in the home.

Philco Tone-Control

BRILLIANT—BRIGHT—MELLOW—DEEP

The marvelous new Philco Tone-Control also helps daytime reception for, by turning to "Mellow" or "Deep" positions, daylight static and other interference noises can be considerably reduced. Tone-Control allows you to bring in programs YOUR way, with the tone quality YOU like best, by simply turning the knob on the front of the set. And, in a "noisy" location, you can cut down the interference and enjoy programs in a way never before possible. "Brilliant"—"Bright"—"Mellow"—or "Deep" shades of tone are now at your finger tips.

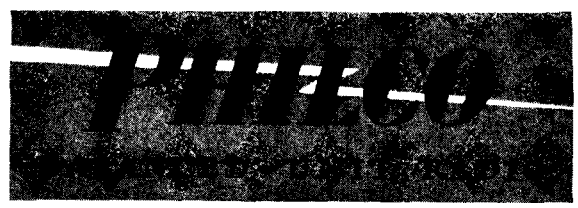
The new Philcos have an exclusive Station Recording Dial on which you *permanently* log your favorite stations and balanced-unit construction throughout. The complete line of Radios and Radio-Phonographs offers, in each model, the outstanding *value* in its field. You cannot buy *more performance* no matter how much more you are asked to pay.

Don't fail to ask your nearest Philco dealer for a free demonstration of Philco today. The new Philcos are priced from $49.50 (Baby Grand) to $350.00, less tubes. Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC current, and in a battery set.

And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio, built by Philco, is available through all authorized dealers.

PHILCO RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

More and more people are realizing the advantages of a combination radio and phonograph so, naturally, Philco produces this outstanding VALUE. *Think of getting all the Screen Grid-Plus features for records as well as radio in this beautiful American black walnut cabinet for $198.00, less tubes. And remember, your favorite records as well as programs, come under the magic influence of Philco Balanced-Unit Tone and Tone-Control*



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Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

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When John Franzl plays with the Philco Symphony Orchestra for you, a radio set, whose units are but partially *balanced, can only bring you the* distorted *tone pictured at the* ***left.*** *With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

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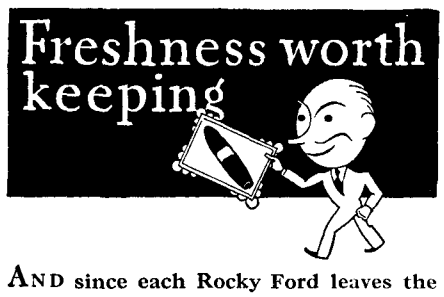
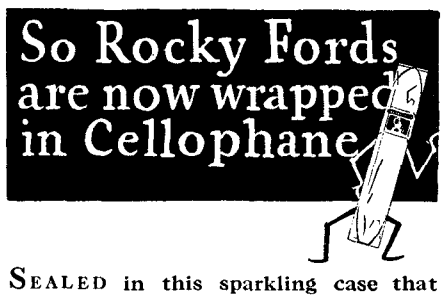
MAYBE you wouldn't call out the cops to guard the flavor of an ordinary cigar. But every whiff of Rocky Ford's Sumatra wrapper and fragrant domestic long filler is too priceless to lose.



AND since each Rocky Ford leaves the factory fresh as a rose-petal and in prime condition, it should reach you with all its freshness intact.



SEALED in this sparkling case that keeps impurities out and flavor in. Always in the "pink" of condition. Never too dry or too moist.

EVEN a Houdini couldn't produce a Rocky Ford for a nickel. Only Rocky Ford's amazing machines can do that. If you want a greater thrill than even Houdini gave—try this better 5¢ cigar.

If dealer can't supply you, send 25¢ for trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., New York.
© P. Lorillard Co.

The Twenty-Million-Dollar Kid

Continued from page 23

his weight uneasily under Scotty's deliberate eye, and turned again to beam steadily upon Buckmaster.

"Buck, you probably know that in a fraternity everybody tries to do something for the other fellow. I mean, every fellow does what he can for the house, maybe athletics like Franklin, or Scott in a crew, or maybe newspaper work like Madden, or whatever it happens to be. Now, I'm just talking man-to-man, Buck, but if you were to join a fraternity, what would you be able to do as your share? You don't play football. . . ?"

Buckmaster shook his head tragically.

"You see? Or non-athletics, I suppose, either?" He shrugged: "That's just it. And yet we all like you, and so we were wondering—some of the fellows at the house were wondering—well, Buck, to be frank, of course there *is* one way you could do your share. . . . I kind of hate to mention it to you, but . . ."

Buckmaster gasped eagerly: "Oh, if it's anything I could do . . . if it's anything like money, for instance—I only speak of that," he hurriedly apologized, "because you were saying the house needed some decorating. . . ."

Pearce faced Scott's twisted smile defiantly. "Well, now, Buck, I sort of hated to mention a thing like money, but . . ."

"If you fellows would let me—that would be my privilege."

"That's damned nice of you, Buck," called Madden cordially. "Huh, Jo? Isn't that nice?"

Grimes nodded to Madden over Buckmaster's shoulder: "O. K. with me."

He was looking steadily at Scott. Scott's eyes wavered and dropped.

SCOTT was the son of Welsh-Irish parents. They had worked in a silk mill in New Jersey in order to earn enough money to send Ralph to college; his father was still night watchman there. Scotty had the magnificent shoulders and legs of a peasant; he was justly proud of his build, and with the ingenuous exhibitionism that most athletes possess he liked to display it whenever he found occasion, roaming from room to room in his underclothes, squaring the muscles of his chest and folding his arms so that the fists bunched out the biceps conspicuously.

His face was good-natured, open, male; his features were large and round, his lips were thick, his eyes were clear gray, untroubled by the shadow of any subtle thoughts behind them. He had a good digestion and a clear conscience. He never worried.

It was a curious friendship between them. Buckmaster needed a comrade, Scott needed a complement. Buckmaster's devotion amounted almost to hero-worship; he reverenced Scotty, he copied his gestures, his habits of dress, the very inflections of his voice. He took Scott to the theater; he took him to night clubs afterward; he insisted on buying him a dinner jacket—"We could go around more places if you had one, so really it's a favor to me"—and they went to dances on Park Avenue. Scott accepted his gifts and his companionship with equal ease. His temperament enjoyed events as they came, embraced good breaks calmly, without gratitude.

Buckmaster introduced him to Peggy Rickard, and Scott was agreeably surprised. "She's a darned sweet girl," he told the delighted Buckmaster later. "I like her a lot. I sure congratulate you, Buck." The three met frequently after that. Scott was popular with all of Buckmaster's friends; he brought a fresh energy and a wholesome laugh to their parties, and they asked him again. At night he would come back late to the fraternity house, immaculate in top hat, silk muffler, dark coat and stick, and we would glance up from a poker game as he hurried upstairs to his room: "Stepping out in society again, Scotty?"

"Has Buckie taught you which fork is correct for soup?"

"Quite the smoothie, eh?"

Scotty would grin over his shoulder: "Why not? It don't cost me anything!"

Buckmaster was duly initiated into Gamma Beta and wore the pin to bed that night on the coat of his pajamas; and two days later the house munificently ordered new ceilings and draperies from roof to cellar.

Buckmaster never grew to know the other men in his delegation very well. They nodded to him on the campus, he ate luncheon with them at the lower table every day, and now and then they paused to borrow little sums of money: "Can you let me have a ten-spot till next week, Buck? I'm pretty flat." He was always very polite about these loans; he never remembered them again, and with exquisite tact the brothers in turn avoided his company as much as possible in order to spare him the obvious embarrassment of being reminded. Morbidly he attributed this increasing distance between them to some fault of his own, his lack of ability in athletics, for example, or his supposed snobbishness.

The feeling of ostracism oppressed him, and he clung to Scotty more and more. They swam together in the afternoon in Buckmaster's private pool, or motored out to Long Island and rode horseback with Peggy Rickard. Sometimes Buckmaster would fall moodily to the rear, slacking the reins as he brooded in silence, and Scott and Peggy would ride down the bridle path ahead of him, talking together in low intimate tones and glancing back over their shoulders sympathetically. "You're being a real friend to him, Ralph," Peggy would say. "He depends on you so." They would each glow a little in the feeling of mutual understanding which their common enthusiasm for Buckmaster gave them, and Scott would gaze at her earnestly as they trotted side by side.

"He's a lucky kid to have a girl like you, Peggy."

"He's always been so lonely," she pleaded. "He needs us both so much. . . ." Their knees brushed, and her hand rested impulsively on his arm. "We'll help him."

"You bet," said Scotty slowly. "You bet we will."

SCOTT met Buckmaster's mother unexpectedly one afternoon, while he and Buck were boxing together in the private gymnasium at his home. "I want to know how to handle myself in a pinch," Buckmaster had told Scotty, "like other fellows." He had found an old set of gloves on a shelf at the fraternity house, lumpy and blackened with use, and he carried them downtown reverently and they put them on together. "You got the build of a pretty good boxer," Scott muttered thickly into the leather depths of a glove. "Someone at the house was saying you'd make a pretty good boxer."

"Did they say that?" breathed Buckmaster.

"Watch your footwork," said Scotty, springing onto his toes and tapping Buckmaster's shoulder with the tip of his glove. "Let's go, now. That's the way. Lead with your left." They waltzed awkwardly over the floor, Scotty feinting, Buckmaster watching him intently. "That's it, kid. Now follow up with a right jab. . . . I'm sorry. Did I get your nose?"

"That's all right," said Buckmaster, pressing his glove quickly against his face. "It always bleeds very easy, anyway."

"You want to cover up," said Scotty. "When I lead a jab you want to block it with your right. . . . Maybe you better put some cold water on that, Buck, it's getting all over your . . ."

THERE was a choked scream behind him, and someone rushed through the door toward Buckmaster.

"Evelyn! What's happened? You've hurt yourself."

"Mother, please, I only—"

"There's blood on you!" Scotty caught her just in time as she swayed backward, and together they carried her to a leather sofa.

"She's all right," whispered Buckmaster after a moment. "I better go wash up."

"How silly," she said to Scotty with a faint smile. "How 1890 of me! It was just the sight of blood—I can't stand it—"

"It was my fault," said Scotty contritely.

"You're Ralph Scott." Her hand lingered absently on Scotty's wrist. "Evelyn has written me so much about you. I do hope you'll forgive me," she laughed, curling her legs under her and pulling down her skirt modestly over a silk knee, "but it makes me so nervous to see Evelyn running any risk of getting hurt. He's not as strong as . . . the rest of you."

Her gray eyes mounted slowly from the muscular thighs crouched awkwardly beside her on the edge of the sofa, to the damp jersey and wide bare shoulders glistening with drops of perspiration, and then lifted appealingly to the embarrassed face looking down at her.

"Sure, we won't box any more," said Scotty, kicking the gloves surreptitiously under the sofa. He started to rise.

"You've been awfully good to Evelyn," she continued, still resting her fingers restrainingly upon his wrist. "I'm so grateful to you."

"That's all right."

"Evelyn thinks the world of you."

"I like him too," said Scotty. "I'm glad he likes me."

"Evelyn is . . . different, Ralph; you can do such a lot for him," she said in a low voice. His big forearm was submissively limp under her fingers. "I think he's inclined to be morbid, to brood about himself, ever since his father died. He's never had any real friends, you see. He needs someone. . . ."

"Sure," said Scott. "He'll be O. K."

"I know I can trust you."

"Sure," said Scott.

"Ralph." She paused. "Tell me. I want you to be frank. You don't have very much spending money of your own?"

"How do you mean?"

"I wouldn't want Evelyn to learn that I'd spoken to you for worlds, but I know it's expensive going around places with him, you see, and I'd be very happy if you'd allow me to send you a little something each week . . . it might make *him*

(*Continued on page 46*)

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The Twenty-Million-Dollar Kid

Continued from page 44

feel easier if you had your own money once in a while, Ralph, that's all. After all," she laughed, "I'd pay a tutor—"

"I'm not a tutor. I'm a friend of his."

"Of course you are," she smiled. "That's just it. You can tell me now and then what he's doing, you see . . . whether he's running around . . . I mean. . . ."

"I know what you mean," said Scotty. He glanced uneasily toward the door.

She smiled at him: "It's so nice for Evelyn to know someone I can trust."

"Sure," said Scott.

"You won't mention this to anyone," she added swiftly as Buckmaster reentered the room, knotting a tie. "Evelyn, Ralph and I have been having such a nice talk about the wonderful time I had in Paris." Her fingers trailed gracefully from his wrist, and he rose guiltily to his feet. "Thank you, Ralph. I feel so much better."

SCOTT accepted the new financial arrangement much as he accepted Buckmaster's companionship: it was pleasant, it gave him an added acquaintance with luxury, it did not cost him anything. His wardrobe increased steadily and the house grew mildly curious, discussed the relationship grinningly when Scott and Buckmaster were away, taunted Scott with furtive suggestions when he was alone. "Isn't that another new suit, Scotty?" "When is he going to buy you a pearl necklace, Scotty?" "I'd hold out for a yacht," drawled Pearce. Sometimes Scott would bluster his way through these questions with a laugh and a complacent shrug, and sometimes he would lose his temper: "You're jealous. You wish you had some of the sugar for yourself." "Then you admit it's sugar," Pearce would point out in delight; and Scott would cover instantly: "Just kidding, Larry."

He was more independent now, and occasionally he was able to entertain Peggy Rickard alone when Buckmaster was studying at college. "She's going to be in town tonight," Buckmaster had said one evening, "and I've got to stay up here and finish a lab assignment. I'd be awfully grateful if you'd take her out somewhere. She's always asking me about you. I guess," Buckmaster had smiled proudly, "you've made quite an impression on her."

Scott had been very obliging about it: "Don't worry, kid. You do your studying. I'll try and give her a good time." He and Peggy had gone to the theater that night, and afterward he had taken her to the Mayfair and they had danced a little; it was late when he delivered her to her hotel at last, and swung homeward alone through the deserted park, selecting a cigarette from a new silver case in his vest pocket and sliding back contentedly on the jolting cushions. The first floor of the fraternity house was dark when he arrived, but there was a light on the third floor landing, and he heard voices. The bathroom door was shut, and someone was very ill inside.

"Bad gin," he smiled tolerantly.

Larry Pearce's door was open, and he peered in. Larry was sitting unsteadily on the edge of his bed, unlacing his shoe. "Who's sick in there?" grinned Scotty.

"Buckmaster."

The grin soured, and Scotty's face was suddenly hard.

"You're kidding me."

"I'm not kidding you," said Larry, abandoning the knotted laces wearily and prying off the shoe with his other toe. "We been out. Buckie and I been out."

"You got him drunk."

"We been drinking a little," nodded Larry, fumbling with the lace of his right shoe.

"Where?"

Pearce lifted his right leg across his knee and tugged impatiently. "Oh, places," he grunted. "I was just . . . showin' him how t' be . . . regular," he gasped suddenly, and then studied the empty shoe in his hand resentfully.

"Why did you take that kid?" growled Scotty, grabbing his shoulder and shaking him.

"Let . . . go me," frowned Pearce. "Come on, Scotty, that's my shoulder." He wriggled peevishly from Scott's grasp. "Why shouldn't I take him? He was all alone here tonight. You know that. You were out yourself with his girl. . . ."

Scotty's forehead seemed to pucker to a single eye in the center, and a red spot danced before this eye steadily. He was saying in a low voice: "Why did you pull a rotten trick like that? You dirty little bum—"

"Scotty," said Pearce with dignity. "Now you're being rude."

"Damn you," furiously. "Get up."

"Why should I get up?' asked Pearce from the bed, peeling off his socks deliberately.

Scott jerked him to his feet so swiftly that his head snapped back. "Listen to me. You take that kid out again and I'll break your face—" He slapped him contemptuously across the cheek.

"You listen to me, Scott," said Pearce. He was abruptly sober, and his voice was shaky with anger. The welt on his cheek spread slowly like a drop of red paint in water. "I'll do what I damn' well please with him, see? You're not going to tell me, see? You don't own him. Just because you're living off him—"

"Shut up."

"Just because you're working a swell racket, you want him all to yourself. You don't want anybody else to get in on the profits. You're his best friend. Yeh. A hell of a friend you are. Getting paid to be his friend—"

"I've never taken a cent," gasped Scott.

"All right, then, how about the new clothes? How about the loose spending money all of a sudden? I'm not even mentioning all the free meals and shows. How about that little weekly pay envelope you get?"

"It's a dirty lie."

"With the mother's name on the back of the envelope."

"I suppose somebody's been opening my mail!"

"I don't need to open your mail," taunted Pearce. "I just know the kind of a guy you are."

SCOTT grabbed his coat and twisted it upon his chest, drawing him upward toward him. "Pearce—"

"You're no better than being kept." Pearce's lip curled, "You chiseler—"

There was a sharp chock! like the sound of an ax burying into a stump, and the shrill creak of protesting bedsprings as two bare soles rose in an arc into the air and then dropped back heavily. Pearce flopped over onto his stomach on the bed and shivered into silence. Scott clasped his left hand over the knuckles of his right fist, and turned abruptly to face Buckmaster staring at him from the doorway with a white face, his hands pressed absurdly to his temples, his dark eyes feverish and hollow.

"Buck." Scott managed to smile: "Hello, old man. I was just taking you home."

He never knew how long Buckmaster had been standing there. Neither of them ever mentioned the incident again.

They went to Europe that summer together; sailing the day after the Poughkeepsie Regatta. Several of us got liquored up at the house and went down tight to see them off. As the lighted ship moved out slowly into the river, Scotty, resplendent in new tweeds, waved us a tolerant farewell from the promenade deck. Larry Pearce glanced back once over his shoulder, and warbled softly to himself:

". . . But that beauty was sold
For a rich man's gold—
Just a bird in a gilded cage."

I did not see Buckmaster during the following year, but I gathered from random accounts that he had not had too easy a time of it at college: "Oh, yeh, Buckie's around, he just gave us a new set of dining-room furniture," or "I haven't seen him lately, I owe him fifty bucks," or "He dragged us all down to Tony's last night."

I HAD my first intimate account of events from Larry Pearce, at the Regatta at Poughkeepsie that June. Larry hailed me from the gravel embankment beside the observation car.

"Thought you'd be out on the Gamma Bet' yacht," he grinned.

"I just got away from the office in time to catch the last special." I added curiously: "Gamma Bet' yacht?"

"Sure. Buckie's," said Larry. "They got him to bring them up in it. It's that big bruiser of a boat just the other side of the destroyer. Try these glasses." He chatted amiably while I adjusted the lens and stared at the trim black craft anchored beyond the finish line. "I couldn't join them, either. No. . . . I was afraid I wouldn't be able to yell 'Scott' loud enough." He lit a cigarette. "You got to yell 'Scott' pretty loud to belong on that boat."

"Isn't that Buckmaster standing in the stern now? Sure; I recognize him with—who's that with him? His mother?"

"It's probably Peggy Rickard," Larry offered. "She came along to yell for Scotty, too. She yells 'Scott' pretty loud herself."

"Does she know Scott very well?"

"Oh, they're both good friends of Buckie's," explained Larry innocently, "so of course they run into each other accidentally now and then. Accidentally beside the cigar counter at the Plaza at quarter past five. Accidentally like Rothstein was shot."

"You got this thing all worked out," I smiled.

"It's a racket," shrugged Larry. "It's a perfect racket, so long as Buckie don't go and get married to some sensible girl who would be wise to loving mothers—or loving fraternity brothers." He chuckled. "That's all they got to worry about. Otherwise they're set."

"I thought Peggy Rickard was a pretty sensible girl," I said.

"Sure," said Larry.

"I mean, I should think she could see through any racket like that."

"That's just it."

"But I thought she and Buckmaster were all set when he came to college."

"Sure."

"Well?"

(*Continued on page 48*)

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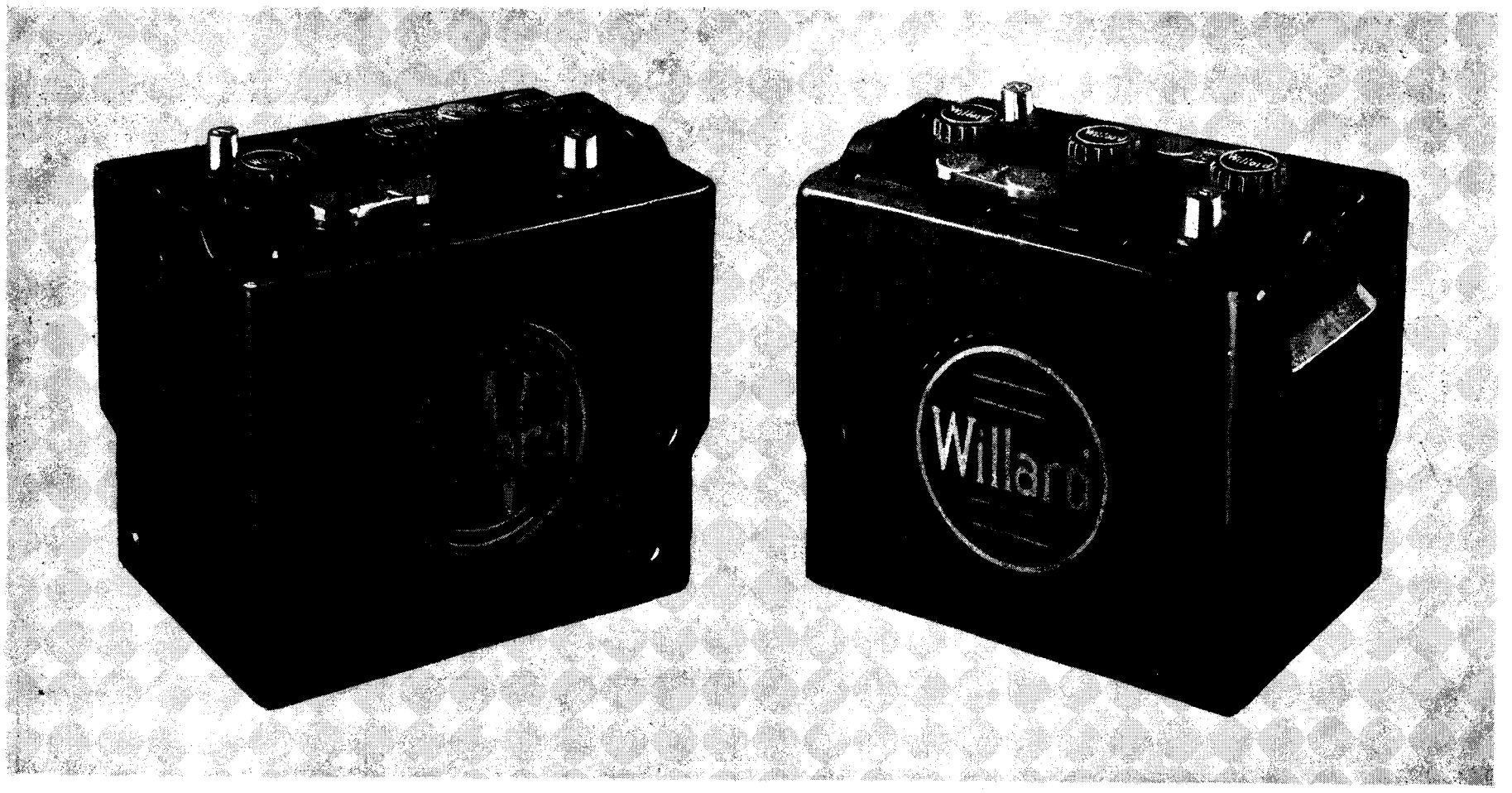

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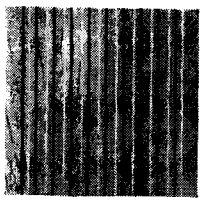

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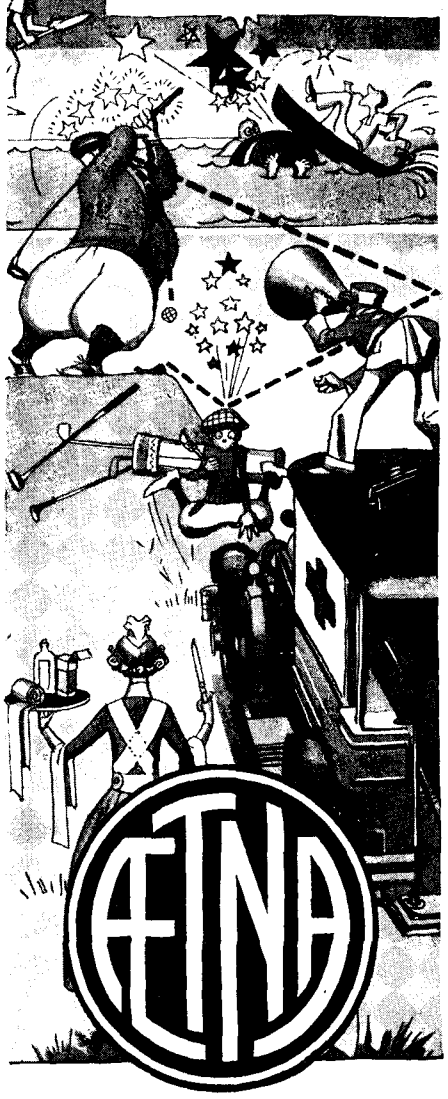

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The Twenty-Million-Dollar Kid

Continued from page 46

Larry unstrapped his glasses and handed them to me deliberately. "See Scotty? He's rowing number three."

The nine shells were drawn up abreast across the river. I focused the glasses on Scott. His wide bronzed back was curved powerfully, his great shoulders were slack and his arms rested heavily on the oars; stolid, confident. I nodded.

"He looks like he was planning to win."

"Sure he'll win," said Larry. "He always wins. That's what Scott does best: win. That's what I meant."

Nine shells darted forward almost simultaneously, the train gave a furious lurch, with a snort and a clank of couplings, the delayed report of the starter's pistol hung in the air as we jolted slowly back down the river abreast of the fighting crews in midstream, cheering insanely, chattering, laying bets, lighting cigarettes from stubs, yelling encouragement to eight blue-and-white blades that flashed in the waning sun, lifted, fell, lifted rhythmically like the wings of a white bird.

OF COURSE Scotty came out to visit Buckmaster on Long Island, after Columbia's gallant sweep of the Hudson that June. He was a particularly ebullient Scotty, basking in his recent victory, much sought after and much adored, enjoying a pleasant daily round of swimming and bridge and dancing. I dropped in occasionally on my way up and down the Island. Buckmaster was plainly unhappy and brooding. Watching Scott and Peggy together, his face would settle into disconsolate lines which did not lift again until he had had a highball or two. He had a great many highballs during those weeks. He even threatened not to return to college. This did not at all fit in with Mrs. Buckmaster's plans, as at that time they included a trip to Egypt and a certain Comte de la Roche.

I can imagine her confiding her fears to Scotty. "Ralph, I am so disturbed. Last night Evelyn spoke to me. He told me he had made up his mind—he's not going back to college. He seems so discouraged—about his fraternity and all. He doesn't feel that he has made any friends there but you, Ralph. Without you he says he can't face another year." Then with more intensity—"He told me he was going to speak to Peggy Rickard. I believe they were only waiting to get married until Evelyn finished college. But he wants her to go away with him now—"

Something of the sort must have stirred Scotty to action. Peggy was a sweet kid and probably tried to be loyal. But Scotty was built to win.

I used to see them on the beach, deep in conversation. Then they would go splashing into the surf.

Peggy lifted, slid through the first breaker in a swift plunging curve; she sputtered a taunt, her face laughing through a shower of drops: "Still coming, Ralph?" and tensed her shoulders against the next surging breaker, as she dove with a swirl and a blurred instant of white thighs under water.

Scott had breasted the roll easily behind her. His bronze-muscled arm flashed dripping out of the sheer blue, cleaved into the wave before him; his feet churned the water white as he kicked in confident pursuit.

MR. AND MRS. HUNTINGTON RICKARD announced with pleasure the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Mr. Ralph Scott on Thursday, the seventh of September, at eight o'clock. The best man was Evelyn Buckmaster III.

It was a very elaborate wedding. Friends of the bride and groom came from miles to view the spectacle, and partake of the champagne later. The Columbia chapter of Gamma Beta showed up en masse in borrowed dinner coats. Only Mrs. Evelyn Buckmaster II unfortunately was unable to be present, owing to the fact that she was touring Europe with several friends, including the Comte de la Roche of Paris, France.

THE bachelor dinner was held in the home of the best man, three days before the ceremony, and was celebrated with due toasts and conviviality. In the course of the evening the groom and the best man both made speeches. Buckmaster's, as it happened, was rather brief.

"Here's to Scotty," he said in a quiet voice. "He taught me what friendship really is."

We all drank to that but Scott. I saw Larry Pearce glance fleetingly at Buckmaster, and then he reeled to his feet, his eyes bright and malicious, and banged happily on the table: "Now let's hear from the groom."

Scott rose.

"Fellows," he said unsteadily, and someone filled his glass. "Fellows, I just wanna thank all you fellows . . . wanna tell you how much I appreciate your coming all the way out here t' this little dinner t' me. As Buck says, it makes a fellow appreciate what friendship really means—"

Buckmaster was sitting across the table; precise, courteous, erect as a portrait. His long fingers climbed the tablecloth, the stem of his wine-glass, touched his narrow chin.

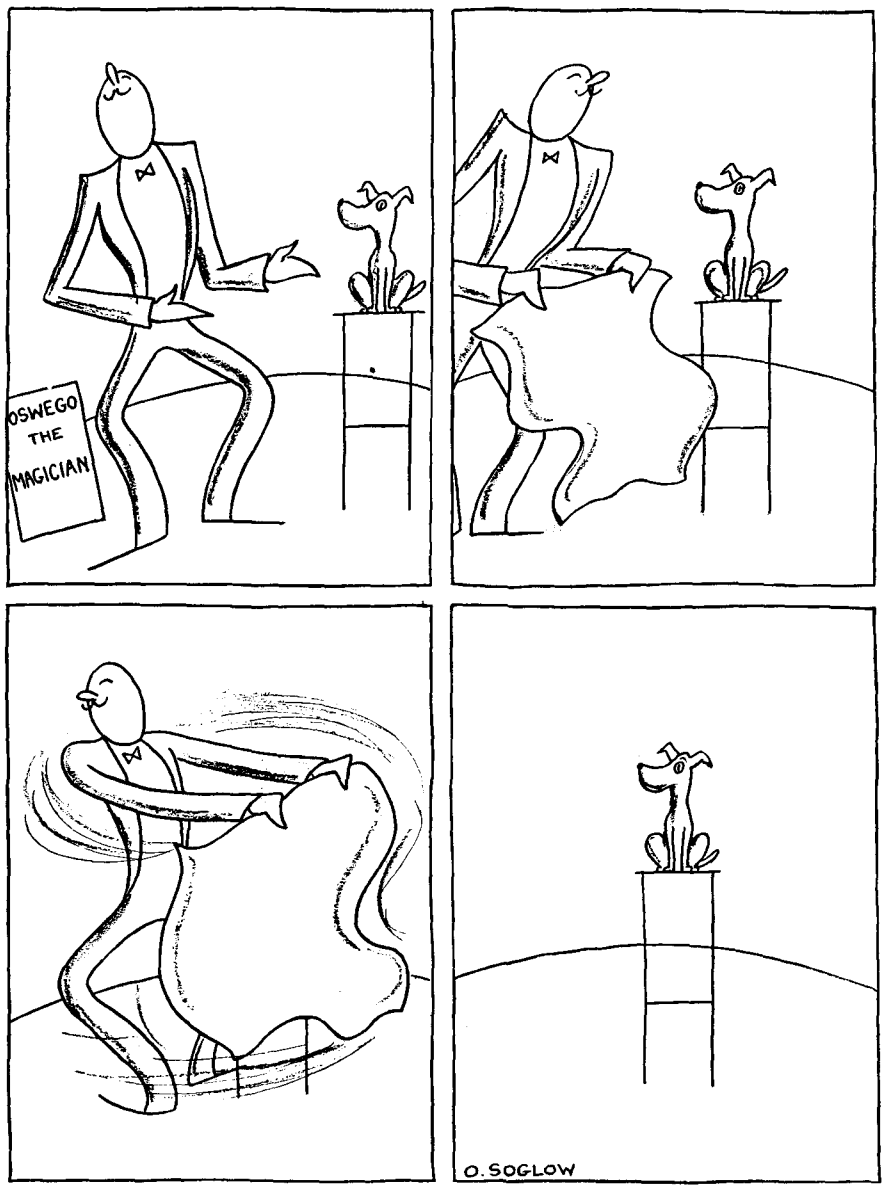
"And there's jus' one thing more, fellows." Someone filled Scott's glass again. "I jus' wanna say good-by to old Buck over there, and say he's regular, Buck is, and I only hope I've maybe helped to bring that out. 'N' I hope, Buck," he began, teetering toward him across the table, "I hope you'll keep on just the same after I've gone—"

"Don't worry, Ralph," interrupted Pearce, hanging an elbow upon Buckmaster's shoulder with careless proprietorship, "we'll take good care of Buckie. We'll carry on the good work. I'm going to be just as good a friend to him as you were, Ralph."

PEARCE was grinning up into his face complacently; Scott raised his voice against a flood of anger beginning to hum in his ears. "Listen, Buck . . . don' let that chiseler put anything over on you, kid," he shouted. "Don' let him work you. He's only working you. Don' you be a sucker—"

Buckmaster's voice rang out suddenly: "*Why not?*" His head was flung back and his dark eyes opened wide for a moment, like a startled colt's. Then he sank back and spread his fingers in a brief, precise gesture, and smiled courteously to the quiet table: "At least, you see . . . a sucker can count on his friends. . . ."

I noticed then that his smile carved a crescent droop at either corner of his mouth. He was smiling steadily.



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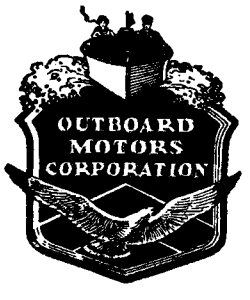
These important advertisers in the outdoor field select Collier's as the backbone of their 1930 campaigns because of its outstanding sports interest. They say:

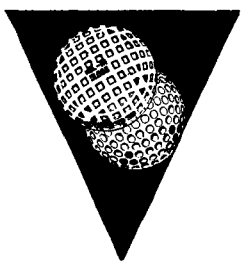


"WE have selected Collier's to carry the backbone of our 1930 campaign because of its popularity — as evidenced by its remarkable growth and the exceptionally good results we have obtained from past use.

"We feel that Collier's appeals to the active type of people who represent our best prospects and that they are particularly interested in the many articles and stories on sports and athletics that appear in the magazine."

OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION

"Collier's has again been selected as the backbone of the Wilson campaign — for four definite reasons:



1 THROUGH its remarkable growth it has proved itself to be the magazine of outstanding interest for the type of people who make our market. Over 94% of the 2,200,000 homes it reaches every week are concentrated in the best market counties in the country.

2 Collier's sparkles with topics that are alive. Its editorial material appeals to the active type of person.

3 Grantland Rice, golf's greatest writer, has articles appearing regularly — and other articles by leading sports authorities sustain the interest of outdoor people.

4 Collier's has high advertising visibility — every advertisement registers."

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY

Collier's ~ *for Action!*

now more than 2,200,000 paid circulation

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For thirty-five years Ye Jolly Tailor has stood as a symbol of quality. It is the world's best known trade-mark.

Have your Autumn and Winter suit tailored-to-order by this nationally known house. Back your purchase with prestige, reputation, and insure yourself of the most for your money.

You pay no more. You risk nothing.

The Ed. V. Price & Co. woolens always are the pick of the world's best mills. Let our local dealer show you this season's splendid offerings.

If you do not know his name, please write us.

Who's Your Tailor?
REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE BY ED V PRICE & CO.

Ed V Price & Co
CHICAGO

Largest tailors in the world of *GOOD* made-to-order clothes

On the Beach

Continued from page 9

bristle covered his cheeks and chin. The tall man joined him after a while.

"Got a tanner for it," he stated. "She was silver all right, but he wouldn't put up no more. Guess he figured he didn't have to." He growled an oath against all pawnbrokers and spat grimly. "Let's eat!"

They walked some distance until they came to a coffee shop where they went in and had a fried kipper each, some dry bread and tea. Their first food in days. They shared the last of the stolen cigarettes and went out to the street again. A short walk brought them to the shipping office.

"Not a chance," said the tall man disgustedly. He surveyed the pavements outside the office, crowded with men. On a blackboard set just inside the office doorway there was chalked the information that the Mirabar would need twelve A. B.'s, two O. S.'s, two cooks, sixteen firemen, nine trimmers and a donkeyman at eleven o'clock that morning. There were at least three hundred men waiting and more were appearing each minute.

"Might as well go down to th' Mission," said the short man dejectedly. They plodded away, joining the stream of other disappointed and workless men. They tramped into the Seamen's Mission reading-room and stared around a while, and then sat down on flimsy wooden chairs near a long, scratched oaken table littered with old magazines and newspapers. There was a feeble, fluttering coal fire in the iron grate but this had long since been surrounded by men who had drawn chairs up close to it, shutting off what little heat there was from the rest of the room.

It was a cheerless place, as Seamen's Missions always are. The walls held a few pictures of ships, both steam and sail, mostly colored prints. A model of a vessel, a full-rigger, stood on the mantelshelf. A stuffed albatross's head jutted out from a mahogany plaque on one wall and a flat glass case containing an array of knots was screwed to another. Behind a sort of counter, beyond which could be seen a smaller and much more comfortable room, sat the superintendent of the place, a tall, bony man with a bald head and a bristly brown mustache.

The tall man listlessly turned the pages of an illustrated weekly, his jaws moving on a quid, and he would twist his head once in a while to spit into a box filled with sand that lay near his feet. The short man stared bleakly ahead of him, his arms folded across his chest, his hat tipped back, a shiver running through him occasionally, for his clothes were damp and clammy. Hunger made him restless. Once or twice he dozed but his discomforts always jerked him back to wakefulness before he could drop off to full sleep. His legs and back ached intolerably and he dreamed of the warm tropical days of the last voyage, of the kits of food that came to the fo'c's'le for each meal and the plentiful remnants that went overboard, of the warm bunk that awaited each watch below.

HE ROSE after a while, painfully, yawning. The tall man had fallen forward over his illustrated weekly and was snoring heavily, his head turned sideways on his hands. The short man hitched at his belt and strolled outside where knots of idlers had gathered to enjoy unexpected warmth from a sickly yellow sun which had appeared from behind the scud.

After a while the tall man came out, his face sour and the last of his tobacco plug tucked inside one cheek.

"Might as well be cruisin'," he said. The short man roused himself and blinked.

"Might as well."

They plodded back to the shipping office but the blackboard was bare and there were many men still waiting. Then they walked to the Sailors' Home and sat in the reading-room there. The place was well filled, for it was warmer than at the Mission, and they huddled in chairs and dozed a while, until the first of the dusk had fallen. A man came round and roused them.

"You can't sleep here," he said. "Come on!"

They rose and went out again and climbed a hill, aimlessly.

They passed a lamplighter with his brass-tipped pole slanting over his shoulder, and the tall man halted and looked around as if suddenly awakened.

"It's pretty dark," he muttered.

The short man looked around.

"Pretty dark," he agreed.

They looked at each other, the tall man's eyes burning. The short man licked abruptly dry lips and moved his hands uneasily inside his pockets. . . . It began to rain again, a chill sort of heavy drizzle that was more penetrating than a solid downpour.

HOURS later they turned into the dock road near the elevated and plodded down it. A breathless little call made them halt and the girl of the night before came up. She looked brighter, her smile more genuine.

"Been keepin' a dekko for you, kid," she said, and she dropped a small silver coin into the short man's palm. "I didn't make much but I made some."

"Aw, hell . . ." But the tall man growled out an oath.

"Take it, you fool!"

"I got enough to eat an' kip on," the girl assured him. The short man reddened a little and then thrust the coin into his pocket. The tall man moved ahead a few paces.

"See you again sometime," said the girl, thrusting her hands into the side pockets of her little jacket. The short man licked his lips and stared at her. She was pretty enough, slender, defiant even, little grim lines on each side of her lips.

"Say," he blurted, "I'll get a ship maybe an' I'll have a pay day. Where c'n I find you!"

She laughed, a hard small sound.

"I'll likely be a regular by then. Save yer money."

"No kiddin'," he insisted, queerly earnest. "Where you hang out?"

The girl's smile vanished and she stared at him intently. Then she drew a pitifully thin purse from her pocket, opened it and fumbling within brought out a card.

"That's the house, sailor. You jest ask for Maggie."

He nodded and stuck the card in his pocket.

"Well, so long."

"So long, sailor."

THEY turned away from each other. He looked back once to find her watching him. He wished he could see her face.

"Aw, whatcha wastin' time for?" grumbled the tall man disgustedly. "Whatcha goin' t' do, marry her?"

"She ain't a regular. Jest on the beach like us." The tall man stared and then spat in the gutter.

"You're crazy!"

The other shrugged. They dropped the conversation and tramped on, up one street and down the next. Far away a bell tolled.

"You got a tanner," said the tall man after a while. "That'll give one of us a bed. What you figurin'?"

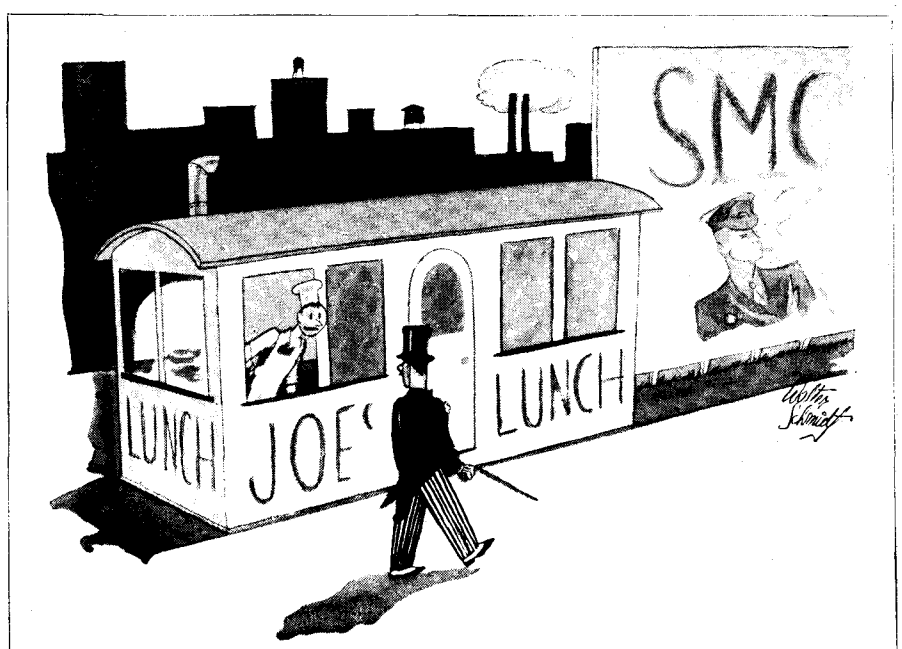
"I'll stay with you. We're mates, ain't we? We both get a bed or we both don't."

"All right."

They halted opposite a bar, lounging in the shadows at the head of a stable from which came the faint odor of manure. Several men came out of the bar, argued loudly together and then walked down the street. There was a long wait then until a solitary man appeared through the swing doors. He wore a dark check overcoat and a bowler hat and he was smoking a cigar. He weaved as he started away and the two men on the opposite side of the street followed him silently.

He turned a corner and they crossed the road after him, walking rapidly and gaining on him. The man ahead threw away his cigar and turned another corner. They caught up with him in the shadows between two lamps. The street was deserted.

"Got a match, mate?" said the tall



"We got one more hash special left—would you be interested?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man. The short man slipped behind as the other turned.

"A match?" he started. "Dunno . . ."

The tall man swung from the hip and there was a crack like a breaking stick. The short man caught at the body to lower it but it was too heavy for him and sliding from his grasp it slumped to the pavement, the back of the skull rapping sharply on the concrete.

"Fair on th' point," jerked the tall man. He breathed hard. "Run through him quick!" He stared grimly up and down the deserted street. The other dropped to his knees and thrust a shaking hand inside the right trouser pocket. He pulled forth a handful of small change.

"There's blood all over his head!" he jerked suddenly and his voice was curiously flat.

"Aw, he rapped his nut, didn't he? Jest a cut. Hurry up! He ain't croaked!"

A window went up with a slam and an authoritative voice called:

"Hey! What's going on there!"

The tall man whipped round, stared a moment and then started to run.

"Come on!"

The short man sprang upright, slipped and almost fell, and then joined him, the small change he held in his hand ringing musically on the pavement as he dropped it. They pounded madly for the nearest corner and the shrill note of a police whistle cut the air behind them.

They twisted and turned. Once they escaped a policeman by ducking into a doorway and remaining motionless until he had gone running by to answer the still echoing whistle. A few minutes after that they reached a main thoroughfare and walked slowly, panting, sweating, their hearts pounding as though they would burst. They tried to appear unconcerned. They passed another policeman and he glanced at them suspiciously but made no comment. The short man's skin crawled and it was all he could do not to break into a run again.

They felt safe at last and halted beneath a lamp to wipe their wet foreheads with their jacket sleeves.

"Didja get anythin'?" said the tall man, spitting aside.

"I let it go. That feller's shoutin' scared me."

"Aw. . . !" The other's disgust was beyond speech.

"Well, we've got a tanner anyway," observed the short man after a pregnant silence. "Might as well eat."

THEY walked down several streets, accosting the few passers-by they met and asking for some coppers without success. They went into a coffee shop and bought some bread and cheese and coffee and a packet of cheap cigarettes. They idled for as long as they could and then wearily trudged out into the rain once more.

"I gotta sleep," insisted the short man dully. "I'm goin' t' find me a doorway or somethin'."

There was nowhere they could go, no one to whom they could turn. They were friendless and alone in the city. They could not even hire out their muscles. They knew from past experiences it would be hopeless to ask for beds at the workhouse or anywhere else. There were always lines of men waiting outside such places and the superintendents of them always picked the aged and obviously sick before any others had a chance. And the aged and sick always filled them up. The blank indifference of the great city to all those others who had nowhere to sleep and little to eat sometimes made the two sailors bitter but more often filled them with a sort of dumb wonder. Nobody cared.

They plodded on, to halt outside a big church with a steeple that seemed to pierce the very scud above. They looked up and down. They looked at the church and with a muttered oath the tall man ascended the steps and tried the massive handle of the great oak doors. They did not budge. The place was in darkness and wrapped in a grave-like silence.

"They mighta let us sleep out th' rain," said the tall man bitterly. "Lots of room in there."

The short man made no answer. He was stupefied and numbed with weariness, chilled and wet to the very bone, for even the fire in his blood induced by the hold-up and the warmth of the bread and cheese and coffee had now left him. He moved as in a nightmare. He went round the side of the church, stepping between some ancient gravestones, and he discovered a deep porch that apparently led to a cellar. The door was locked but it was moderately dry inside the porch. He dropped down on his haunches, without a word, clasped his hands over his wet knees and leaned his aching back against the door. The tall man dropped beside him.

THE short man slept fitfully, waking every so often to shiver and readjust his aching limbs. The rain pattered on the slates of the near-by houses, whispered in the grass among the tombs. The wind found the porch occasionally, chill as death. The city lay silent; cold, indifferent and tranquil under the night.

It was a little before the dawn when the short man awoke with a groan, to find his right side numbed and a dull pain throbbing in his neck. He rose, awkwardly, shivering, his lips blue. He rubbed his hands together, shuffled his feet. He flapped his arms across his chest and winced as pins-and-needles shot through his right leg. His clothes were cold and clammy against his shrinking flesh. The tall man awoke, stared dully around and then creaked to his feet, spitting several times. He cursed monotonously, without force.

"Might as well beat it," muttered the short man. His teeth chattered.

"Might as well," the other agreed.

They stuck their hands in their pockets and gaining the pavement, resumed their plodding. They came to a street where dust bins had been placed out on the curb to be emptied into a cart that would soon make the rounds. Here and there bent figures were already busy, probing over the rubbish.

The two sailors stared into each bin they passed, pausing sometimes to turn the rubbish over. The tall man found a slice of iron-hard bread, covered with lint. The short man found a half-eaten bun. They devoured their finds as they walked. On top of one heaped bin they found a mess of boiled vegetables, potatoes and carrots and cabbage, mixed up with slivers of white hard grease. They picked it over, eating some.

They plodded down toward the Mission. They were nearly there when the short man halted.

"I got an idea," he said.

The tall man spat. The short man pointed to the window of a junk shop near by where was exposed a fly-specked worn card bearing the legend: WASTE PAPER BOUGHT.

"What about it?" said the tall man wearily. "Ain't nothin' to that."

"But I got an idea. Listen!" The short man grew animated and talked at length.

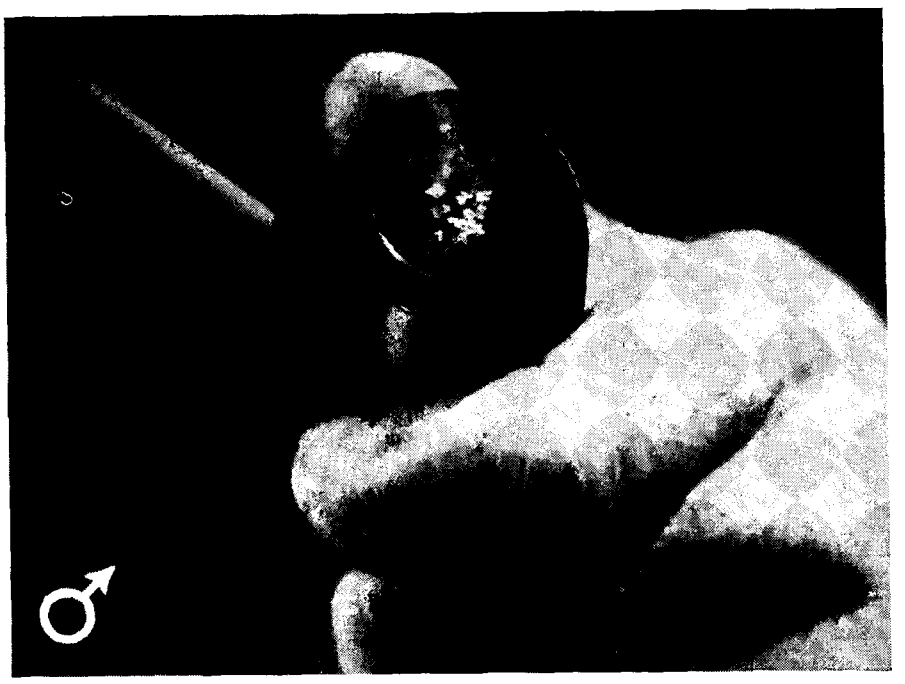
"See?" he said. "See?"

"No sense t' that," muttered the tall man. He allowed himself to be persuaded, in time, though he was contemptuous.

They walked about until, to the rear of some warehouses, they found what they wanted, two old burlap sacks which they proceeded to hide in the doorway of a tenantless house near the

(*Continued on page 52*)

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE



After all a man's smoke *is a pipe*

WHEN your nerves are a bit frazzled . . . or when you've just put over a good deal . . . or when you're enjoying yourself on the golf course, or fishing on a quiet lake . . . or settled down for the evening with a book . . . that's when you turn to your pipe.

A man's smoke, a loyal companion no matter *how* you feel—that's a good pipe filled with good tobacco.

So many men in so many lands have found that Edgeworth is *their* tobacco that we want you to know about it, too. Fill your favorite pipe with this fine old burley blend. See it glow comfortably to life as you touch your match to it. Enjoy the full, rich, *cool* smoke—the flavor that never changes and the fragrance that even non-smokers like.

If you're new to pipes, get a good one. And let us fill it for you the first several times. Just clip the coupon and send it in to us. We'll be right there with a generous, let's - get - acquainted packet of genuine old Edgeworth, free. That's how sure we are that you'll agree with us—and with hundreds of thousands of other pipe-smokers—about it.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station.

Dixie Spiritual Singers every Monday evening, 10:30 to 11, Eastern Standard Time.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change*. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin—Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name_____

My street address_____

And the town and state_____

Now let the Edgeworth come! H-39

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Radio for your Automobile

...O.K.—but what about the battery?

If you're up-to-date enough to have radio in your automobile, you can't be satisfied with makeshift radio batteries. You need a radio battery that's made specifically for automobile radio—made to stand all the shocks and vibration and exposure that such a battery must face under driving conditions. You need the Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B", because you know it will *stand up* . . . it's tested under harder conditions than it will ever have to face in service. Tumbling it in a heavy drum for hours, dropping it on steel and concrete floors didn't damage it; after eleven hours on a vibration table it still functioned perfectly; 340 hours in a strong mineral solution left it unharmed. It's *built like an armored cruiser* . . . specifically for radio in the automobile! Your dealer has the Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B". See it!

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN
General Sales Office:
20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago

RAY-O-VAC

The same high quality of the Ray-O-Vac Autoradio Battery is characteristic of Ray-O-Vac "A", "B" and "C" Radio Batteries; Aircraft Batteries; Ignition, Telephone, and Flashlight Batteries; Rotomatic and Standard Flashlights; Licensed Radio Tubes.

(*Continued from page 51*)

Mission. That done they entered the Mission reading-room and sat down. The tall man picked up a small magazine, pretended to glance through it, and, when no one was watching him, he slipped it under his jersey. The short man performed the same office for two old newspapers and then both men rose and strolled outside, feeling very self-conscious and a little foolish.

They did this many times and it was a game that kept them interested all that afternoon. It got even exciting at times, especially when it seemed the superintendent or one of the reading-room's occupants had caught them. But they were never questioned. Men were coming and going all the time, for that matter, and their frequent passing in and out was not conspicuous.

THEY practically stripped one table in the Mission and then, feeling uneasy, they crossed the street and started on the Sailors' Home. A table they stripped there, and then went back to the Mission again. By the time both places were on the verge of closing they were badly denuded of reading matter.

"I don't understand it," said the superintendent of the Mission, rubbing his shiny bald head, and staring bewildered at the whiskered old seaman who was complaining of there being nothing to read. "There was plenty here this morning."

Both of the burlap sacks were tolerably full by this time, and at the first touch of dusk the tall man shouldered one and the short man the other and they carried them to the junk shop. The dealer rubbed his hands and squinted. He was a very little man with curly black hair, a collarless shirt fastened with a stud about his throat, and a jowl clean-shaven but dark blue in color.

"Fourpence," he said.

"Each?" demanded the tall man.

"For th' lot," explained the dealer.

They took the four copper coins in silence and went out.

"That's a hell of an idea," said the tall man. He spat furiously. "A day's work fer fourpence!"

The short man looked uncomfortable.

"Well, we hadn't nothin' else t' do," he observed, reasonably enough.

The tall man had a stroke of luck. Accosting a well-dressed pedestrian, and keeping a lookout for any policeman who might loom in sight, he begged enough for a bed and was given his sixpence instead of receiving the usual curt headshake.

"If I c'n land tuppence we'll doss now," said the short man. "We've got yer tanner an' fourpence more."

They ranged up and down another hour, begging desperately, before persistency brought the required tuppence from a stout, motherly woman in a white-dotted blue blouse, a broad-brimmed black straw hat and a long coat with a worn velvet collar.

"I'm certainly sorry for you poor men," she said. She trotted away without waiting to be thanked.

"We gotta sleep," muttered the tall man. "There ain't no kiddin' about that. I'm hungry though."

"We gotta sleep," agreed the short man. They tightened their belts.

"We might flop someone again," suggested the tall man, looking sideways at his companion and his eyes growing hard. The other shivered.

"Let's wait till t'morrow. I ain't got over that other guy yet. . . . His head was all bloody."

"Aw, you got no nerve," the other muttered, but he did not bring up the subject again. He had been a little shaken himself the previous night for there was always the possibility the man had been killed, though it wasn't likely.

They sought an open doorway in a street near the docks. Over this doorway there was a square lamp with the glass broken on one side. The other bore the legend in black letters, very much worn, BEDS 6d.

They turned into the passage through the doorway and paid at the little counter let into a side wall, where a fat and dirty man in a black skull cap and a gray shirt sat poring over a cheap paper-backed novel about horse racing. He laid aside his book and, picking up a candle, escorted them up creaking bare wooden stairs and into a room that reeked of sweat and stale onions and tobacco and was filled with the heavy breathing of many men.

The candle disclosed damp-stained walls against which, all round the room, and on the dirty floor, straw mattresses were flung, most of them occupied by sleepers who lay fully dressed beneath the threadbare blanket each mattress was supplied with. The windows had all long since been broken and were pasted over with newspapers and thin cardboard through cracks in which the wind whistled eerily.

The fat man in the skull cap lighted the stub of a candle on the broken mantelpiece from the light he himself carried, and then gestured toward two vacant mattresses.

"There y'are. Blow th' candle out an' don't get a-smokin'. We don't want no fires."

He went out of the room and closed the door. One of the sleepers awakened, raised on one elbow and scowled.

"Makin' enough noise," he said hoarsely.

"Aw, shut yer face!" snapped the tall man. He sat on his mattress and pulled off his wet boots. The short man did likewise. Then they knotted the laces and wrapped them round their wrists. Nothing was safe in a doss house and there were sixteen or seventeen men in the room who would rise at varying hours.

Fully dressed and wet as they were, the sailors crawled under their blankets, tucked the rough straw pillows under their heads and stretched out with a luxurious sigh. They forgot the candle and it guttered out by itself sometime later on.

THEY awoke late next morning to discover they had the room to themselves save for one inert form in a corner. They pulled on their boots and went out to the washroom where was a shallow wooden trough beneath three stained brass taps. There was no soap and a pile of newspapers sufficed for towels. After rinsing their hands and faces they descended the stairs to the street and turning up their coat collars, plunged into the ceaseless rain.

They made the regular monotonous round to the shipping office but instead of going to the Mission reading-room afterward they struck off for the docks. It seemed, strangely, a greater crime to have robbed the reading-room of its magazines and papers than it had been to break into that house or knock down that late homefarer.

They turned into the road where the elevated rattled and roared in its metal trough above the dock wall, and then, abruptly, fortune came to them. They were plodding along slowly, stopping now and then to talk to other men, when the girl Maggie came hurrying up.

"I was jest hopin' I'd find yer," she said. She was a little breathless and her cheeks were flushed. "I only 'ad a minute to run out an' I've got to get right back."

"Hopin' t' find me?" echoed the short man, taken aback but queerly pleased. He was aware that several loungers outside a bar were watching them and he felt embarrassed. He flushed slowly. The tall man spat and looked impatient.

"I found a guy last night," the girl explained. She stopped, bit her lower lip but went on. "He was pretty good t' me. He's skipper of a tug goin' across t' Belfast t'night. Said he'd want two or three 'ands an' I told 'im I had some friends if I c'd find 'em. See?" she ended somewhat lamely.

"You mean you got us a berth?" demanded the tall man. He pushed forward and spat with a trace of excitement.

"He's up to my place now," said the girl. She stared coldly at the tall man and then looked at his companion again. "You'd better meet 'im. I'll bring 'im down."

The short man walked along in a daze. He seemed unable to grasp the fact he was about to get work.

The tall man was eying the girl speculatively across his friend's shoulder. She was pretty, all right.

"Say," he called boldly, "maybe we c'd take a few beers when I gets paid off."

She stared at him and a hard look came to her eyes.

"I got a date with yer pal," she said.

"That's right," added the short man. "She's got a date with me."

THE tall man scowled and then shrugged. Lots of women. An hour later he stood in a bar with the short man and they were wolfing bread and cheese and sipping at foaming glasses. They had not only landed jobs on the tug bound for Belfast that night but they had received a small money advance from her captain and a promise of continued work for several months.

"We gotta be aboard by ten t'night," said the short man, looking at the big clock above the bar. The tall man wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and then swigged again at his beer. "I gotta be goin'," added the short man. He finished his bread and cheese and emptied his glass.

"Leavin' me, huh?" demanded the tall man.

"I'll see you on th' tug." The other reddened slightly.

"Gotta see that girl, eh?"

"She's a good kid. She ain't a regular. Anyone c'd see that. Got us th' job, didn't she?"

"Whatcha figurin' on? Marryin' her?" The tall man laughed.

"I ain't thought about that. But she's a good kid."

"Aw . . . !" The tall man wiped his mouth again and finished his glass.

"Well, so long!" said the short man. "See yer later."

"So long! Don't get left."

The short man turned away and pulled his hat over his eyes.

"Say!" called the tall man. The other turned and came back. The tall man grinned. "We're mates, ain't we?"

"That's right," said the short man.

"Well, I'll tell yer somethin'. . . . She's all right."

The short man laughed and left the bar and went down the street, his head bent to the rain, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. He felt singularly happy. The city suddenly seemed very friendly and warm, not indifferent at all.

In the bar the tall man pushed his glass across the mahogany.

"Fill 'er up, Flo! . . . That mate of mine's stuck on a jane an' can't stay. . . . How's chances t' take you somewhere's when I gets paid off?"

A grimy-faced dock laborer brushed the tall man with his elbow.

"She's a tough winter," said the dock laborer, slapping down some silver.

"'Alf 'n 'alf, Flo!"

"Tough's right," agreed the tall man. "Why, listen! I been on th' beach two weeks now. And, say. . . ."

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Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 25

As Caxton barked out the name, the defendant Merrill rose halfway in his seat, his face the color of a winding-sheet.

"The State rests its case with this letter, Your Honor," Caxton said in a voice soft as velvet.

"May I see it, please!" Counsel's voice was heavy as if with some monstrous lassitude.

"Certainly, Senator."

Enderley adjusted his glasses and read it, his massive thumb moving along the edge of the sheet as if to test its sharpness.

"No objections, Your Honor!" he ejected stertorously.

Judge Farnham cleared his throat.

"The defendant Merrill appears in need of medical assistance," he said dispassionately. "Court stands adjourned for noon recess! It'll reconvene at one-thirty!"

As His Honor prepared to arise, the defendant Conrad Merrill got to his feet and stood swaying before the Court.

"I'm all right," he said in a low clear voice as he brushed aside the hands that were offered him.

Mr. Roger Caxton's pearl-gray four-in-hand rose under a deep intake of breath. His thin lips were stretched to transparency as he picked up his hat and followed his assistant to lunch.

"YOUR Honor; Gentlemen of the Jury!" Senator Enderley began. "A man is presumed innocent until proved guilty. I think you'll agree with me that in this latter the State has failed most signally. In presenting our side of the case I shall endeavor to the best of my ability to show you how utterly and signally it has failed. The basis of this trial is one of slander, most insidious and sordid, of which the State has made capital and upon which it has built its case. But slander, gentlemen, is like the shifting sands; it has a way of disintegrating under the stoutest structure and of overwhelming those who build thereon.

"It is the State's contention that my clients met at the mill pond by preconceived arrangement to murder—and that they did murder—a gentlewoman who had never done them anything but good. That they beat and strangled her to death in almost broad daylight and threw her into the water to make it appear that she had drowned. That they did this, after first having the victim make a will in the favor of one—or both of them—and then destroyed the will so they could not benefit from the fruits of their crime.

"That, gentlemen, is the case in a nutshell. A hypothesis than which, in my somewhat varied career at the bar, I have not heard the like. Where inference is to be drawn from a long train of circumstances, it is a matter of judgment—an exercise of the understanding, and as all men do not understand alike, very opposite conclusions are sometimes drawn from the same shades of probability. I shall try, gentlemen, to draw such conclusions for your consideration. Call Miss Sjostrom, please!"

"Miss Helma Sjostrom!"

In spite of the modish cut of the brown ensemble, the smart ballibuntl hat and alligator oxfords, there was a breath of the Scandinavian uplands about Miss Sjostrom, of flowering meadows. A sturdy figure, self-reliant, capable.

The senator had risen to his feet. His great bulk did not seem to bother him now that his own witness was in the dock.

"What is your profession, Miss Sjostrom?"

"I am a lady's maid." Each syllable was pronounced with neat precision and in a slight but not unmelodious singsong.

"Where were you employed on the twentieth of May this year?"

"At the house of Miss Jane Crandall."

"How long had you been with her?"

"Two years, last Apreel."

"Miss Sjostrom, do you remember if Miss Crandall was at home on the eighteenth of May, two days before she died?"

"Yes, I remember. She was not at home on that day."

"By what happenings are you able to remember this?"

"Because the eighteenth of May was her birthday. She went to New York early in the morning and came back for dinner at seven o'clock. When she went to bed that night she told me to call her at half past six because she was going for a drive with some friends the next morning and would be gone all day."

"Do you know who these friends were?"

"No."

"Did they call for Miss Crandall?"

"Yes. They came in a car at half past seven in the morning."

"Did you see them?"

"I saw only that it was an elderly man and a woman. They did not come out of the car."

"Did they bring Miss Crandall back that evening? If so, at what time?"

"It was after dark, but I think it was the same people that brought her back."

"Did Miss Crandall say anything about where she had been or who the people were?"

"No. Only that she had been out in the country."

"Was her own car in running order?"

"I think so. Collins would know."

"Did Miss Crandall seem in good spirits when she returned?"

"She was very tired. I remember she said that it had been a very long ride. I said that the country must be beautiful at this springtime, and she said that she had too many things on her mind to look at the country."

"Now then, Miss Sjostrom, that was on the nineteenth of May—the day before she met her death?"

The witness nodded. "Yes," she replied in a low voice.

"WHEN she left the house the following evening, May twentieth, to keep her appointment at Locust Grove with Mr. Merrill, were you at home also?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember if Miss Crandall wore the pink silk scarf when she left?"

"Oh, yes. I brought it out to the car myself when I saw that she had forgotten something for her throat. When I ran out with it she said, 'No, not that scarf, Helma! All right, never mind, it won't hurt me to wear it this once, I guess.' "

The witness' face was impassive, but a tear from one of her vivid blue eyes dropped upon her folded hands where it lay sparkling for a moment, a silent tribute to a kindly mistress.

Enderley paused considerately.

"Dr. Ross stated in his testimony that he had never seen her wear the scarf before. Was it a recent acquisition? I mean, had Miss Crandall bought it just before her death?"

"She did not buy it. It was given her as a birthday present two days before." (*Continued on page 54*)

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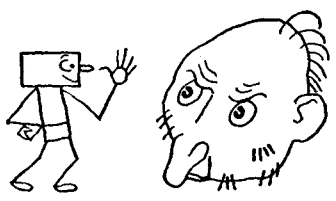

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(*Continued from page 53*)

"Do you know by whom it was given her?"

"Yes, by Mr. Ashbury, the old gentleman with the bank. It came in a box on the morning of her birthday while Miss Crandall was in New York."

The Old Gentleman with the Bank, who had been required by the defense to remain in court for possible further examination, stiffened in his seat behind Caxton and scowled darkly at the witness.

"Did Miss Crandall tell you that Mr. Ashbury had given her the scarf?"

"Well, she said to me when she opened the box that night: 'Are not men funny, Helma? They all think they are the incarnation of Adonis. And the older they get, the more sure they are. I suppose I'll have to wear it, not to hurt his feelings!' "

"HOW did you know that Miss Crandall was referring to Mr. Ashbury?"

"Because when I carried the box down to the incinerator there was Mr. Ashbury's card inside. I took it back to Miss Crandall and she read it and said, 'Good Heavens, Helma, he's coming to congratulate me in person tonight. Get my blue chiffon dress from the closet. He'll be here in less than half an hour.' "

"Did you read the message written on the card—the message which told Miss Crandall that he was coming over?"

"No. But I saw what it said on the front side. 'Not a peace offering but a gift.' "

"Did Mr. Ashbury call that night?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Do you remember when he left?"

"Yes, half past ten o'clock."

"How d'you happen to remember the exact time?"

"Object!" Caxton shot out. He had been twitching in his chair for some time. "What possible bearing has it on this case at what time Mr. Ashbury terminated a friendly call two nights before the crime was committed?"

"It has *every* bearing," the senator retorted, with a glance at the Court for permission to go on.

His Honor nodded.

"I see no harm in the witness answering the question," he said.

"I remember the time because Miss Crandall told me if Mr. Ashbury does not go by half past ten, you come down, Helma, and say that it is now half past ten and Dr. Ross just telephoned and asked if you were disregarding his orders because he saw a light in your living-room window."

"Mr. Ashbury was still there when you delivered this message?" the senator asked after quiet had been restored in the courtroom by Judge Farnham's gavel.

"Yes."

"What were he and Miss Crandall doing when you came into the living-room?"

"They were standing in the middle of the room."

"Yes, Miss Sjostrom. Please go on."

"Miss Crandall had the pink scarf around her neck, and Mr. Ashbury was holding the ends with his hands, and pulling. Miss Crandall said, 'You're choking me, Mr. Ashbury,' and Mr. Ashbury replied, 'You make me desperate enough sometimes to do it, Jane.' When they saw me, Mr. Ashbury looked mad at me and called for his hat and went away."

"Did Miss Crandall say anything to you about this episode afterwards?"

"Yes, she was angry with him while I brushed her hair for retiring. She said that she had a good mind to write him a letter and put her money in a New York bank so she wouldn't have to see him any more."

"Do you know if she wrote such a letter?"

"Yes, next morning she wrote him a letter and asked me to post it at the corner mail box."

"I see," said the senator; "that was the reason she did not like to wear the scarf? I think that'll be all, Miss Sjostrom. Cross-examine," he added over his shoulder at Caxton, teetering on the edge of his chair. The prosecutor darted a savage, baffled look over his shoulder at the vice president of the First National Bank of Marshall as he arose. Mr. Ashbury looked ill, but he revived somewhat when the interest shifted once more to the witness Sjostrom.

"Do you mean to say, Miss Sjostrom, that your mistress permitted you to read her letters?" Caxton flung out at her.

"To read them? No!"

"How d'you know, then, what were the contents of the letter Miss Crandall wrote Mr. Ashbury?"

"I don't know. I know it was for Mr. Ashbury. His name was on the envelope."

"Perhaps you also know how to open an envelope by steaming the flap over a kettle?" Caxton suggested.

"Yes, I know that."

"But you don't know the text of that letter?" Caxton asked with malicious incredulity.

"What is—text?" the witness asked imperturbably.

"The message it contained—the—what Miss Crandall had written to Mr. Ashbury!" the prosecutor spluttered in exasperation.

"That is right; I only know for sure what Miss Crandall tell me she was going to write, the night before," Miss Sjostrom replied.

Caxton eyed the witness with the expression of a porcupine contemplating a prickly pear.

"Do you know the defendant, Conrad Merrill?"

"I have seen him."

"At Miss Crandall's house?"

"Yes."

"Often?"

"Before—yes."

"You mean that you haven't seen him lately?"

"That is what I mean, yes."

"As Miss Jaeger testified, he used to come to the house quite regularly?"

"I do not know regular or not. One, two times a week—maybe more sometimes. I cannot say. It is many months since."

"How many months?"

"Near a year, I think."

"Do you know why he stopped coming to the house?"

"No."

"You don't know whether or not he and Miss Crandall had a disagreement?"

"Oh, no! They were very agreeable to one another."

CAXTON smiled softly. The witness was behaving better—much better.

"You mean that they were affectionate to each other?" he purred.

"Oh—very!"

"Did you ever witness any tangible demonstration of such affection?"

The witness looked at her interrogator blankly.

"I do not know what the gentleman means. His words are very long. I have been in America only two years and six months."

The gentleman smiled benignly.

"Did you ever see the defendant Merrill kiss Miss Crandall?" he asked.

Miss Sjostrom seemed to freeze up suddenly. She regarded the prosecutor with cold hostility.

"I do not carry tales. Miss Crandall was my employer," she replied simply but with unmistakable intent.

The wave of merriment that rippled over the room went unreprimanded.

"Answer the question, witness!" the judge said, removing the friendly gleam from his stern gray eyes with an effort.

"Must I tell?" The witness' flaming face was turned to the Court.

"Yes, Miss Sjostrom, you must!" But there was a note of apology in Judge Farnham's voice.

"Well, then, I *did* see."

"What did you see?" Explicitness was Caxton's creed.

"Did you not ask me if I saw Mr. Merrill—kiss Miss Crandall?" Another wave of color flooded the witness' face.

"That's what you saw, then?"

"Yes!"

"When was this?"

The witness shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not remember—so long since."

"Where were Miss Crandall and Mr. Merrill when you witnessed it?"

"In the hall."

"As the defendant was leaving?"

"No. As Mr. Merill was coming."

"I see. Was he in the habit of greeting her with a kiss upon arriving at the house?"

"I do not know if it was a habit."

The prosecutor's eyes narrowed.

"I'm asking you if you saw him kiss your mistress more than once."

"Three times."

"Always in the hall upon arriving?"

"I do not know what you mean—always. They stood in the hall and he kissed her three times."

Caxton blinked.

"I see," he said hastily, "you observed it only on one occasion, then?"

"Yes. It was a mistake. I did not wish to see. The bell rang and I went to answer it but Miss Crandall got to the door first."

"Was she in the hab—I mean did she usually answer the bell herself?"

"No, Daisy, the parlor maid, did, or I."

"Miss Crandall seemed overjoyed to see Mr. Merrill—I mean very glad?"

"Miss Crandall was always very glad to see Mr. Merrill, yes."

"Did they act like lovers?"

The witness gave a little eloquent shrug.

"One does not kiss unless one loves," she said.

AT THIS sound and wholesome philosophy, Mr. Caxton tried another tack.

"Did Miss Crandall ever speak with you about how she felt in regard to Mr. Merrill?"

"To me? Never!"

"But you knew that he made love to her?"

"I know that he was very—fond of her."

"Didn't you think it unusual that a man of his age should fall in love with a woman so much older than himself?"

"No. If I was a man I would have loved with Miss Crandall, too. She was a very—what you call charming woman; and she did not look old. When I saw her first, I thought she was not as much as thirty years old."

"Even so, didn't you think it odd—strange?"

"I did not think. It was not my business."

"You're a singularly circumspect woman, Miss Sjostrom, aren't you?" the prosecutor remarked unpleasantly.

"I do not know what you mean by that word—"

At a warning cough from the bench, Caxton hurried on.

"I don't suppose you thought anything about it, either, when Merrill ceased to come to the house?"

"That is right. I did not think," the witness agreed.

The prosecutor shot her a malevolent glance.

"Were all the other servants in the house on the night of the murder?" he wanted to know.

"Yes. All except the colored laun-

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ress. She goes home to her man at ight."

"When did you first hear of Miss randall's death?"

"When Mr. Putnam, the sheriff, came nd told us about it."

"At what time was that?"

"It was after eleven o'clock. I had ust gone to bed."

"Miss Crandall expected to be out ate? Did she tell you not to wait up or her?"

"She told me—nothing. I did not now what she expected. She has her ey. Collins came back with the car oon."

"How soon?"

"Fifteen or twenty minutes, I think, maybe."

"DID you speak with him upon his return?"

"No."

"He didn't make any remarks to the other servants about where he had left Miss Crandall?"

"I do not know. He went to his room on the top of the garage. I did not see him."

"Your statement is a trifle ambiguous, Miss Sjostrom," Caxton remarked dryly. "If you didn't see him, perhaps you'll be so good as to tell us how you knew that he went to his room."

"I will. I heard him sing."

"Ah, Collins is a singer, is he? Tenor or baritone?"

Judge Farnham's black gown rustled ominously. He frowned at counsel when no objection came from that quarter. Senator Enderley merely smiled faintly. He evidently endorsed the sentiment about the calf and the rope.

"Te-nor!" the witness replied with a promptitude that took even Caxton aback.

"I don't *suppose*," he queried, "you can remember what song he was singing?"

"Oh, yes! It was La Donna é Mobile from the opera of Rigoletto."

"Ah, he's a grand opera singer as well as a chauffeur?"

"Mr. Collins is only chauffeur while he learns to sing. Miss Crandall gave him the position so he can study. She was interest in him."

The prosecutor struck an indignant pose.

"Do you mean the Court to infer that your dead mistress had a penchant for young men?" He managed to convey the utmost scorn in his Anglicized rendition of the word, and then suddenly remembering that he was dealing with a witness of limited vocabulary, opened his mouth to reframe the question in simpler and more vituperative terms, when Miss Sjostrom replied with the nicest of Gallic shading:

"Miss Crandall had a *penchant* for being kind. She was always helping somebody."

Caxton jerked his head back as if he had been struck in the face.

"That's all!" he barked out.

(*To be continued next week*)

Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 20

climbing up beside him on the old brown-and-gold dummy of the Hyde Street line.

"You're still sticking to that," he said with a laugh. He handed the two nickels over his shoulder with an easiness that impressed her as being already the manner of a city man.

"Aren't you?" she asked, amazed, and with a little uneasiness.

"Aren't I what?"

"Still working it?"

He had fenced her into the protected front corner of the dummy by twisting his long, lithe body sideways on the seat; the delicious movement of the car began; they were riding up and down the hills in the cool black air. Dina could see the laugh in his eyes.

"Working what?" he asked. And then, with affectionate criticism, "Say, you've got to have some clothes, do you know it!"

"Oh, don't I know it?" she echoed, with a desperate laugh.

"Well, we'll do that next!" he decided easily. "I had to buy myself two shirts today," he digressed suddenly.

"I'm glad——But *how?*" she puzzled, in her mind.

"But now, let me tell you all that happened!" he began eagerly. "I left you at the restaurant, see, and I went down to one of the newspaper offices, and sorter looked things over—but it was pretty late, it was after four; so I thought I'd go back to the hotel and get some sleep and get an early start today.

"Well, I couldn't lie down there—there was a terrible racket going on, so I came out again. This was about six, see? I didn't want to go to the restaurant so early, so I got on a car line—this car line, and I rode along, without knowing where it was taking me, and after awhile I got off and walked a few blocks, and I saw this place—wait till you see it! It's a studio—it said 'Studio to Let' on it. It's up here—

"So I thought it wouldn't be any harm looking at it, and I rang the bell, and this feller—Perry Hickson, he's a big, bushy-headed guy; he looked out—you'll go crazy about him!—and he asked me what I wanted and if I was a model. I sorter laughed," Mont went on, enormously enjoying the recital and her rapt reception of it, "and I said, 'No, but I *could* be a model,' so then he said to come up.

"He's an artist and his wife's an actress, Sonia France—she's rehearsing now; she's opening in a play at the Alhambra next week. They have a wonderful place—gosh, it is *wonderful*," Mont interrupted himself to say under his breath. "A big north window, and couches and a skylight—you know you have to have a north window," he told her, in casual enlightenment.

"Oh, do you, Mont?"

"Here, now, you'll see it!" Mont said, signaling the conductor. The car stopped on the top of a hill; terraces rather than streets led to lower levels, grass spurted between cobbles that were rarely touched by wheels. "Our place is downstairs, below them!"

"Our place!" she echoed, thrilled.

THEY walked a short block, climbed a curving ramp that was lighted by an occasional feeble bulb dangling from a post, followed a footpath across a dim great corner lot filled with eucalyptus trees, and came out upon an odd little cobbled street like a shelf, hanging above the scattered lights of the city below.

"Oh, Mont!" Dina gasped, transfixed.

"Isn't it?" he exulted. He caught her arm again. "Well, come on, come on!" he urged her.

They went through an old iron gate, and up some broken cement steps that wandered past one odd little doorway after another.

He rang a bell.

"By the way," he said, in a hasty aside, "they think we've been married a long time—I had to—"

"That was a good idea!" she agreed.

(*Continued on page 56*)

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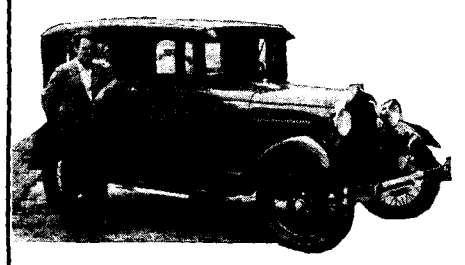

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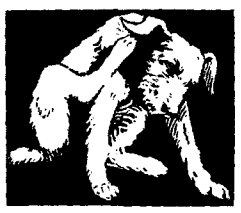

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(*Continued from page 55*)

There was no time for more, a door opened, and all Dina's senses swam dizzily as she tried to assimilate the scene before her.

An enormous room, skylights, hanging tapestries, great north window bare to the black night sky and the stars, dim lights within, music playing, two or three couples circling in a dance, others scattered here and there in the shadows, and everywhere a litter of chairs, tables, easels, canvases, properties of all sorts. Dina saw legs crossed high in air, whose owners, sunk deep in soft old chairs or divans, were invisible; she saw detached hands holding glasses; she saw a tall, broad-shouldered man with bushy gray hair welcoming Mont and herself, waving a glass of some brownish liquid, gesturing hospitably. And she saw Sonia France.

SONIA was in yellow; the whitest woman who ever wore the startling color, or any other color. Her skin was daisy-petal white, untouched with rouge, powdered white over her straight nose; her hair was pale white-gold; her throat, arms, her hands were white. She had sleepy hazel eyes; her mouth was carmine.

She was not pretty; her eyes were a shade too close together, her lips too full for beauty. But she was something more, strikingly fair, and there was an animation, a magnetism about her that more than atoned for irregular features. Dancing when Dina and Mont came in, she nodded at Mont over some man's shoulder, and went on dancing.

Dina was conscious of her own clumsy clothing and tired, ungroomed face and hair; she was wearied almost to faintness. Somehow she reached a great low couch, littered with pillows upon which more than one other person had already sunk comfortably. Everything was shadowy and dark, the couch so soft and shaky that she felt as if she had gone right through it and was sitting on the floor. The man next her—she could not see him at all—caught at her hand and drew it tightly through his arm, which felt velvety, as if he had a wrapper on. Mont had gone across the room; she dared do nothing but accept whatever came along.

After the dance was over Perry Hickson came to sit beside her and to say that she looked tired, and would she perhaps like to go right downstairs?

"Your apartment is part of our place," he said, "but I have no use for it; I rent it. Your husband simply fell in love with it—wanted it right off—"

Lights had been turned up. Dina saw that the man next to her in the velvet coat was a slim, oily-looking creature, almost as dark as a Negro. He wandered away immediately, and not seeing Mont anywhere she felt bewildered and forlorn.

"I'll take you down," Perry said. "I think Sonia's got Brett into a poker game."

"Poker!" Dina said, with a memory of the fights that always went on when the men at Mrs. Robbins' played poker.

"It's just a little game," the man said. "We were playing last night, and he took a hand. He couldn't lose—he cleaned us all out!"

"Going down?" Mont called, looking up from his hand as she somewhat clumsily followed Perry across the room. "I'll be right down!"

An odd expression came over her tired face, an odd feeling gripped her heart, as she went through a door at the back of the studio and carefully descended a flight of narrow dark stairs. Perry preceded her. He snapped up a light.

They were in a large basement room, finished with dark board-and-batting in redwood, showing three large windows, uncurtained and high, against the night outside. There was almost no furniture in the room; it might have been the assembly hall of a small athletic club, bare and wood-finished. An empty table against one wall had a two-burner gas stove on it; a curtained wooden box nailed to the wall above showed a few cups and blue Japanese saucers. Against another wall was a narrow couch, with two gray blankets and a ticking pillow piled at its foot. Dina saw her old cardboard box, her only luggage, and Mont's imitation alligator-skin suitcase, standing together beside a wooden chair. Except for a pile of magazines, and a pyramid of collapsed Japanese lanterns, there was nothing else in the room.

"You'll have to see this place in the daylight; it's got the loveliest view in San Francisco," Perry said, walking about with an air of doing something to it, although there was nothing to do. "You'll have to fix it up, of course. You can curtain those windows or put shades on 'em—there are shades around here somewhere. It will take you a little while to get settled, naturally."

Dina was too dazed to speak. It seemed impossible that she was to stay here. Not but what the room was fine, large and clean and with a beautiful exposure, but the strangeness of having this unknown gray-headed man showing it to her, the utter confusion into which Mont's conduct threw her, the lateness of the hour, her own weariness and loneliness, prevented her from speech, made even thought impossible.

"You have a washroom there," said Perry, opening a door upon darkness. "It's a complete little place. The man who was here before had it for three years!"

"Thank you," Dina managed to say, strangling. Immediately she was alone.

She sat down on the narrow bed and stared dully ahead of her. From upstairs came the pulsing of music, and the pushing sound of feet, dancing. It went on and on—

After a long time Dina got up, took her cardboard box, burst the strings that tied it and laid it open on the table. Her familiar old garments looked as if they belonged to another life, as indeed they did.

She undressed, hanging her clothes on the pegs in the washroom; she washed her face with hot water and soap, and combed her mahogany-brown hair. Then she went back into the big room and spread the blankets smoothly on the couch and placed a towel over the pillow. Afterward she snapped off the light and went over to one of the great windows, to open it.

With the darkness the beautiful panorama below the studio leapt into view: the stars, the starry bracelets of light that she and Mont had seen from the hill. She saw the green waters of the bay flowing and moving mysteriously under the green moon, and the dim dark line of the mountains closing in the east like a wall. The cool night air came in eagerly. Dina laid her tired head against the cheap wooden casing of the window, and remained looking out for a long time, too weary to think or move.

AFTER awhile she got to her feet and went over to the couch. It was narrow and slippery; she could not manage to keep the gray blankets comfortably about her. For some time she twisted and turned, gripping them, jerking her head about on the pillow. Then suddenly she was comfortable, her feet snugly bound, her shoulders covered. She sighed, a delicious heaviness fell upon her, her eyes, pressed downward against the pillow, shut themselves slowly. Upstairs, the music droned on, stopped, began again—was finally still. The shuffling feet shuffled no longer. Dina knew nothing, felt nothing; all the fatigue and problems and puzzles of the long day were merged, softened, lost in sleep.

It was hard to fit it all together when she wakened, late in the next morning. Sunshine was blazing over the city, but it had already deserted the eastern windows, and there was delicious clear shadow in the room.

She lay for a while on her pillow, thinking. Mont's suitcase was gone, there was no sign of it or of him. There was not a sound in the house, but some bird was persistently calling among the straggling gardens down the hillside, and now and then the sweet mellow sound of a boat's whistle came from the bay.

Married, and living in San Francisco—and it was like this! Dina had pondered, puzzled, worried, until she could ponder, puzzle and worry no more.

But as she soberly, quietly dressed herself, and straightened the big bare room, there was again in her eyes the new look they had worn last night; a look of gravity and determination. The girl who had run away impulsively from dishes and dust and despair, down in the hot fruit country, had vanished. There was a woman in her place.

She hated her horrible dress, the dress in which she had taken the long night drive, in which she had tramped the wearying, bewildering streets, in which she had washed the dirty glasses and plates in the basement of Solasso's Fashion Restaurant. It was a thick, clothy dress, in a rather large plaid; it had an embroidered yoke of cheap, creamy voile.

Dina did not know that the materials were coarse and badly combined, but she knew that she disliked the dress intensely. She longed for something dark and simple; a dark blue silk, a gown of black thin stuff of some sort.

However, there was nothing to do but put on the brown plaid, which was not the more popular with her because Aunt Floss had bought it at a rummage sale in Squidgett, and brush her hair, and rub her shoes with a blue rag that happened to be hanging on the pipes under the wash stand, before going up the narrow little stairs.

WHEN she opened the studio door, an act that was so formidable that she hesitated long on the landing before daring it, everything was changed. Last night's noise and crowd, dim lights, tobacco smoke, had vanished; and through a doorway at the back Dina could see a narrow, sunny strip of kitchen, where a Chinese boy with garters holding up his shirt-sleeves was smoking a cigarette as he washed dishes.

Sonia was nowhere. An easel had been moved out into the center of the stage room, and a slender man in a Mexican costume with a red sash and a broad hat was working at it, drawing boldly in colored chalks, his back to Dina as she came in.

He turned at the sound of her entrance, and she saw that it was Mont. Mont with a black mustache making him look ten more than his twenty-two years, with black sideburns under his ears, and with a light Dina never had seen shining in his eyes. He looked utterly, radiantly happy.

"Hello!" he said joyously. And then, with a little change of manner, "Say, listen, haven't you got anything but that dress?"

"Don't you like it?" she asked, with a brave smile. "Well, I don't either, but it's the only one I have, except aprons. Mont, why are you dressed like that?"

"Mr. Hickson's painting me!"

"Painting you!"

"Yes; for a poster—for a magazine cover, if he can sell it."

"And—where's he? Where are they?"

"Miss France always sleeps until noon. She has a rehearsal at two today;

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she ought to be out at any time now."

Dina's eyes were on a clock.

"Is that right?"

"Yep. It's just noon. Are you starving?"

"Why, I *never* sleep so late," Dina said, apologetically.

"Mr. Hickson started a picture of me," Mont said, working away with the chalks, "and he took it across the lot for another painter—some man they call Bonty—he was here last night too—to see. And Dina, listen! Yesterday, before I went down to get you, I was monkeying here—like I am now—see? And Mr. Hickson looked at it, and he said, 'You have *something*.' What do you think of that?"

"How do you do it?" she asked youthfully, standing behind him, watching the brown hands.

MONT put down his handful of chalks, beat his hands together and, with a jerk of his handsome dark head—handsomer than ever now in this picturesque dress—indicated a wide couch over by the window. Eagerly, hungry for a few words with him alone, a few serious words, when they were both rested, both sane, Dina joined him there. They sat side by side.

"Dina," he said, "isn't this fun! Do you suppose anyone in this world was ever as lucky as I am!"

Not the girl with whom he had eloped; it was the new-found woman who answered him mildly,

"It's all come out the way you hoped it would, Mont."

"The way I hoped—I never would have dared hope anything like this! Finding the studio—isn't that a peach of a studio? And having Hickson for a friend right away, having him stand behind me and say that I had—something. And Sonia—you didn't get a chance to talk to her, did you? Sonia's a peach. I call her 'Miss France,' of course, but everyone calls her 'Sonia.' She wants me to go to the rehearsal at the theater with her this afternoon. What do you know about that?"

Dina fought down a sense of loneliness, of chill.

"They're awfully kind," she commented.

"Kind! They're wonderful. Mr. Hickson says that if I'll pose for him mornings, he'll pay me regular rates, and in the afternoons—he always stops at three—in the afternoons I can putter around in here, sort of keep the place in order for him and answer the telephone and paint away for all I'm worth—and meet everyone, Dina! The whole crowd comes in here every Sunday night, and of course there's always someone coming in—"

"And we've only been here three days!" she made herself say, all in his mood.

"Can you tie it! Now, here's another thing," Mont went on, radiantly. "The rent of our place—don't you think that's a swell room?"

"It's fine," Dina said, with a thick throat.

"Well, listen; he took ten dollars off that for us. It was seventy-five, and he gave it to us for sixty-five."

"It was—?" She was always pale; now she turned even whiter.

"It was seventy-five."

"Seventy-five dollars a *month*, Mont?"

"Sure."

"But how—?" She hesitated. "Does—does being his model pay so much, Mont?" she asked innocently.

"But shucks, we have five hundred dollars!" he reminded her. "And before that's used up we'll be making lots more. And say, by the way, Dina," he added, in sudden thought, "will you stop at the Mhoon Hotel on your way downtown—"

"Way downtown?"

"Well, yes; aren't you going down?"

She looked at him blankly, the rare red color slowly staining her clear skin.

"I—are you?" she asked confusedly.

"Well, I can't, you see," he explained, his handsome face reddening a little in its turn. "Mr. Hickson wants me for a couple more hours, and then Miss France is going to take me to the theater. And I didn't know—are you going back to that restaurant?"

She held up her head; her slender body in the brown plaid was very straight.

"They want me," she said.

"Well, here's the thing," Mont explained. "I thought, if you went on working there and I worked here, it would mean our meals, anyway, until we get our money. You—by the way, you have enough for breakfast, haven't you?"

"I have—" she opened her purse. "I have over five dollars," she said.

"You *have!*"

He caught her hand, and the touch of his brown fingers made her heart jump. Mont touched a big hard silver dollar lying in her palm.

"Loan me that, will you?" he asked, with his little-boy simpleness. "I sat in a poker game last night—I had no business to do it—I won everything the night before—but last night they cleaned me out. I'll tell you, Dina," Mont said, eagerly and confidentially, "we'll just have to scramble along anyhow, until we get started—we can't keep house downstairs until we get some furniture."

She was looking steadily at him, with her brown eyes very intent.

"So here's what I thought," he said. "I'll kind of keep things going here, with Hickson and Miss France—this is too good a chance for us to miss, see?—and we won't let them know that we're just married; we'll just let things drift along. You can kind of run yourself for a few days, can't you? I'll come down to the restaurant every night and get you, and then we can talk and make plans.

"It's most unusual, never happened before, that Hickson and Miss France have both liked somebody, right off the bat, see? She says usually she hates his friends, and he hates hers; she hates strangers 'round the studio—she's—well, she's the most popular stock actress in San Francisco today, and you know how they are."

"DO YOU mean," Dina asked slowly, with her steady look, "that perhaps I oughtn't even stay here nights?"

"Oh, no—*no!*" he cried, almost laughing at her absurdity. "Of course not! I'll come down and get you every night, and we'll talk things over. This, anyway, is only until we get things started and get you some decent clothes.

"I told them—" he said, with a flash of laughter that was enhanced by the unfamiliar mustache and sideburns, "I told them that you had a lot of cousins and aunts here in town that you hadn't seen for a long while."

He glanced at a clock. Dina rose.

"I think I'll go before Mr. Hickson comes back, Mont."

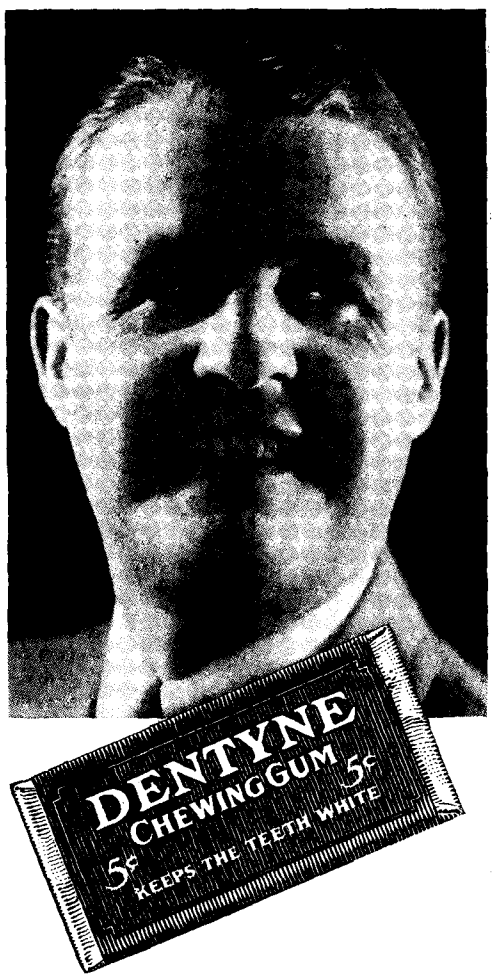
She saw his relief. He walked with her to the door that led downstairs.

"It isn't that he'd *mind*," Mont said. "But—well, you know how it is? I'll come for you—" he called down the stairs, "I'll come for you at about—say, ten?"

Dina made no answer. She heard the door slam close behind her; she heard his quick steps overhead, going back to the easel. Alone in the big basement room, she walked slowly to the window. She stood there, blindly looking out, for a long, long time.

(To be continued next week)

KEEPS TEETH WHITE



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Don't Risk It!

WE insure our lives so that our dependents may be protected. We insure ourselves against accidents. We insure our possessions against fire and, when especially cautious, against theft. If we are motorists we insure ourselves against damage suits which may arise from collisions. Golfers pay premiums to those who give assurance against the dangers of a mis-hit ball. Musicians insure their fingers. Promoters buy insurance against bad weather. At least one company offers prospective parents monetary protection against twins. Ships at sea are insured against "acts of God." Employers assure themselves against a breakdown of honesty on the part of trusted employees. Accidents incident to industry are paid for by insurance and now old age insurance is being rapidly adopted by the various states.

Long ago insurance was forbidden as gambling. It is gambling but it is also one of the most conservative forms of business. Insurance is mathematical prophecy. We insure against evils which can be foreseen and measured. Any measurable risk can be insured.

In this country, however, we have been slow in adopting forms of social insurance which have long been useful elsewhere. Only recently has the notion of old age insurance become popular in the United States. Even now a pension system rather than strict insurance is generally utilized. Yet within the last five years eleven states, including both California and New York, have adopted old age pension plans. Now these pensions are paid out of the public treasury but in time insurance will undoubtedly be called upon to carry the burden.

The next great field for insurance is to provide protection against unemployment. At the recent conference of state executives Governor Franklin Roosevelt of New York came out squarely in favor of unemployment insurance to be provided through contributions from employers, employees and the public treasury.

A few years ago this would have been considered a radical idea in the United States. Such suggestions were termed socialistic. Just why that term was employed is not precisely clear since unemployment insurance was first developed in the Germany of Bismarck and the Britain of Lloyd George, both arch enemies of organized socialism.

A sound movement cannot, however, be stopped by an epithet and it is fairly certain that at no very distant day unemployment insurance will be firmly established in this country. Already pioneer experiments have been made in a few industries and by a few farsighted corporations.

Governor Roosevelt estimated that fully ninety per cent of unemployment occurred without the fault of the individual workers. Whether his estimate is high or low, we all know that the most serious aspects of unemployment are nobody's fault.

Unemployment on a large scale occurs because of the variations in the business cycle. We have good times when relatively few are out of work. Then comes the depression and five per cent of those anxious to work may have no jobs.

President Hoover and other intelligent leaders of industry want to level off the hills and valleys of the business cycle by postponing public works from good times to bad.

That program is fundamentally right. What President Hoover did last winter to persuade the states and the leaders of industry to hasten intended construction has been a steadying influence during recent months.

We don't yet know how wholly to prevent the rises and dips of the business cycle and so much unemployment cannot be prevented. Even in prosperous times mergers and changes within industries throw hundreds of thousands of eager men and women out of work.

For the jobless individual and those dependent upon his earnings unemployment is a supreme tragedy. Business and the general public also suffer. For our prosperity depends upon the continued buying power of millions of earners.

What we need and will get in this country is insurance which will distribute the burden of unemployment. Industries which are very stable will pay low rates for protection. Others which are variable will have to pay larger premiums.

One of the great handicaps so far has been the lack of accurate figures concerning the actual extent of unemployment at any time. The present census should yield sound statistics. Upon such a basis actuaries may at least begin to work.

Certainly it is as reasonable to insure ourselves against unemployment as it is to seek protection against the possibility of a motor mishap or against any other of the measurable risks of modern life for which we buy insurance.

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